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THE

MANUAL OF PRAISE

FOR

SABBATH AND SOCIAL WORSHIP:

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

HIRAM MEAD AND FENELON B. RICE.

OBERLIN, O:
E. J. GOODRICH.
1889.

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PREFACE.

In the preparation of this book the aim has been to put into a compact and convenient form a choice collection of the most serviceable Hymns and Tunes. It would have been a less laborious task to make a compilation, which, with its larger range of Hymns, might have suited a greater variety of peculiar tastes. But it is believed that the average want will be more fully met by a winnowed selection, even though a few kernels of grain should be blown away with the chaff. For experience proves that Hymns and Tunes do not become useful until worshipers have become used to them; and certainly no single congregation will ever use familiarly more than six hundred hymns.

We have undertaken to prepare a MANUAL suited to all occasions,—Sabbath Services, the Chapel, the Prayer Meeting, the Sunday School, the Missionary Meeting, the Class Room, and Family Worship. Economy is one of the least of the advantages which come from the *general* use of but one book of worship. Children need to become familiar with the church music in order that they may join in Congregational Singing, and that they may be saved from the debilitating influence of those weak ephemeral productions that constitute the staple of our popular Sunday School collections. Church Choirs and Prayer Meeting Worshipers should learn to blend their voices in common acts of praise. To promote such general use of this Manual, a considerable number of carefully chosen popular melodies have been inserted, some of them specially suited to the Prayer Meeting, others to the Sunday School.

The Biblical association of every hymn is indicated by a motto or reference. When the hymn is evidently not based upon or inspired by any particular passage the reference is given in italics.

The topical arrangement of the hymns, and the carefully studied adaptation of them to tunes, have required an amount of time and labor not anticipated when the work was begun; but the expenditure will not be regretted, if it shall, in any measure, help to elevate and purify the Service of Song.

We are under special obligation to the Pastors of the Churches in Oberlin, and to several of the Professors in the Theological Seminary, and College, for valuable counsel and aid.

HIRAM MEAD,
FENELON B. RICE.

OBERLIN, O. June, 1880.

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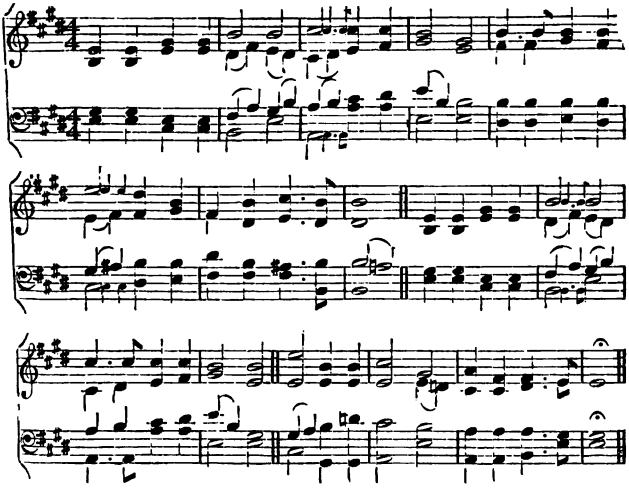
MANUAL OF PRAISE.

NICÆA. P. M. J. B. DYKES.



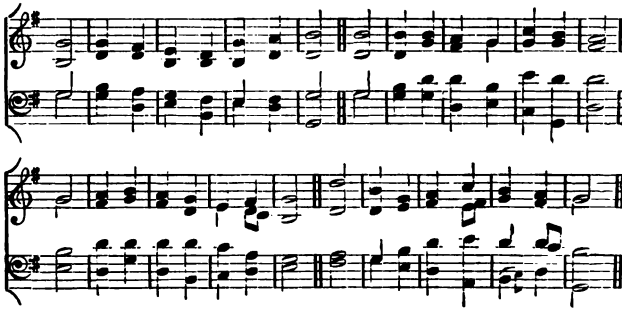
1. *Rev.* 4 : 4—11. HEBER.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

3 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M. GUILLAUME FRANCK.



2. Psalm 117. WATTS.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord:
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3. Psalm 68. WATTS.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous name and power rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high;
Praise him aloud, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

3 God is our shield, our joy, our rest;
God is our King, proclaim him blest;
When terrors rise, when nations faint,
He is the strength of every saint.

4. *Te Deum.* COTTERILL.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, Holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee!
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore!

5. Psalm 93. WA

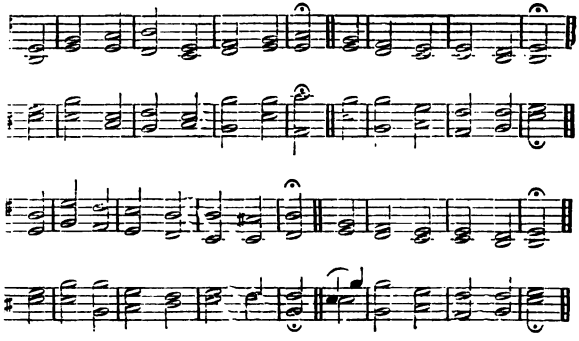
JEHOVAH reigns! He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure:
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

DUNDEE. C. M. GUILLAUME FRANCK.



Psalm 90. WATTS

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

7. Psalm 102 : 23—28. WATT

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there 's nothing old appears,
Great God! there 's nothing new.

4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

8. *Ps.* 104 : 1, 2. FABE

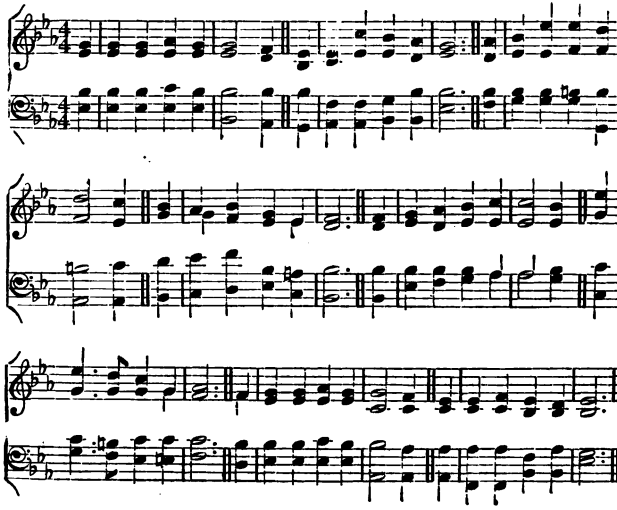
MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How glorious is thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

4 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

AURELIA. 7, 6. D. S. S. WESLEY.



9. Psalm 90. BICKERSTETH.

O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations,
The Everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed!

10. Psalm 91. ANNA L. WARING.

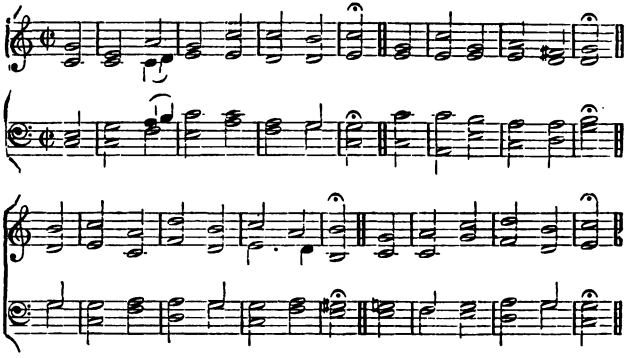
IN heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I can not measure;
My path to life is free:
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

To thee be praise forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
Thy wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings:
We'll celebrate thy glory
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

ST. ANNS. C. M. CROFT.



11.

Psalm 104. H. K. WHITE.

THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest
Ye shall not, in the mountain-pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

12. Psalm 18. STERNHOLD.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as Sovereign Lord, and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty
Upon his holy throne.

13. *Rom.* 9: 10—24. WATTS.

KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod!
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

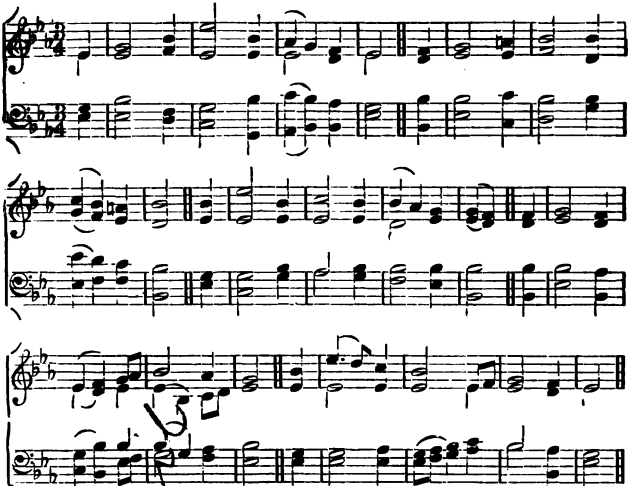
2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design.

4 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes;—
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

5 In thy fair book of life and grace,
May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!

ROTHWELL. L. M. WM. TANSUR.



14. Psalm 36. WATTS.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That vails and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep:
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

15. *Rev.* 19 : 6. CONDER.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care?
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

3 The Lord is King! exalt your strains;
Ye saints, your God, your Father reigns;
One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns, and life and death are yours.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

16. Psalm 100. WATTS.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create, and he destroy.

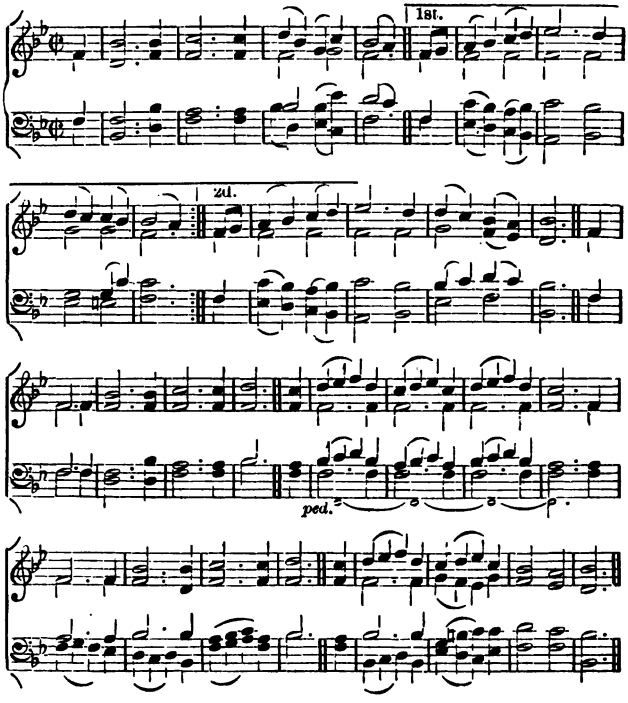
2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

CREATION. L. M. D. HAYDN.



17.

Psalm 19. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

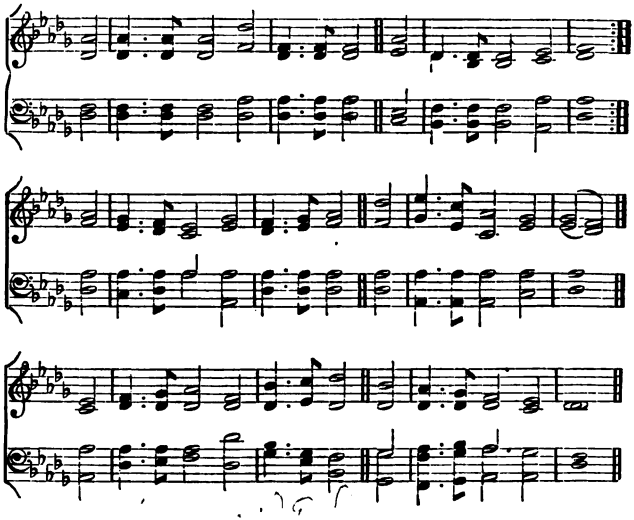
2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

18. Psalm 19. WATTS.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night, and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth hath run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

VARINA. C. M. D. RINK.



19. Psalm 68. MOIR.

OH, who is like the Mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky!
Who compasseth the universe
With his all-searching eye;
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee!

2 Around him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light;
Before him harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night;
Yet to the contrite, day and night,
In mercy turneth he:
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee!

3 Yes! though unlimited his works,
His power upholds them all;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall:
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend his ear to me;
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee!

20. Genesis 1. WATTS.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

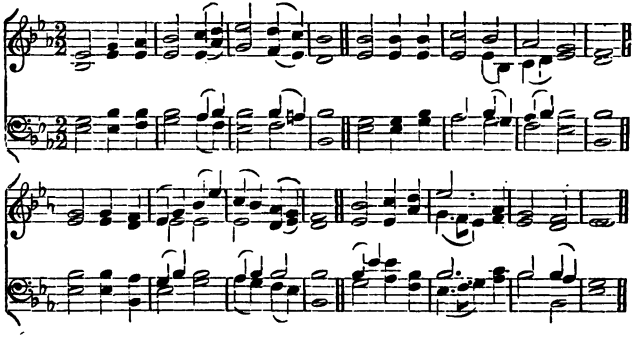
4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord!

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.



21. *Heb.* 1 : 2—6. WATTS.

NOW to the Lord a noble song;
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim!

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unvails his lovely face!
Where I his beauties shall behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

22. *Ps.* 36 : 5—10. STERLING.

O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
The fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly, but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

23. *Rom.* 11 : 33—36. NEEDHAM.

AWAKE, my tongue, thy tribute bring
To him who gave thee power to sing:
Praise him, who is all praise above,
The source of wisdom and of love.

2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.

3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

4 But in redemption, oh, what grace!
Its wonders, oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

24. *Ps.* 104 : 1, 2. BLACKLOCK.

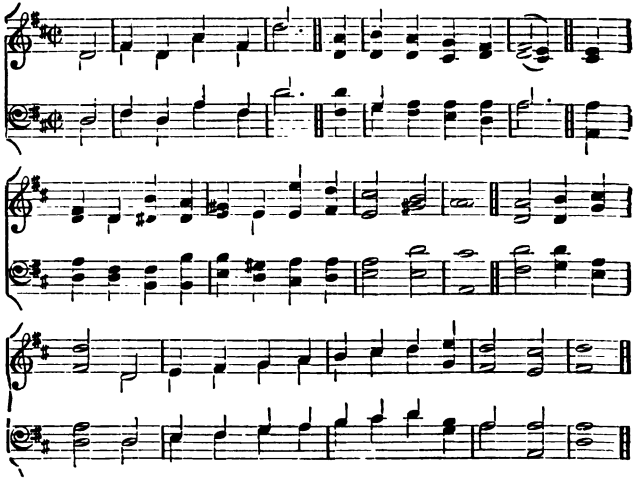
COME, O my soul! in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing:
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
[illegible] the song!

DARWELL. H. M. DARWELL.



25. Psalm 97. WATTS.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 Through all his ancient works,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend,—
And will he write his name,—
"My Father and my Friend?"
I love his name,—I love his ways;
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord!

26. *John*, 3 : 16. J. YOUNG.

OH, for a shout of joy,
High as the theme we sing!
To this divine employ
Your hearts and voices bring:
Sound, sound, through all the earth abroad,
The love, th' eternal love, of God!

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair;
Or bow at his right hand,
And pay their homage there:
But strive in vain, with loudest chord,
To sound the wondrous love of God.

3 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize;
And through an endless age record,
The love, th' unchanging love, of God.

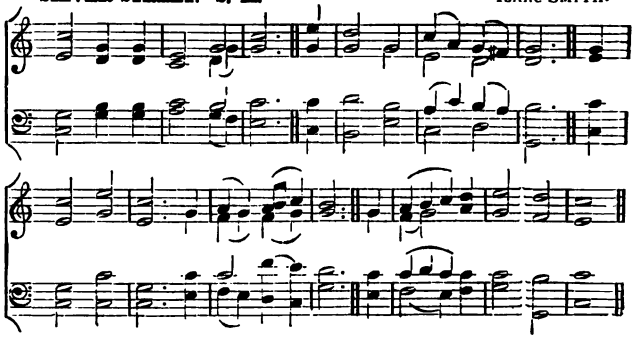
27. *Rev.* 5 : 9—14. CUMMINS.

SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 Oh, spread the joyful sound!
The Saviour's love proclaim;
And publish all around
Salvation through his name:
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again!

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH.



28. Psalm 95. WATTS.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

29. Jude 24, 25. WATTS.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King;
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

30. *Ps.* 135 : 1—5. MONTGOMERY.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice:
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

31. Psalm 103. WATTS

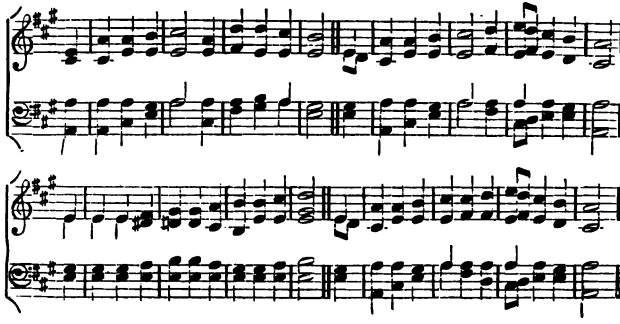
MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his wrath is felt,
Its strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

LYONS. 10s & 11. HAYDN.



32.

Ps. 29. GRANT

OH, worship the King, all glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

33.

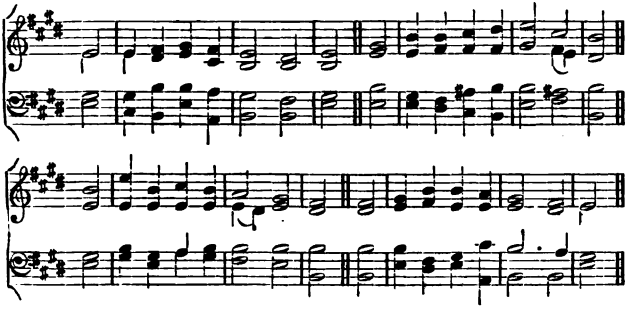
Rev. 5: 9—14. C. WESLEY.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name, all victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,—
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. MASON.



34. Psalm 103. WATTS.

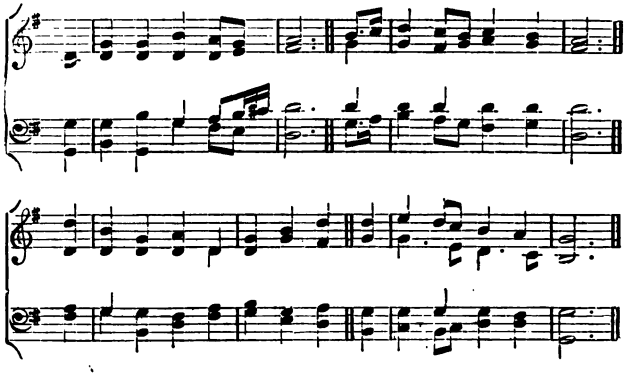
BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace:
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 'T is he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. TANSUR.



35.

Rev. 15 : 3. HAMMOND.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!

2 Sing of his dying love:
Sing of his rising power:
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' exalted King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

36. *Ps.* 84. WATTS.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

37. Psalm 103. WATTS.

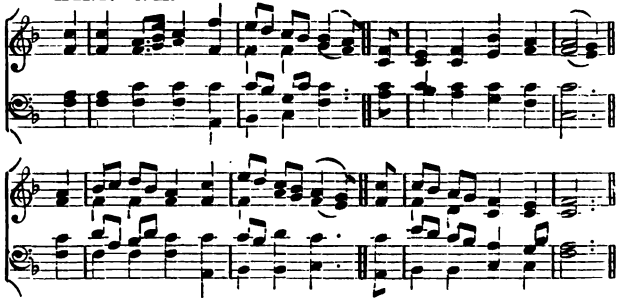
OH, bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins;
'T is he relieves thy pain;
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

KENT. C. M. MORNINGTON.



38. Psalm 34. TATE AND BRADY.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of his love:
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

39. *Ps.* 149 : 2. DODDRIDGE.

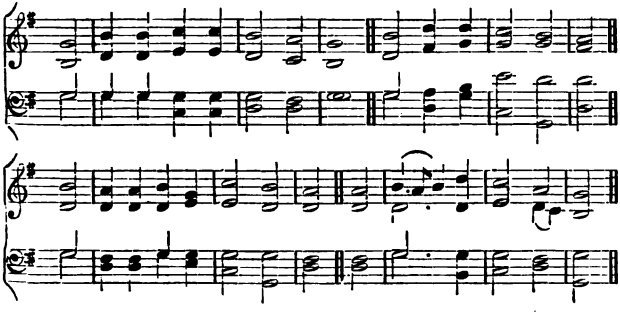
SING, ye redeemèd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 His hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

PETERBORO'. C. M. R. HARRISON.



40.

"Praise ye the Lord." WARDLAW.

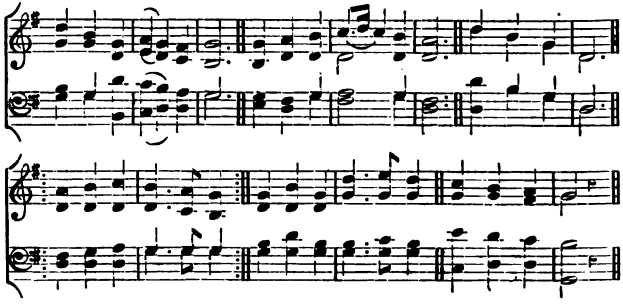
LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every moment, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. GIARDINI.



41. *Rev. 5.* BODEN.

COME, all ye saints of God,
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame:
Tell what his love hath done;
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
To Christ, our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string;
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Filled with the Saviour's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crowned,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

42. *2 Cor. 13: 14.* C. WESLEY

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

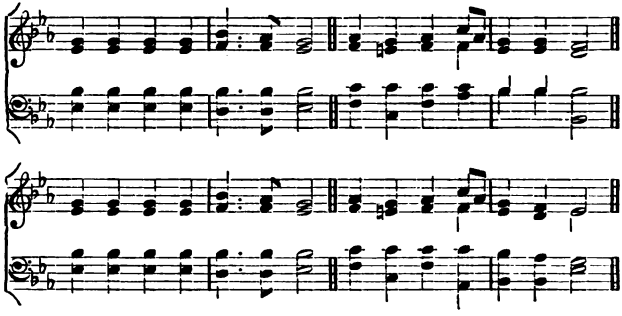
43. *John* 1 : 18. Z. EDDY

BREAK forth, ye heavens, in song!
Shout, bright angelic throng,
Jehovah's praise!
Saints, clad in robes of white,
On Zion's glittering height,
Laud ye the God of might,
Ancient of Days!

2 Let star respond to star
Through firmaments afar,
Glory to God!
Earth, fling the joyful sound
Through ether's blue profound
To vocal spheres around,
Glory to God!

3 Father, in light concealed,
Christ, Light of light revealed,
Spirit Divine,
In glory streaming down
From Father and from Son,
Blest three, forever one,
All praise be thine!

MOZART. 7s. Arr. from Mozart.



44.

Psalm 136. Milton.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

45. *Luke* 19 : 34—40. KELLY

JOYFUL be the hours to-day;
Joyful let the season be;
Let us sing, for well we may:
Jesus! we will sing of thee.

2 Should thy people silent be,
Then the very stones would sing:
What a debt we owe to thee,
Thee, our Saviour, thee our King!

3 Joyful are we now to own,
Rapture thrills us as we trace
All the deeds thy love hath done,
All the riches of thy grace.

4 Thine the Name to sinners dear!
Thine the Name all names before!
Blesséd here and everywhere;
Blesséd now and evermore!

46. *Matt.* 21 : 15, 16. MONTGOMERY.

GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live!
Children's prayers he deigns to hear;
Children's songs delight his ear.

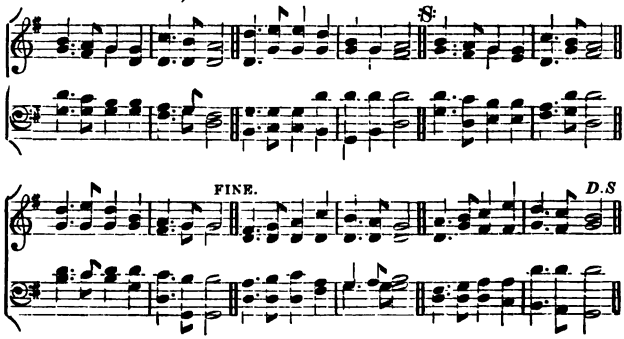
2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King!
Children! raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,—
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blesséd Trinity!
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Fatner, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MESSIAH. 7s, 8 lines. HEROLD.



47. *Gen.* 1 : 31. *Is.* 6 : 3. MONTGOMERY.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,
All thy works before thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good;
While they sung with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Holy, holy, holy! thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

48. Psalm 84. LYTE.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of thy saints,
For the brightness of thy face,
For thy fullness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In their Heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

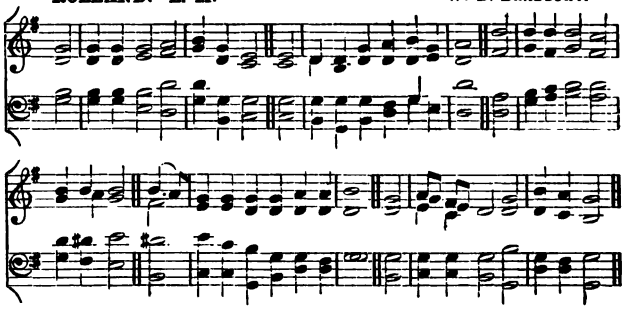
3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

49. *Te Deum.* C. WESLEY.

THEE to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join,
We with them our voices raise,
Echo thine eternal praise:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adored;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God on high.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise him, all below the sky,
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

ROLLAND. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



50. Psalm 84. WATTS.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God:
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee!

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

51. *Ps.* 63: 1—4. MRS. STEELE.

LORD, in the temples of thy grace
Thy saints behold thy smiling face;
And oft have seen thy glory shine,
With power and majesty divine.

2 Come, dearest Lord, thy children cry,
Our graces droop, our comforts die;
Return, and let thy glories rise
Again to our admiring eyes;

3 Till filled with light, and joy, and love,
Thy courts below, like those above,
Triumphant hallelujahs raise,
And heaven and earth resound thy praise.

52. *"Macht hoch die Thür."* GEO. WEISSEL. MISS WINKWORTH, *Tr.*

OH, hallowed is the land and blest,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

2 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits:
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

3 Fling wide the portals of your heart:
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.

4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My soul to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

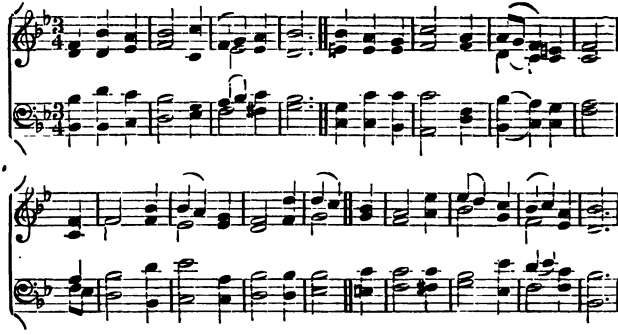
53. *Ps.* 27: 5. HEBER.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

3 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed;
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

GERMANY. L. M. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.



54. *John* 6: 31—35. WATTS.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour! what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known!

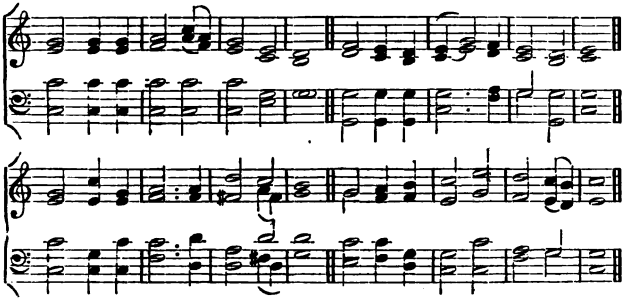
55. *Ps.* 139: 23, 24. DODDRIDGE.

O THOU great God! whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess;—
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be cleansed and purified.

3 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling here.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



56.

Psalm 63. MONTGOMERY.

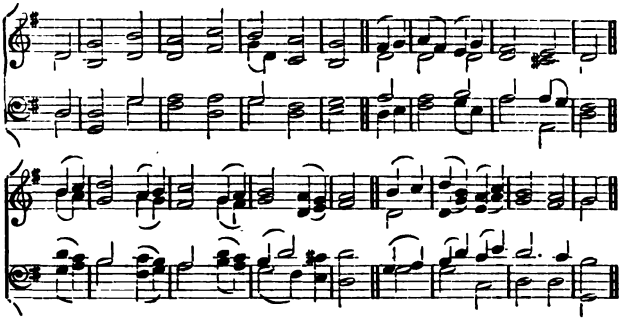
O GOD, thou art my God alone;
Early to thee my soul shall cry—
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Oh that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And marked the footsteps of thy grace.

3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God:
Thy hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where thou hast trod.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee?

MEDFIELD. C. M. WM. MATHER.



57. Psalm 23. WATTS.

MY Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh! may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise.

4 There I would find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

58. *Micah* 6: 6—8. MRS. BARBAULD.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall he pay?
How spread his praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man!—creation's Lord
Thine offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

59. Psalm 27. WATTS.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

60. Psalm 122. WATTS.

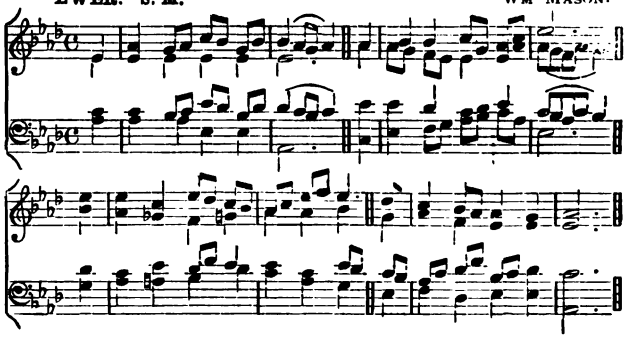
HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say:
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorned with grace
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell:
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

EWER. S. M. WM MASON.



61. *"How amiable are Thy tabernacles!"* S. STENNETT.

HOW charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crowned,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.

3 To him our prayers and cries
Our humble souls present;
He listens to our broken sighs,
And grants us every want.

4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

62. *Ps.* 84: 10—12. WATTS.

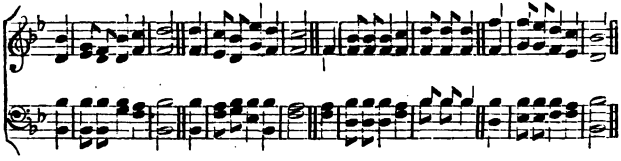
WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ.



63.

Psalm 48. WATTS.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

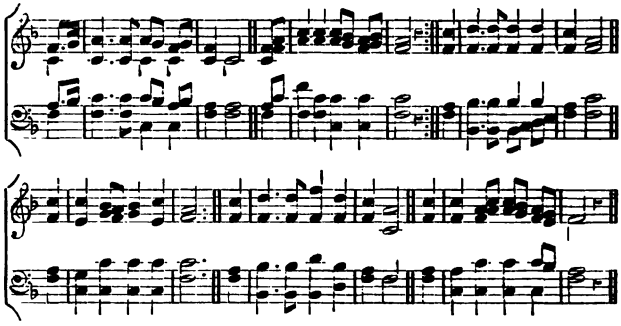
2 These temples of his grace—
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. Art. by L. Mason.



64.* *Gen.* 2: 2, 3.—*Matt.* 28: 1—7.—*Acts* 2: 1—4. Ch. Wordsworth.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing, Holy, holy, holy,
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth:
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

65. *"There remaineth a rest."*

TO-DAY on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,

is hymn, and the 65th, being originally one composition, may be used as a single hymn.

Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

2 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

66.

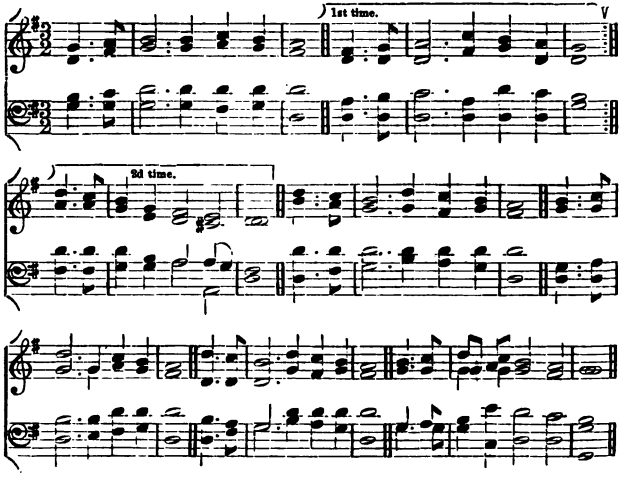
Ἀναστάσεως ἡμέρα. JOHN OF DAMASCUS. J. M. NEALE, *Tr.*

THE day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal,
Of resurrection light:
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

SABBATH. 7s, 6 or 8l. L. MASON.



67.

Ps. 100 : 4. NEWTON.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

68. *Mal.* 4 : 2. C. WESLEY.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness! arise;
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see—
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

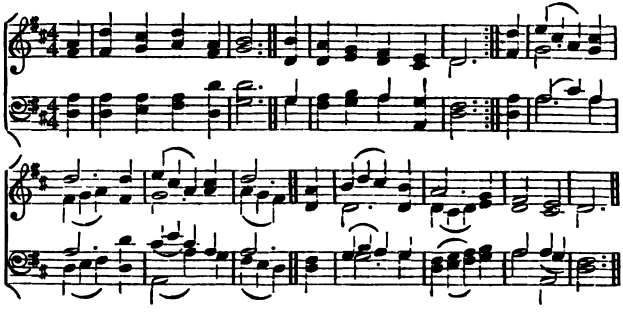
69. *Heb.* 4 : 9. MRS. J. A. ELLIOTT.

SAD and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road:
Here flow forth the streams of grace;
Strengthened hence we run our race.

2 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

3 But the rest which yet remains
For thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as the Saviour's love:
Oh, may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

SUTHERLAND. H. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



70. Psalm 84. WATTS.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires, to see my God.

2 Oh, happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh, glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

71. *Acts* 2: 24—33. COTTERILL.

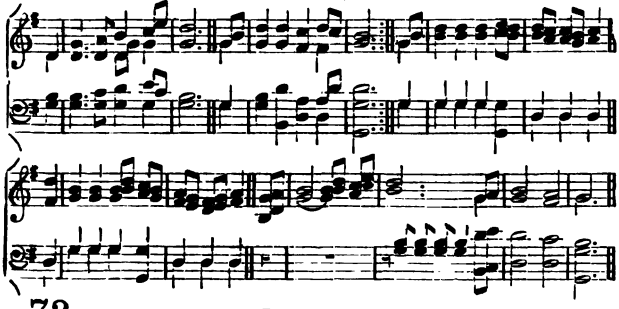
AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;

He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes;
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

LISCHER. H. M. F. SCHNEIDER.



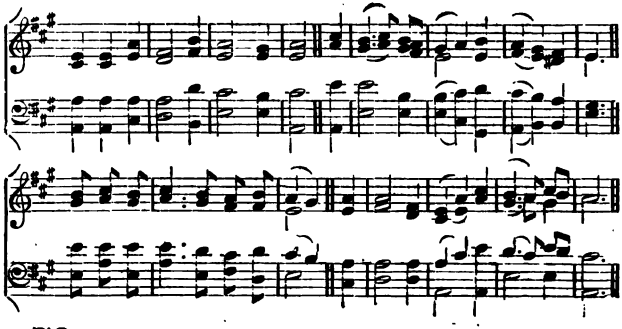
72. *Ps.* 118 : 24. HAYWARD.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return;—
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

MIGDOL. L. M. L. MASON.



73. Psalm 92. WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

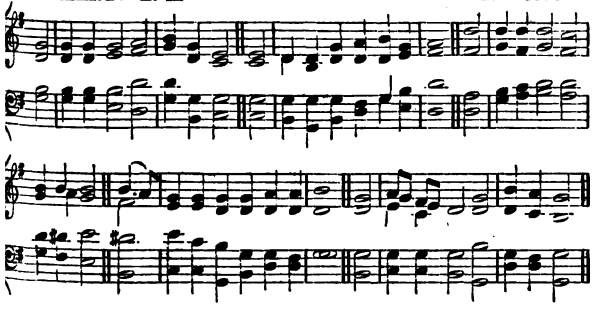
74. "*Return unto thy rest.*" *Ps.* 116 : 7. J. STENNETT.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, unto thy rest;
Enjoy the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heaven that calm repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

ROLLAND. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



75. Rev. 22: 1—5. DODDRIDGE.

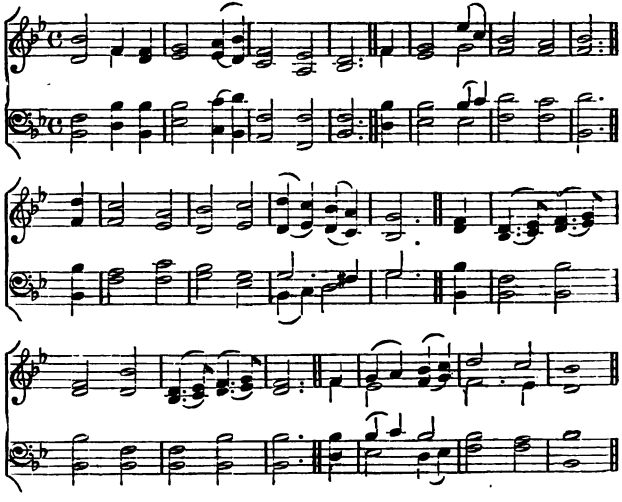
THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon!

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

LANESBORO'. C. M. ENGLISH MELODY.



76. Psalm 63. WATTS.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face:
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

77. *Rev.* 21 : 22—27. BINNEY.

O THOU, who art enrobed with light,
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live and look on thee!

2 Lord, how can I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before thy radiant light appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
Thine uncreated beam?

3 Is there a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode?
Thine off'ring and thy sacrifice,
Thy pains, and groans, and tears, and cries,
Thy death, O Lamb of God!—

4 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Majesty above;
The sons of ignorance and night
Can dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love.

78. *Rev.* 7 : 15—17. BROWNE.

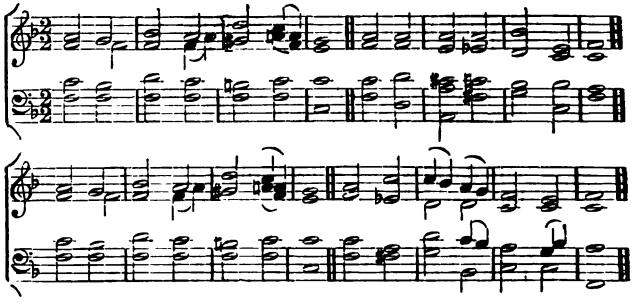
FREQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet, how slow devotion burns!
How languid are its flames!

2 Accept our faint attempts to love;
Our follies, Lord, forgive:
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
And Sabbaths never end;—

4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

SEYMOUR. 7s. VON WEBER.



79. *Heb.* 10 : 19—22. MONTGOMERY.

TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the vail I meet
Thee before the mercy seat.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love! to mine attend:
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From thine house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

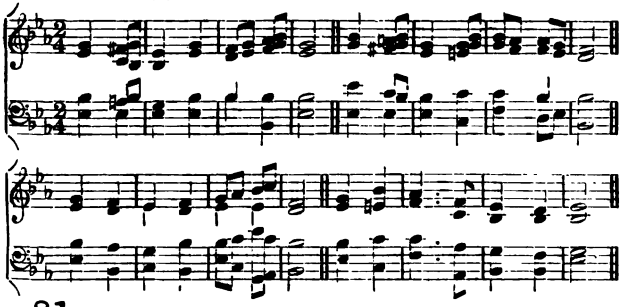
80. *Ps.* 27 : 8, 9. HAMMOND.

LORD! we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;—
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord! on thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

HOLLEY. 7s. GEO. HEWS.



81. *"The peace of God."* *Phil.* 4 : 7. S. F. SMITH.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day:
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God;
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

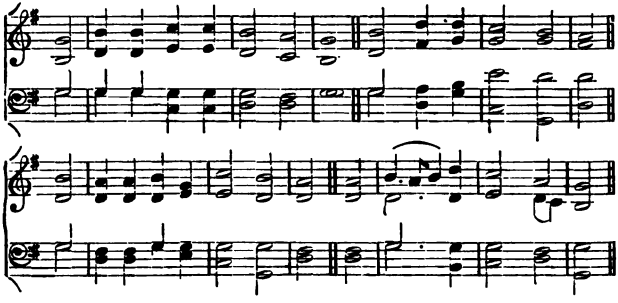
4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee!
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

82. *"The night cometh."* DOANE.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord! I would commune with thee.

2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take, me, Lord! to dwell with thee.

PETERBORO'. C. M. R. HARRISON.



83. *"Be filled with the Spirit." Eph. 5 : 18.* WATTS.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

84. *Acts 2 : 1—5.* REED.

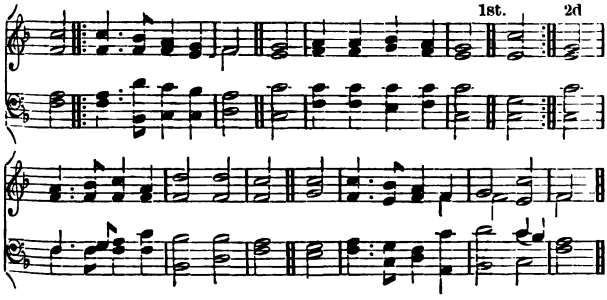
SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home:
Descend with all thy gracious power:
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
With sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be,
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With Pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known,
Wide as the human race.

ZEBULON. H. M. L. MASON.



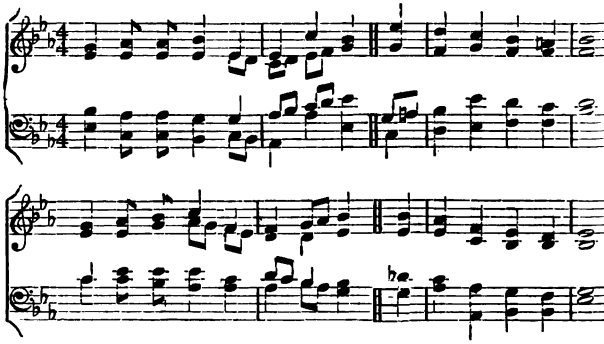
85. Luke 11 : 13. J. BURTON.

O THOU that hearest prayer!
Attend our humble cry:
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou:
We, children of thy grace:
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place!
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

ELVET. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



86. *"The earnest of the Spirit."* 2 *Cor.* 1 : 22. WATTS.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter! descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal them heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In my Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

87. John 14 : 16. Acts 2 : 4. MISS ALBER.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And ev'n as viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart;
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix his rest.

4 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling place,
Purer and worthier thee.

88. *"To this man will I look." Is. 66 : 2.* FABER.

THY home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

3 Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

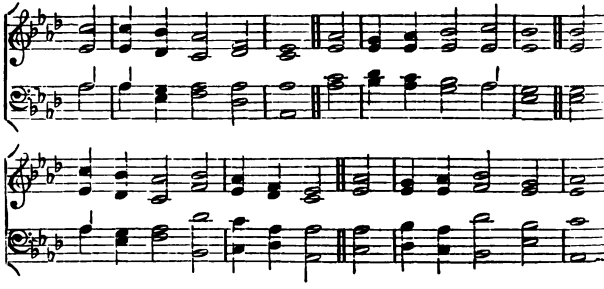
89. Psalm 133. MISS AUBER.

SPIRIT of peace! celestial Dove!
How excellent thy praise!
No richer gift than Christian love
Thy gracious power displays.

2 Sweet as the dew on herb and flower
That silently distills,
At evening's soft and balmy hour,
On Zion's fruitful hills,—

3 So, with mild influence from above,
Shall promised grace descend,
Till universal peace and love
O'er all the earth extend!

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN.



90. *John* 16 : 8—14. HART.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

91. *Ezek.* 11 : 19. BEDDOME

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine;
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 Oh! melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

3 Mine will the profit be,
  But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
  The remnant of my days.

92. Acts 2. MONTGOMERY.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
  In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
  Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
  In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
  The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
  Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
  One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
  With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
  To pray, and praise, and love.

93. *Hab.* 3 : 2. MRS. BROWN.

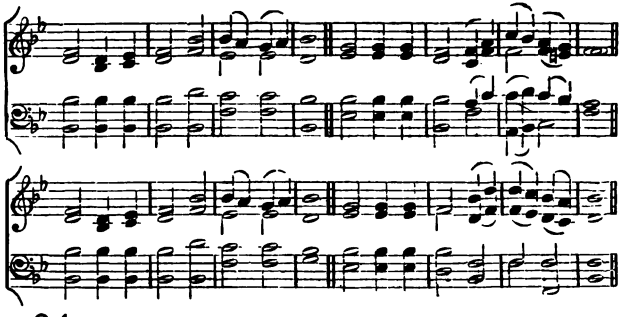
O LORD, thy work revive,
  In Zion's gloomy hour;
And make her dying graces live
  By thy restoring power.

2 Awake thy chosen few
  To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again their sacred vows renew;
  Thy blessed presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
  Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
  And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend thy gracious ear:
  Oh, listen to our cry!
Oh, come and bring salvation here!
  Our hopes on thee rely.

ERNAN. L. M. L. MASON.



94. *"He dwelleth with you."* *John* 14 : 16, 17. MRS. STEELE.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh ;
'T is he sustains my fainting heart :
Else would my hope forever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine
That animates these strong desires ?

3 And when my cheerful hope can say,
I love my God, and taste his grace,
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace ?

4 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love ;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

95. *John* 16 : 13. S. BROWNE.

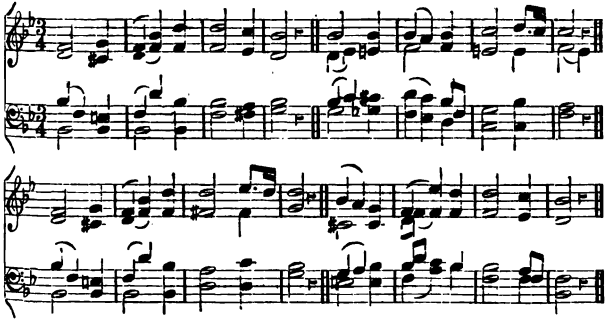
COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fullness of joy for ever there.

MERCY. 7s. GOTTSCHALK.



96. 2 *Cor.* 6 : 16—18. REED.

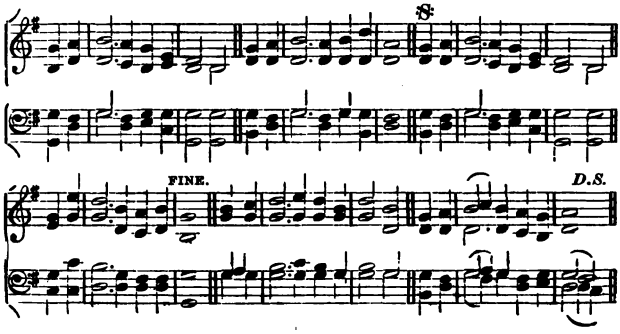
HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine!
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart!

4 Holy Spirit, all divine!
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone!

JAYNES. 8s & 7s. D. Arr. from MARCHIO.



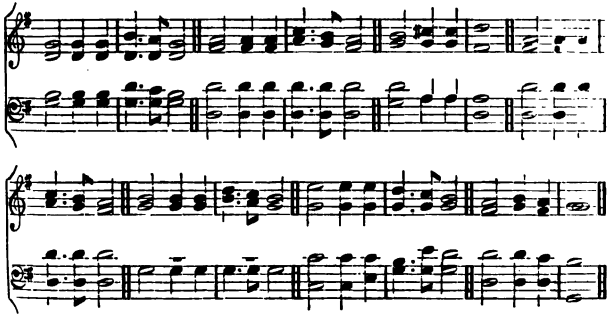
97. *"Ye are the temple."* 2 *Cor.* 6: 16—18. C. WESLEY.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest:
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Hasten thy return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!

3 Finish, Lord, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s. J. HASTINGS.



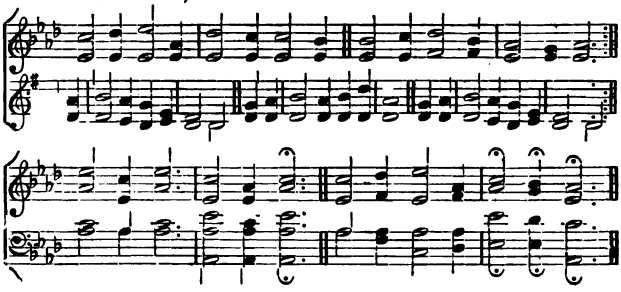
98. *Veni Sancte Spiritus.* KING ROBERT II. RAY PALMER, *Tr.*

COME, Holy Ghost,—in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to-day!

2 Come, tend'rest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 3. W. B. BRADBURY.



99. *"Bless me, even me, also."* MRS. CODNER.

LORD, I hear of show'rs of blessing,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing:
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me, even me,
Let some droppings fall on me.

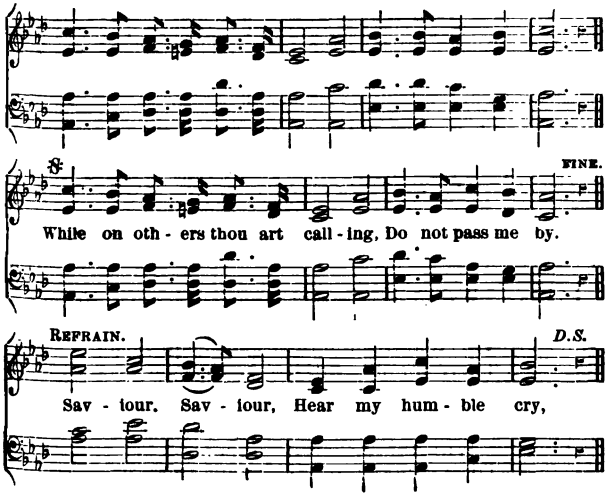
2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor:
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh! call me—
Even me.

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive, and rescue me—
Even me.

5 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

PASS ME NOT. 8s & 5s W. H. DOANE.



100. *"Son of David, have mercy on me."* F. J. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

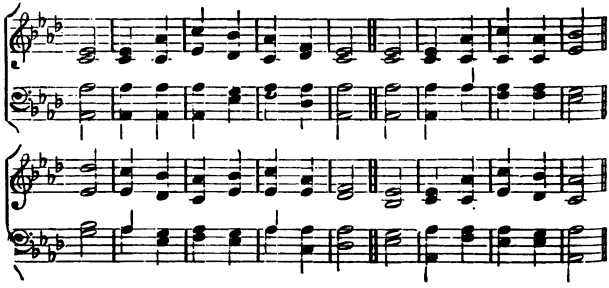
PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief,
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merits,
Would I seek thy face,
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,—
Whom have I on earth beside thee,
Whom in heaven but thee?

EVAN. C. M. Arr. by Rev. W. H. Havergal.



101. "*Made nigh by the blood of Christ.*" *Eph.* 2 : 13. Newton.

LORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before thy feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

102. Job 23 : 3. Watts.

OH that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God!
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake—
I'd plead my Saviour's blood.

4 Arise, my soul! from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

103. *"He shall hide me."* *Ps.* 27: 5—9. MRS. STEELE.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies,
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

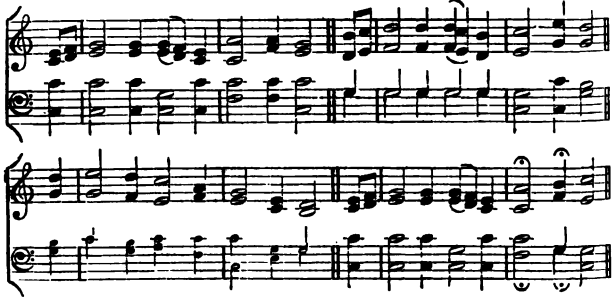
104. Psalm 42. TATE AND BRADY.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
Oh! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul!
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



105. *Heb.* 10 : 19—25. STOWELL.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place, than all besides, more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sense and sin molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

106. "*The gate of heaven.*" *Gen.* 28 : 17. KELLY.

HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee;
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand!" now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
Oh, speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place!

107. *"There am I in the midst."* *Matt.* 18: 20. COWPER

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

108. *"Men ought always to pray."* *Luke* 18: 1. COWPER

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

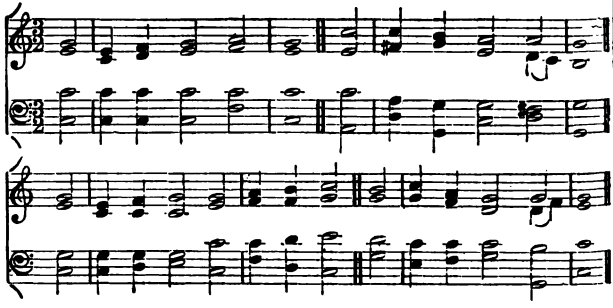
2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



109. Psalm 103. WATTS.

THE pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

110. Psalm 61. WATTS.

WHEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head!
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

111. *"Let us come boldly." Heb. 4 : 16.* NEWTON.

BEHOLD the throne of grace:
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love:
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

3 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

112. *Luke 18 : 1—7.* NEWTON.

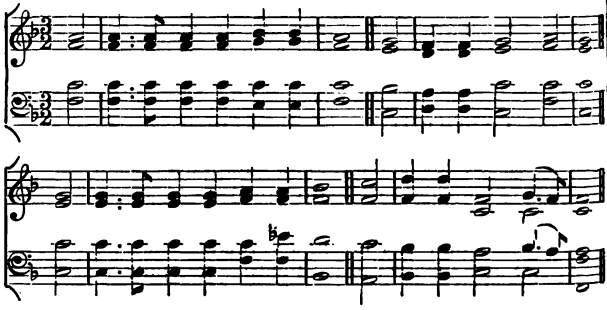
JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

BYEFIELD. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



113. *Eph.* 6 : 18. MONTGOMERY.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

114. *Prayer that "availeth much." Jas. 5 : 16.* WALLACE.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

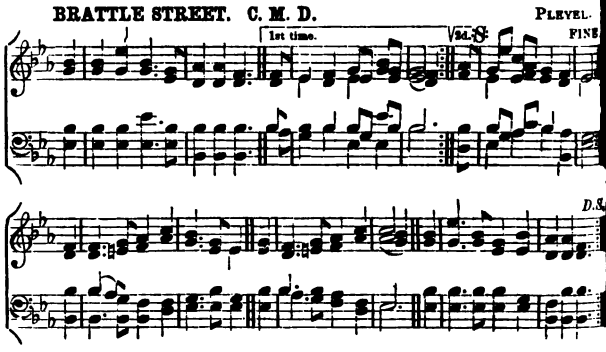
115. *Heb. 4 : 15.* WATTS.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above:
His heart is made of tenderness—
It melts with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.



116. *"They shall talk of thy power."* MISS WILLIAMS.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled!

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

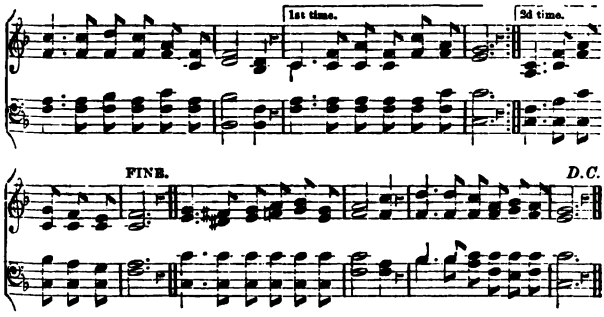
3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

WHAT A FRIEND. CHAS. C. CONVERSE.



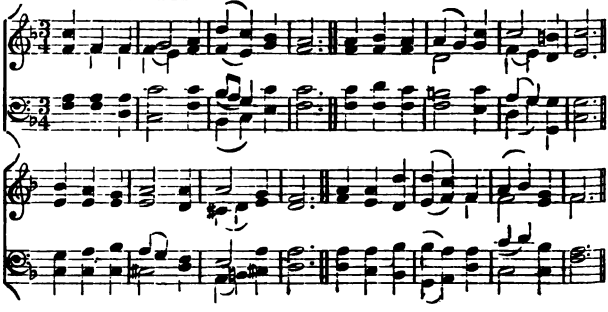
117. *"Ask and ye shall receive."* *John* 16 : 24.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do our friends despise, forsake us?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield us,
We shall find a solace there.

REPOSE. L. M. W. HARRISON.



118. *The still Hour.* MISS ELLIOTT.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet—
||: The hour of prayer? :||

2 Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer up-borne,
||: The world I leave. :||

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
||: With hope of heaven. :||

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
||: Is wiped away. :||

5 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
|| :In prayer to thee. :||

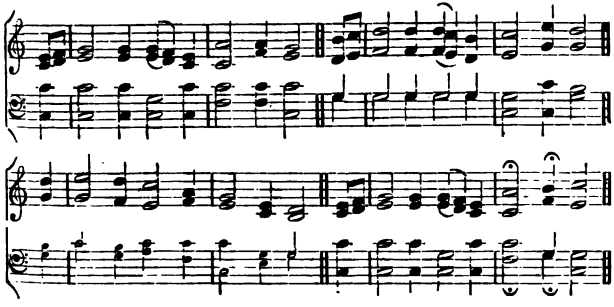
119. *The blessed Hour.* RAFFLES.

BLEST hour! when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God,
To send to heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour! for, where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God,—the gate of heaven!

RETREAT. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



120. *Luke* 10: 39. MRS. E. REED.

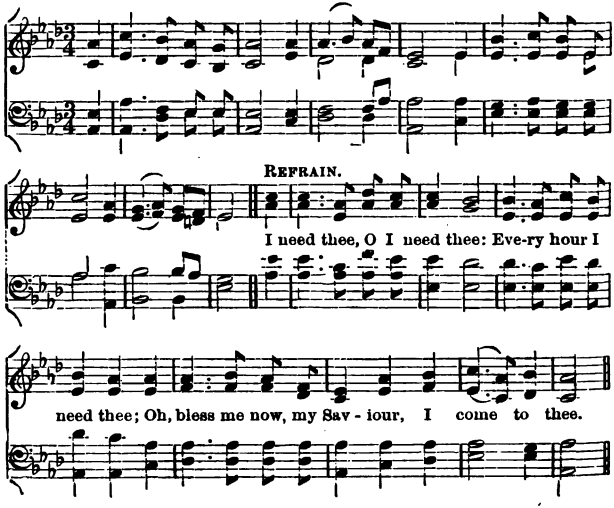
OH that I could for ever dwell,
Delighted at the Saviour's feet;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
A life of penitential love!
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the vail,
And of eternal joys partake.

I NEED THEE. Rev. Robert Lowry.



121. *Col.* 4 : 2. Mrs. A. Hawks.

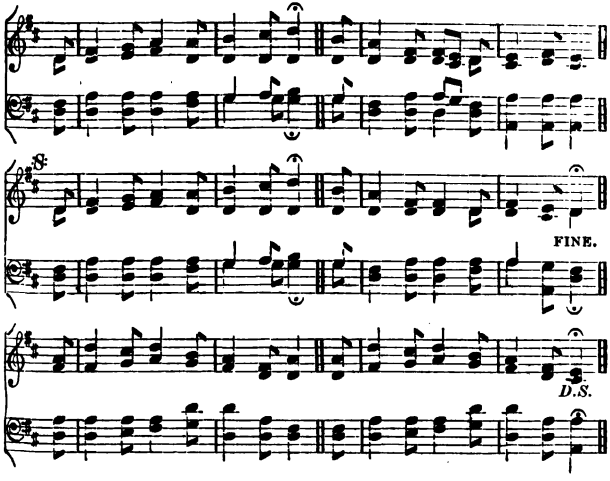
I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine,
Can peace afford.

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. W. B. BRADBURY.

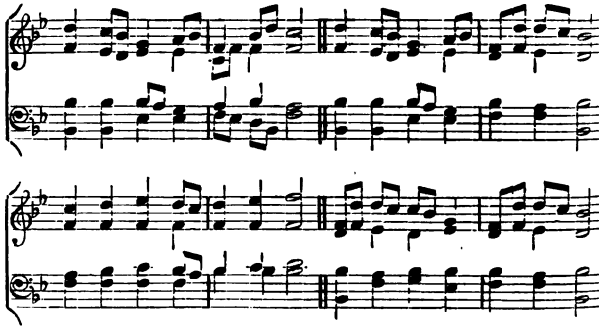


122. *The sweet Hour.* WALFORD.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And, since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

FULTON. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.



123. *Matt.* 7: 7—11. NEWTON.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise, and ask without delay.

2 With my burden I begin;—
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There, thy sovereign right maintain,
And, without a rival, reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend:—
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

124. 1 John 4 : 19.

SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be:
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow thee—
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be:
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

125. *Eph.* 5 : 18–20. BURDER.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Saviour is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.

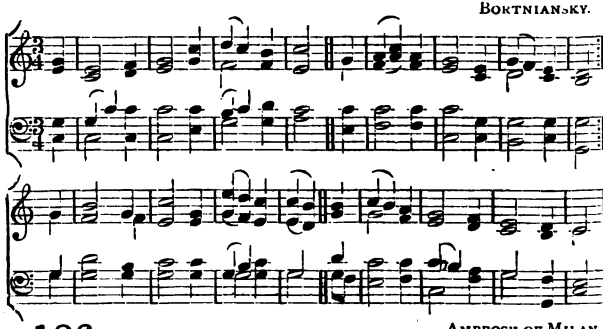
3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

5 Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

ST. PETERSBURGH. L. M. [Six lines, by observing repeat.]

BORTNIANSKY.



126. *"Splendor paternæ gloriæ."* AMBROSE OF MILAN. J. CHANDLER, *Tr.*

O CHRIST! with each returning morn
Thine image to our heart be borne;
And may we ever clearly see
Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee!

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

127. *Mal.* 4: 2. SHRUBSOLE.

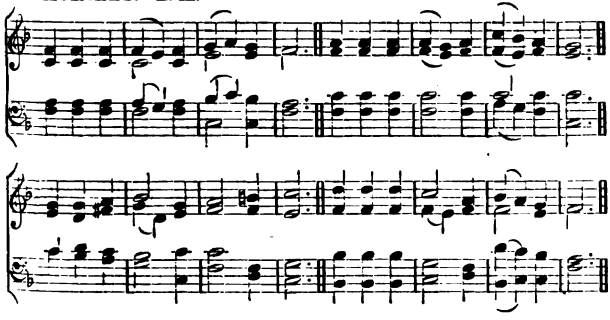
WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine!
Oh! chase the clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,

Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

HURSLEY. L. M. HAYDN.



128. *Luke* 24 : 29. KEBLE.

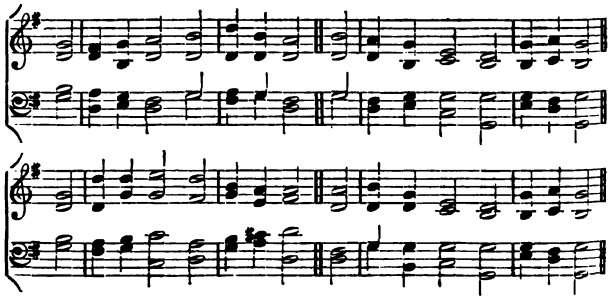
SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought,—how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. L. MASON.



129. *Ps.* 3 : 5. HAWKESWORTH.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

130. *"I will awake early."* *Ps.* 108 : 2. KEN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

131. *"Under the shadow of the Almighty."* *Ps.* 91. KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord! through thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care!
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

132. *"While I live I will praise."* *Ps.* 146: 2. DODDRIDGE.

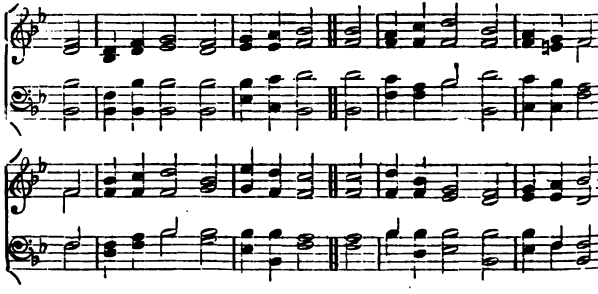
GOD of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I can not speak.

4 But, oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

HEBRON. L. M. L. MASON.



133. *"Whatsoever ye do." Col. 3 : 23.* KEBLE.

IF on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

2 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

134. *"New every morning." Lam. 3 : 23.* WATTS.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new:
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

135. *Ps.* 4 : 8. WATTS.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past:
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in thy name forbids my fear;
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

136. "*Thy sleep shall be sweet.*" *Prov.* 3 : 23. 24. MRS. STEELE.

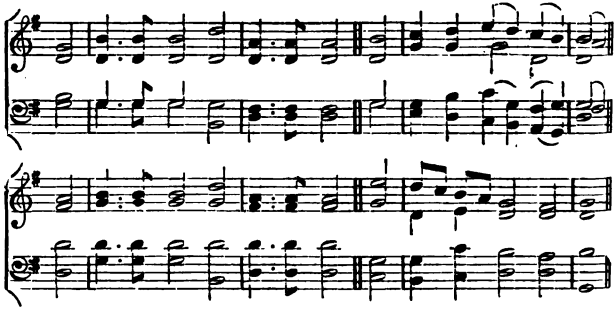
GREAT God! to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise:
Oh, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name!

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON.



137. *Psalm 5.* WATTS.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

138. "*In the secret of thy presence.*" *Ps.* 31 : 20. COWPER.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far:
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life!
Sweet Source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour!—thou art mine!

139. "*When evening was come, he was alone.*" *Matt.* 14 : 23. MRS. BROWN.

I LOVE to steal, awhile, away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

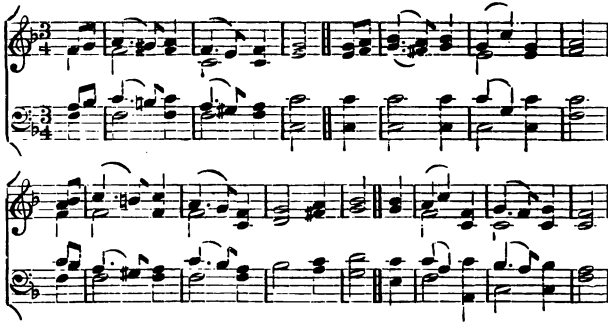
2 I love, in solitude, to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love, by faith, to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

GUARDIAN. S. M. J. E. GOULD.



140. *Mark* 1 : 35 ;—6 : 46–51. MRS. BROWN.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night;—

4 Then left his vigil there,—
Came down upon the wave:
So come to us while we toil here,
And storms shall cease to rave!

141. "*Evening, morning, and at noon.*" *Ps* 55 : 17. MONTGOMERY.

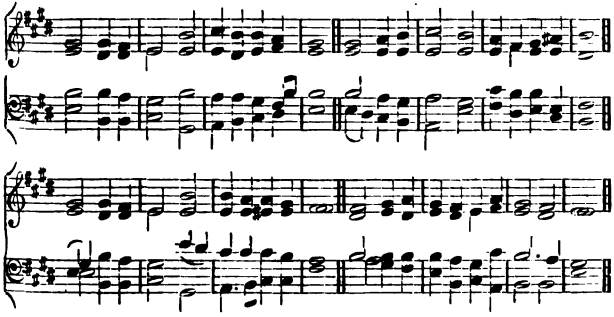
COME, at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight vails our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray.

EVENTIDE. 10. W. H. MONK.



142. "*Abide with us.*" *Luke* 24 : 29. LYTE.

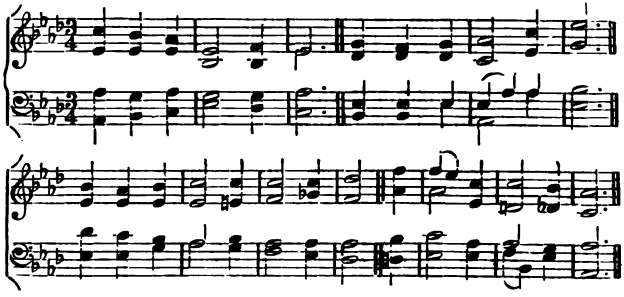
ABIDE with me! fast falls the even-tide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

GREENWOOD. S. M. SWEETSER.



143. Psalm 139. BONAR.

STILL with thee, O my God,
I would desire to be;
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with thee:

2 With thee, when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care;
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer:

3 With thee, amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, 'mid clamor loud,
Speak softly to my heart:

4 With thee, when day is done,
And evening calms the mind:
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find:

5 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

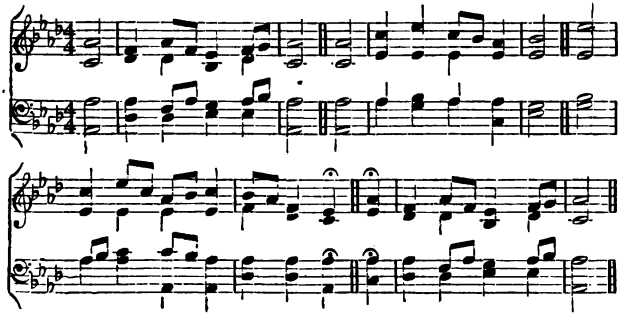
144. *Luke* 24: 29. J. M. NEALE.

THE day, O Lord, is spent,
Abide with us and rest;
Our heart's desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er:
O Sun of righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore!

VESPER. S. M. A. CHAPIN.



145. *Ps.* 4 : 8. LELAND.

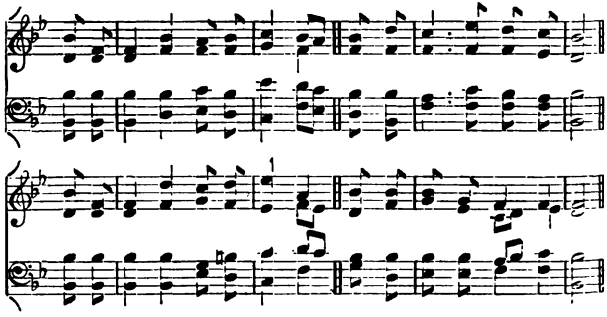
THE day is past and gone:
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all,
Of what we've here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise
To view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s. D. E. JONES.



146. *Ps.* 91 : 5—12. EDMESTON.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee:
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

147. *Ps.* 39 : 12—13. C. C. COX

SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round our lonely door;
Silently they bring before us
Faces we shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten!
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for the end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair heaven
We may hope to gain at last!

148. Psalm 127. MISS AUBER.

VAINLY through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without his grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed;
He shall grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who to Christ his prayer addressed.

149. *"It is toward evening."* MRS. C. S. SMITH

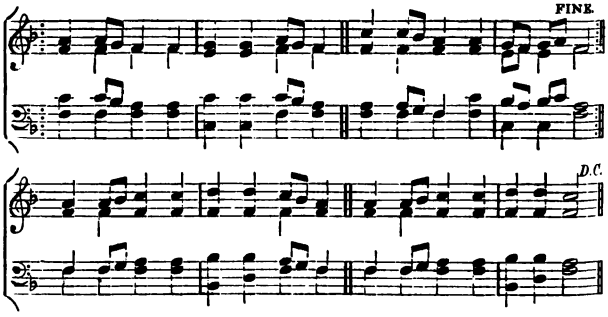
TARRY with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by:
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness:
While I sleep, still watch by me.

4 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest!

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D. ROUSSEAU.



150. *John* 19 : 25. ALLEN.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

4 Here I'll sit—forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

151.* *Ps.* 27 : 8—9. KELLY.

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever!
Vain our hope, if left by thee;
We are thine; oh, leave us never,
Till thy glorious face we see!
‖: Then to praise thee :‖
Through a bright eternity.

2 Precious is thy word of promise,
Precious to thy people here;
Never take thy presence from us,
Jesus, Saviour, still be near:
||: Living, dying, :||
May thy name our spirits cheer.

152.* *"My peace I give unto you."* FAWCETT.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
||: Oh, refresh us, :||
Trav'ling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
||: May thy presence :||
With us evermore be found.

153. *"Depart in peace."*

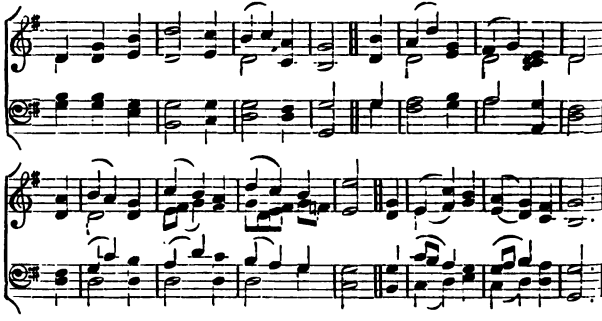
LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

154. 2 *Cor.* 13 : 14. NEWTON.

MAY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

* Omit repeat in singing this hymn.

CHESTERFIELD. C. M. REV. THOMAS HAWEIS.



155. Psalm 19. COWPER.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above!

156. *"Oh, how love I thy law."* MRS. STEELE

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here my Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

157. Psalm 119. WATTS.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'T is a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

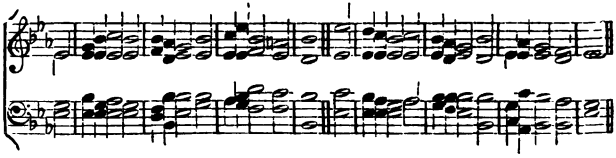
158. Psalm 119. WATTS

OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

3 Make me to walk in thy commands—
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head nor heart nor hands
Offend against my God.

DOWNS. C. M. L. MASON.



159. "*The commandment is a lamp.*" PROV. 6 : 23. FAWCETT.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

160. Psalm 119 : 9. WATTS.

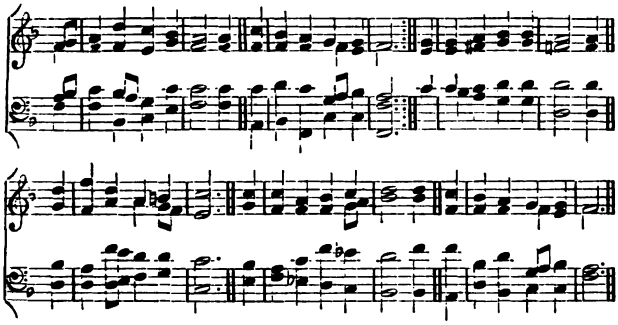
HOW shall the young secure their hearts
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day:
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

KÖNIGSBERG. 7s & 6s. GERMAN CHORAL.



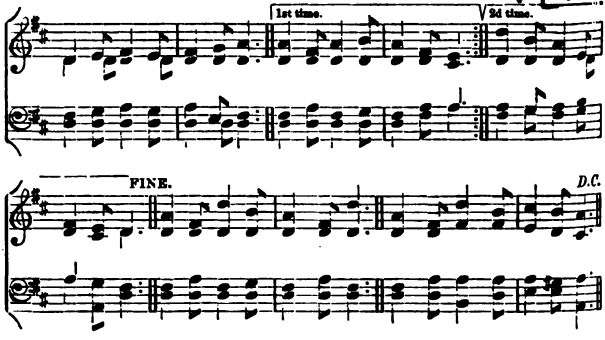
161. *"The true Light."* *John* 1 : 9. W. W. How.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O Light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radiance
That, from the hallowed page,
A lamp unto our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine:
It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

MORNING. 7s. D. MASON.



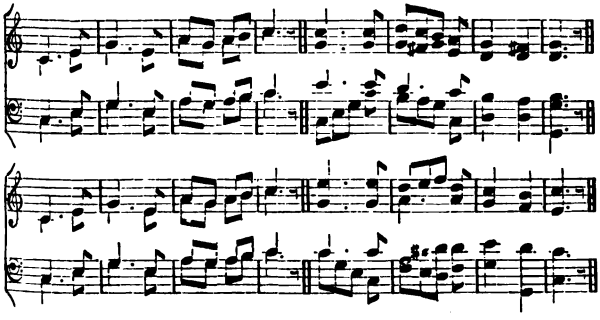
162. *"The morning cometh."* *Is.* 21 : 11. BOWRING.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Traveler, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends:
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo!. the Son of God is come!

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 7s. C. M. CADY.



163. *"Born this day in the city of David."* C. WESLEY.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

3 Mild he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

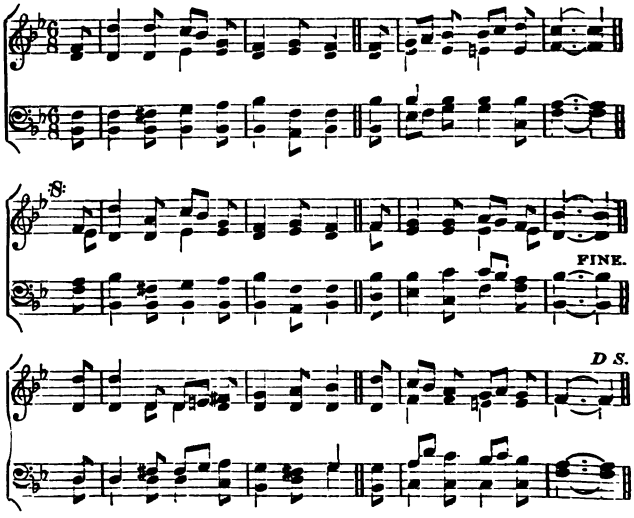
4 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

164. *"Unto us a Child is born."* *Is.* 9 : 6. MISS AUBER

ANGELS bending from the sky
Chanted at the wondrous birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace, good will to man on earth."

2 Him prophetic strains proclaim
King of kings, th' incarnate Word;
Great and Wonderful his name,
Prince of Peace, the mighty God!

CAROL. C. M. R. S. WILLIS.



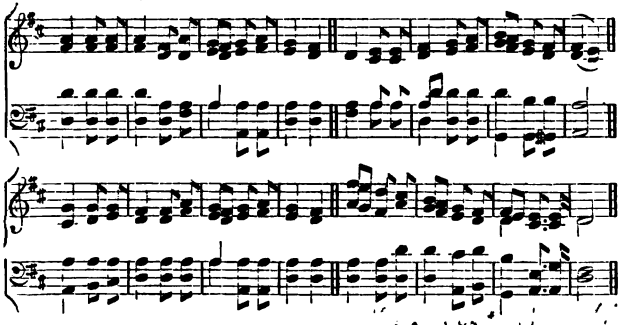
165. "*On earth peace.*" Luke 2. E. H. SEARS.

CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
Celestial choirs, from courts above,
'Mid sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of sacred joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth—good will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

AURORA. 11s & 10s. Arr. from MOZART.



166. *Matt.* 2 : 1—11. HEBER.

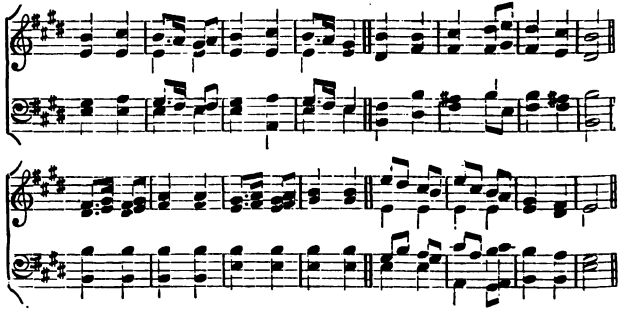
BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining:
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

SICILY. 8s & 7s. [6 lines by repeating last brace of tune.] SICILIAN MELODY.



167. *"Glory to God."* Luke 2. J. CAWOOD.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

168. *"The shepherds returned praising God."* R. ROBINSON.

BRIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.

2 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.

3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, forever flow.

4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:
Thence return, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thine own.

169.

"They fell down and worshiped." MONTGOMERY

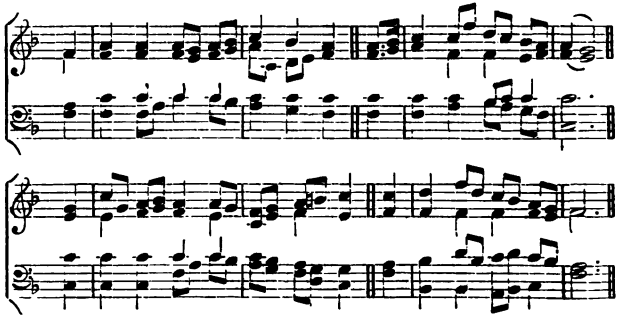
ANGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
||: Come, and worship :||—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,—
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant-light:
||: Come, and worship :||—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
||: Come, and worship :||—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,—
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
||: Come, and worship :||—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

CLARENDON. C. M. ISAAC TUCKER.



170. Isaiah 9 : 6, 7. J. MORRISON.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord!

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

171. *"Good tidings of great joy."* DODDRIDGE.

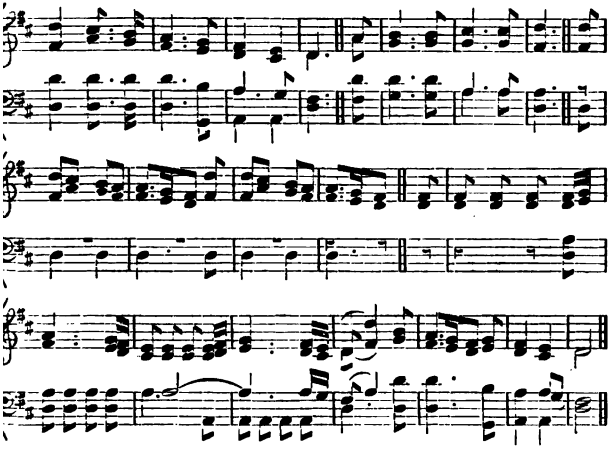
HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long closed in night
To pour celestial day.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

ANTIOCH. C. M. Arr. from HANDEL.



172. *Ps.* 98. WATTS.

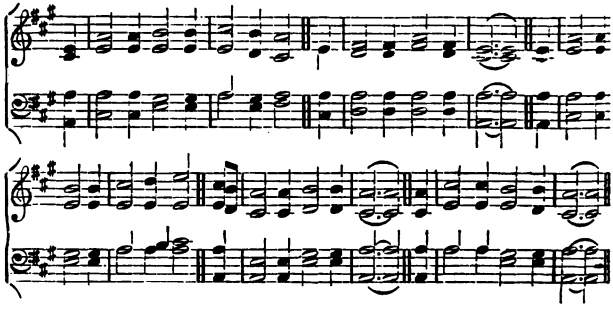
JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King!
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



173. *"Chiefest among ten thousand."* S. STENNETT.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

174. *"Who went about doing good."* W. ENFIELD.

BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life;
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

175. Matt. 11 : 4—6. T. T. LYNCH.

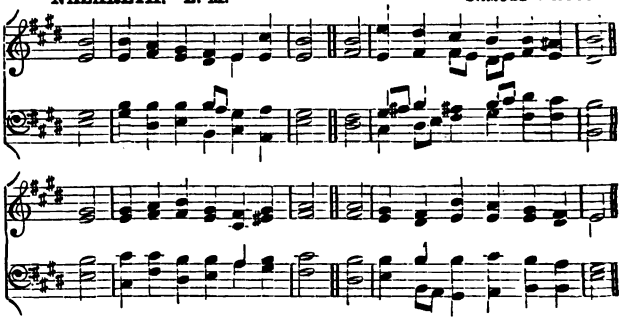
OH, where is he that trod the sea?
Oh, where is he that spake,
And lepers from their pains are free,
And slaves their fetters break?

2 The lame and palsied freely rise,
With joy the dumb do sing;
And, on the darkened, blinded eyes,
Glad beams of morning spring!

3 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
Oh, where is he that spake,
And demons from their victims flee,
The dead from slumber wake?

4 Here, here art thou, almighty Lord!
Oh, speak to us once more,
And let thy healing, quickening word,
Our ruined souls restore!

NAZARETH. L. M. SAMUEL WEBBE.



176. *"And he healed them."* *Matt.* 4 : 24. MONTGOMERY.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness raised her drooping head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld his face, for he was Light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

3 His touch the outcast leper healed;
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head;
He spake the word, and raised the dead!

177. *"Never man spake like this man."* BOWRING.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unvailing an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

178. 1 Peter 2 : 19—25. A. C. Coxe.

HOW beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Ev'n death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn, to thee;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

179. *"Leaving us an example."* Watts.

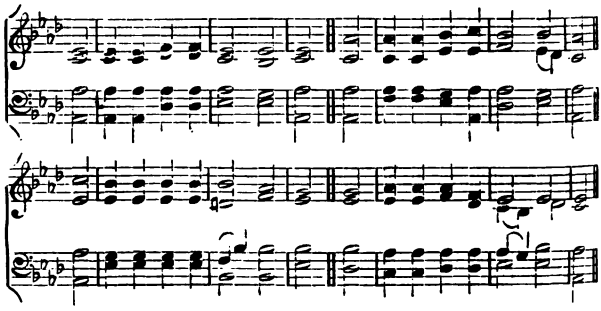
MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



180. Luke 22 : 39—46. TAPPAN.

'TIS midnight; and, on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'T is midnight; in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'T is midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'T is midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'T is midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

181. Luke 23 : 46—49. FABER.

OH, come, and mourn with me awhile;
Oh, come ye to the Saviour's side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

3 How fast his hands and feet are nailed:
His throat with parching thirst is dried;
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

4 Seven times he spake, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

182. "*It is finished.*" John 19 : 30. S. STENNETT.

"'TIS finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
"'T is finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'T is finished!"—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet, our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.

3 "'T is finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'T is finished!"—let the echo fly
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

183. Gal. 6 : 14. WATTS

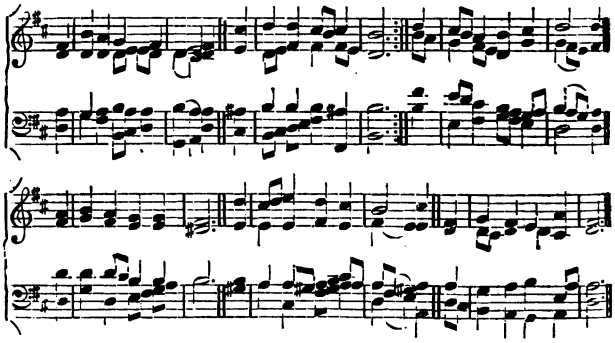
WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most—
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

PASSION CHORALE. 7s & 6s. BACH.



184.

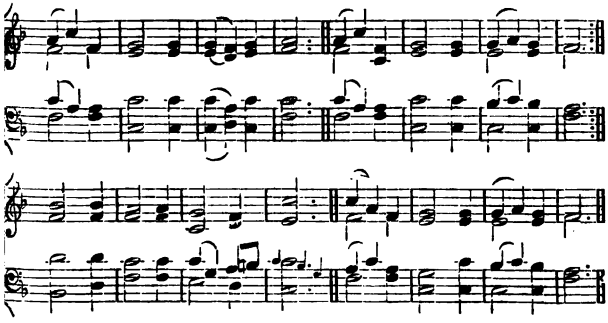
"Salve, caput cruentatum." BERNARD.
J. W. ALEXANDER, *Tr.*

O SACRED Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down!
How scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thy only crown;
O Sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What language shall I borrow,
To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Lord! make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove:
Oh, let me never, never
Abuse such dying love.

3 Be near me when I'm dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me:
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely in thy love.

ALETTA. 7s. W. B. BRADBURY.



185. "*Follow his steps.*" 1 Pet. 2 : 21. MONTGOMERY.

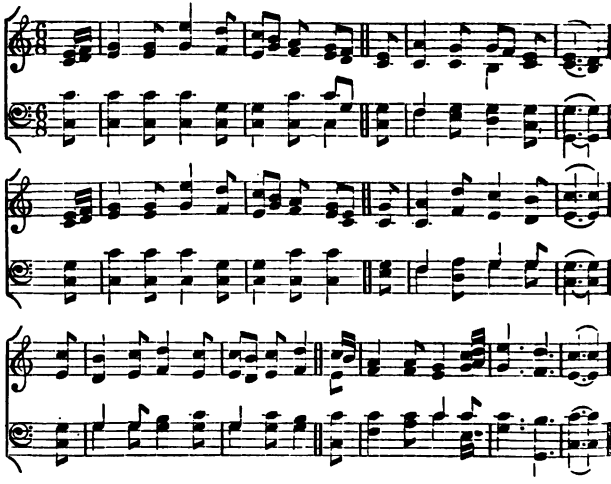
GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power!
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished," hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;—
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

HASTINGS. C. L. M. T. HASTINGS.



186.

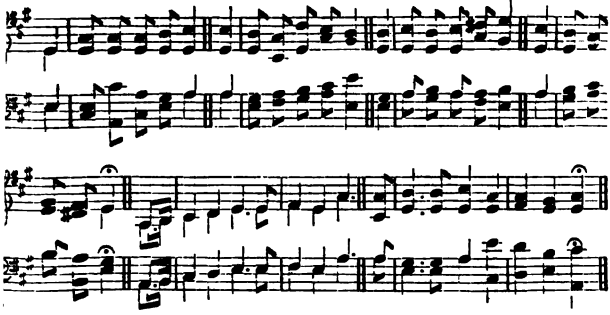
Luke 24 : 1—9. HASTINGS.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again!

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, he is not here!"
The tomb is all unbarred;
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again.

3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend;
Oh, weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen—he lives again!

STOW. H. M. English Melody, arr. by L. MASON.



187.

Luke 24 : 34. DODDRIDGE.

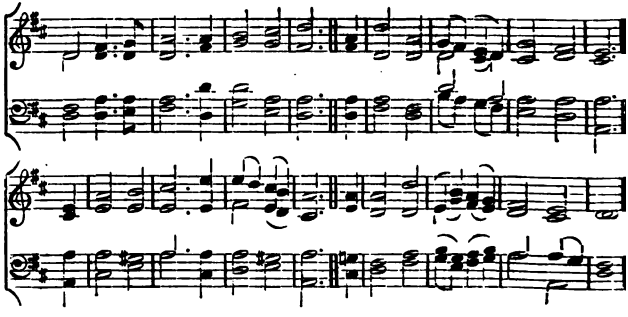
YES, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes
High raised his conquering head:
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet:
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear;
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say: "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead, he rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound
Redeemed by him from hell;
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:
Transported cry: "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead, no more to die."

TRURO. L. M. CHAS. BURNEY.



188. *"Who is this King of glory." Ps. 24.* C. WESLEY.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

3 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew:
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

4 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

5 Who is the King of glory—who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, forever blest!

189. *"I am the way."* CENNICK.

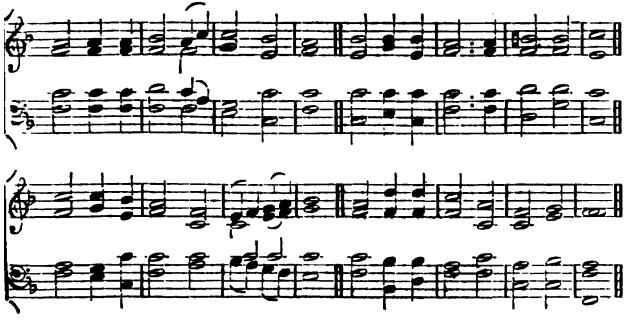
JESUS, my All, to heaven is gone—
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo, glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me, guilty as I am:
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

4 Now will I tell to sinners round
How dear a Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



190.

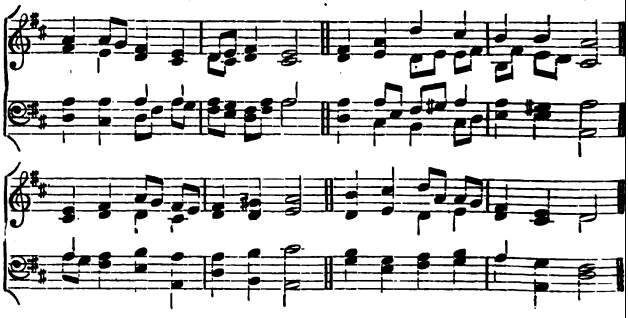
"He is risen." WATTS.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness vails the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

ST. JAMES. 7s. Arr. from LATROBE.



191. Mark 16 : 6. C. WESLEY.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

192. *"Come, see the place."* COLLYER.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom:
Day of triumph! through the skies
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Christian! dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears:
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
See the place where Jesus lay!

193. *"King of kings."* *Rev.* 17 : 14. KELLY.

SONS of Zion, raise your songs!
Praise to Zion's King belongs;
His the victor's crown and fame:
Glory to the Saviour's name!

2 Sore the strife, but rich the prize,
Precious in the Victor's eyes:
Glorious is the work achieved,
Satan vanquished, man relieved!

3 Sing we then the Victor's praise;
Go ye forth and strew the ways;
Bid him welcome to his throne:
He is worthy, he alone!

4 Place the crown upon his brow;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Him the brightest seraph sings;
Heaven proclaims him "King of kings!"

194. John 14 : 28. STANLEY.

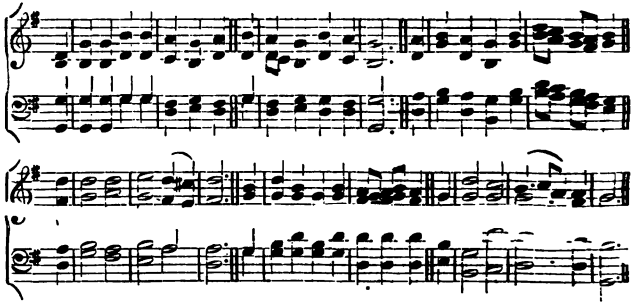
HE is gone! we heard him say,
"Good that I should go away;"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace.

2 Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be;
No, his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

3 He is gone! but we once more
Shall behold him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same
As on earth he went and came.

4 In the many mansions there,
Place for us he will prepare:
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we shall yet be one.

CORONATION. C. M. O. HOLDEN.



195. Rev. 4 : 10, 11. PERRONET.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!

2 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Oh that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

196. *"Greatly to be praised."* WATTS.

OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honor sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

197. Rev. 5: 6—12. WATTS.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid!
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head!

4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

198. Rev. 1: 5—7. SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

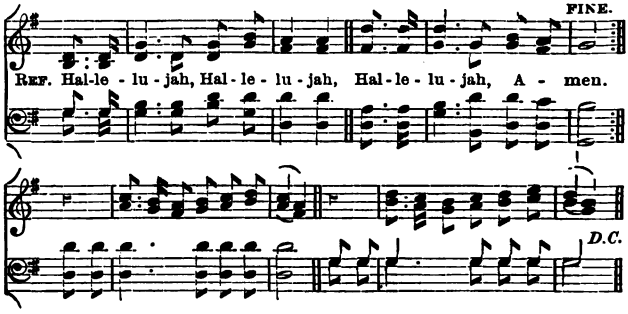
TO him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God;—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.

4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last;
Time centres all in thee,—
Th' almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

HARWELL. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



199. *Heb.* 1 : 3—8. KELLY.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above:
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.—REF.

2 King of glory, reign forever!
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own:
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

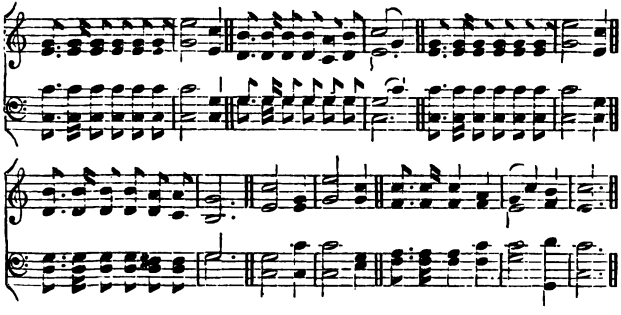
3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away!
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

200. *Heb.* 7 : 25. BAKEWELL.

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

VICTORY. 8s, 7s & 4. H. H. BEADLE.



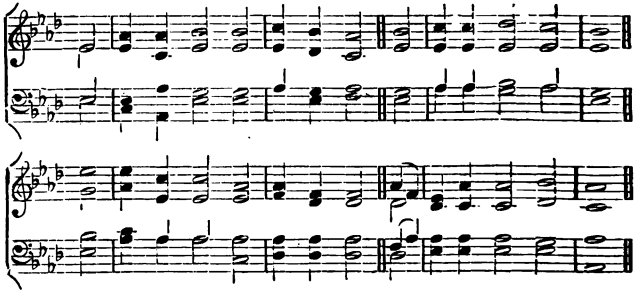
201. *"And he shall reign."* *Rev.* 11 : 15. KELLY.

LOOK, ye saints; the sight is glorious;
See the "Man of sorrows" now,
From the fight returned victorious;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Crown him! Crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him! Crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame!

3 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
"Crown him! Crown him!
Crown the Saviour 'King of kings'!"

AZMON. C. M. Arr. from GLÄSER.



202. *"Worthy is the Lamb."* WATTS.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

203. *"God so loved the world."* WATTS.

COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty Grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds;
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

4 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offered grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

204. *Rev. 22: 3—5.* WATTS.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherubs guard his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high:
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

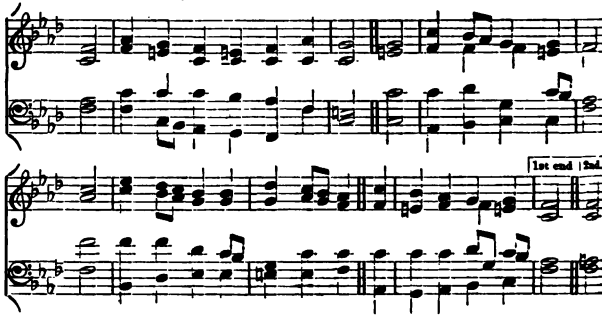
205. *"Show forth his salvation."* WATTS

SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

SATURNIA. (No. 1.) C. M. F. B. RICE.



206. Romans 7 : 9. WATTS.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright,
But since the precept came
With such convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till I with terror saw
How perfect, holy, just, and pure
Is thine eternal law.

4 My God! I cry with every breath,
For some kind power to save;
Oh, break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

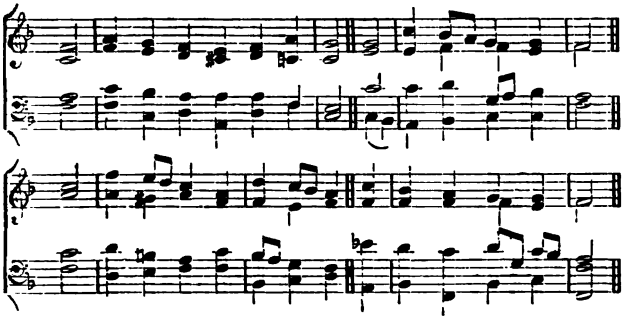
207.* *"God commendeth his love."* *Rom.* 5 : 8. WATTS.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw, and, oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

* For first two stanzas use No. 1; for the last three use No. 2.

SATURNIA. (No. 2.) C. M.



3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys!
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

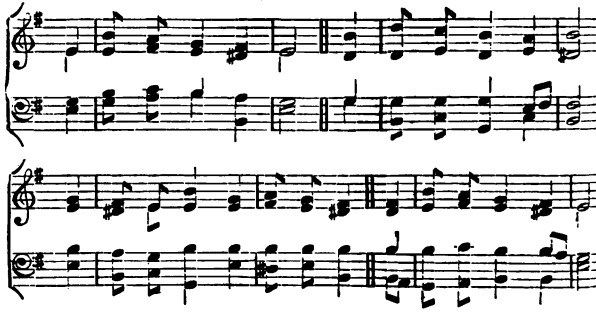
208. Psalm 85. S. BROWNE.

LORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door:
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favor we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away:
This heavy load remove.

3 'T is mercy—mercy we implore,
We would thy pity move;
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.

AYLESBURY. S. M. JAMES GREEN.



209. Isaiah 53. WATTS

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustained the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
A ransom for the flock!

4 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a numerous seed,
To recompense his pain.

210. *Deut.* 30: 19. MONTGOMERY

OH, where shall rest be found—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

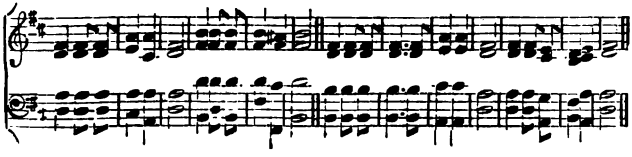
2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh:
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

SHAWMUT. S. M. Arr. by L. Mason.



211. Job. 9 : 2. Watts.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

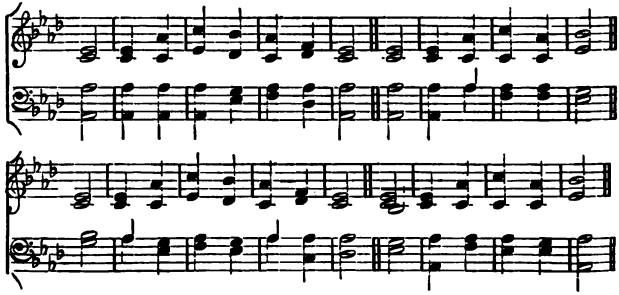
2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God!
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

EVAN. C. M. Arr. by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



212. *"Without strength."* Rom. 5. 6. MRS. STEELE.

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh, change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

213. Mark 9: 24. WATTS.

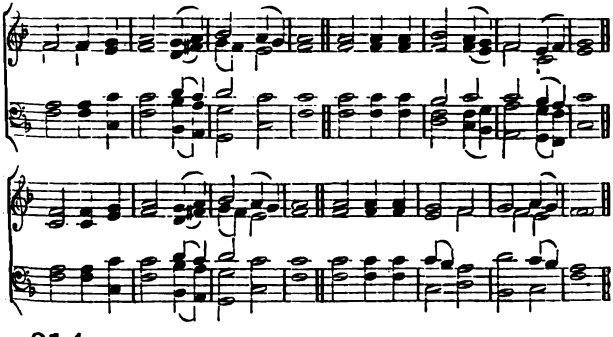
HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord."

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord:
Oh, help my unbelief!

4 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my All.

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



214. *"One thing is needful."* DODDRIDGE.

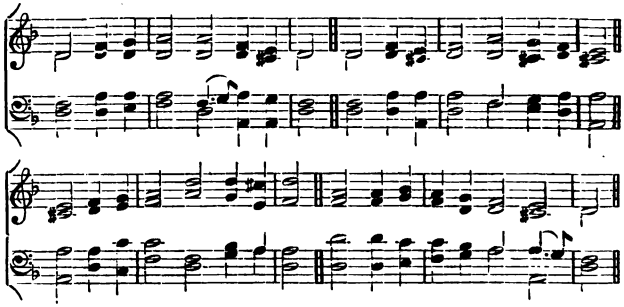
WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares?
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue:
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

WINDHAM. L. M DANIEL READ.



215. Matt. 7 : 13, 14. WATTS.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command:
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

216. Eccles. 9 : 10. WATTS

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God has given
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace,—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

217.

Ps. 88 : 10--12. DWIGHT.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God he's found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 Now God invites—how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

218.

"*Haste thee; escape thither.*" *Gen.* 19 : 22. COLLYER.

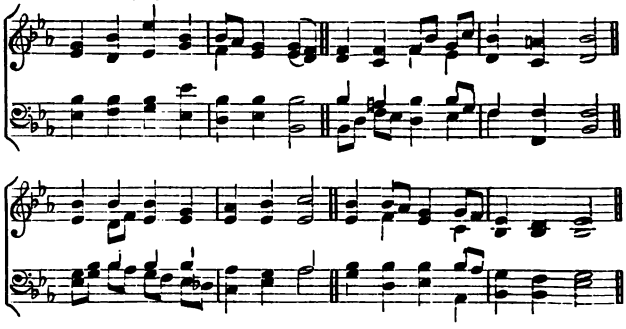
HASTE, trav'ler, haste! the night comes on,
And many a shining hour is gone;
The storm is gathering in the west,
And thou art far from home and rest.

2 The rising tempest sweeps the sky;
The rains descend, the winds are high;
The wâters swell, and death and fear
Beset thy path; no refuge near.

3 Haste, while a shelter you may gain,—
A covert from the wind and rain,—
A hiding-place, a rest, a home,—
A refuge from the wrath to come.

4 Then linger not in all the plain;
Flee for thy life—the mountain gain;
Look not behind; make no delay;
Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way!

KIDRON. 7s. WM. MASON.



219. *Jas.* 4 : 13—15. T. SCOTT.

HASTE, O sinner! now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,—
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste, and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest the season should be o'er
Ere the morrow is begun.

3 Haste, O sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

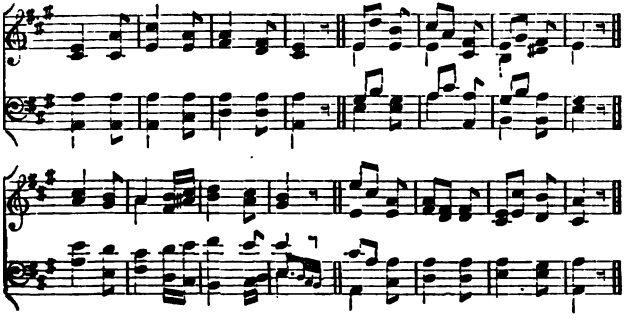
220. Luke 15. J. F. CLARKE

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear:
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

HORTON. 7s. XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE.



221. *"Come unto me."* *Matt.* 11: 28—30. MRS. BARBAULD.

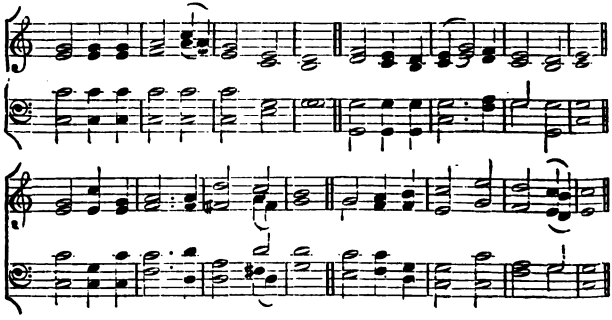
COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wanderer, hither come!

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



222. Matt. 11 : 28—30. WATTS.

"COME hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me,
I'm of a meek, and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight:
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."

4 Jesus, we come at thy command:
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mold and guide us at thy will.

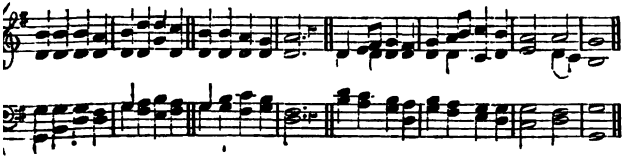
223. *"I will give you rest."* MRS. STEELE.

COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

3 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3. W. H. MONK.



224. *Κόπου τε καὶ κάματον.* STEPHEN OF ST. SEBAS. J. M. NEALE, *Tr.*

ART thou weary, heavy laden,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

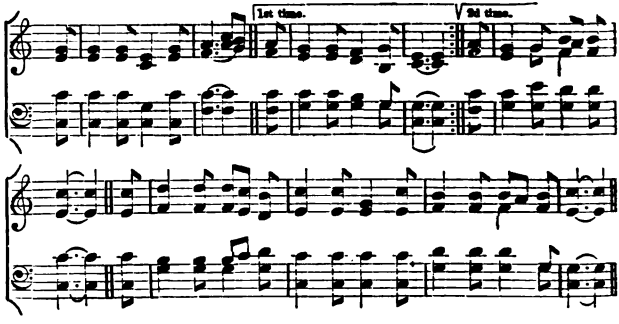
4 If I find him, if I follow,
What's my portion here?
"Many a sorrow, many a conflict,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

P. P. BLISS.
By per. J. Church & Co.



225. *Heb.* 9 : 28. MISS HAVERGAL.

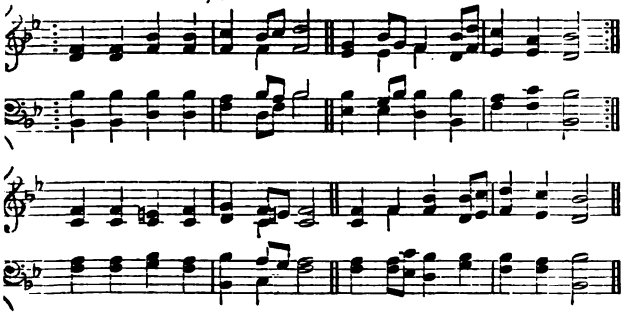
I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,—
What hast thou done for me?

2 My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;—
I left, I left it all for thee,
What hast thou left for me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6l. Rev. C. H. MALAN.



226. *"I will draw all men unto me."* *John* 12 : 32. HAWRIS.

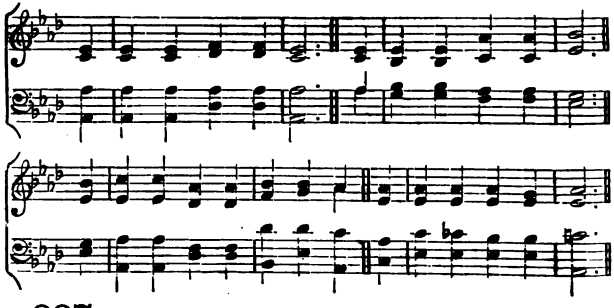
FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne;
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam:
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

4 "Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

GORTON. S. M. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.



227. *Gen.* 8 : 9. MUHLENBERG.

OH, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

228. *Eph.* 4 : 30. HYDE.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine!
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

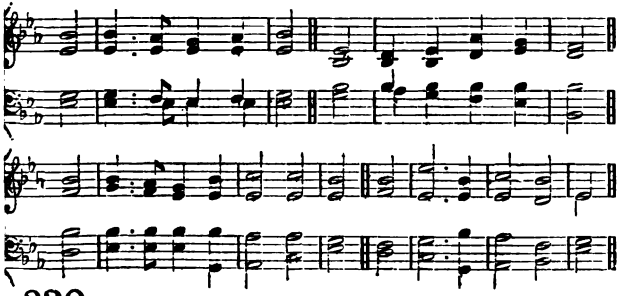
229. 1 Cor. 6 : 2. DOBELL.

NOW is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

3 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly
To bear the news above.

OLNEY. S. M. L. MASON.



230. Rev. 22 : 17—20. ONDERDONK.

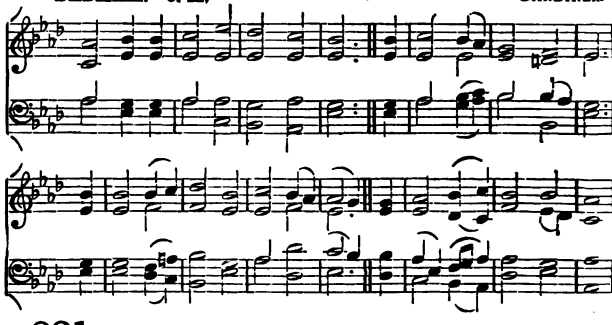
THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the Fountain, come!

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; we wait thine hour;
O blest Redeemer, come!

DEDHAM. C. M. GARDINER.



231. *Isa.* 55 : 7. COLLYER.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

232. "*Ho! every one that thirsteth.*" Isa. 55. WATTS.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

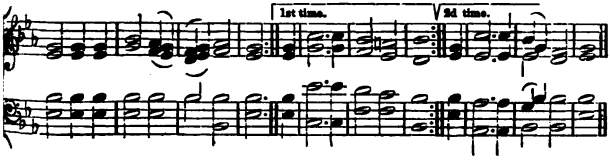
2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die:
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



233. *"If I perish, I perish."* *Est.* 4: 16. E. JONES.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

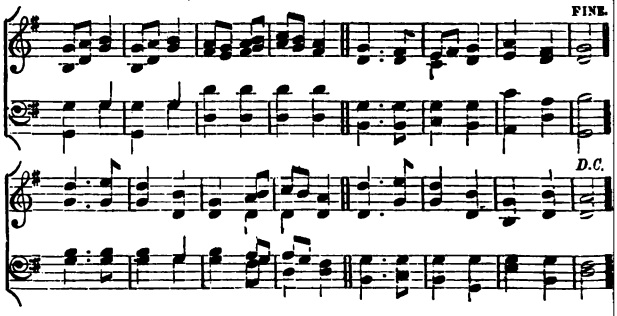
2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go;
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

BELMONT. 8s, 7s & 4s.



234. *"Look unto me and be ye saved."* HART.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
||: He is able, :||
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! the Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
||: "It is finished!" :||
Sinners, will not this suffice?

3 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
||: None but Jesus :||
Can do helpless sinners good.

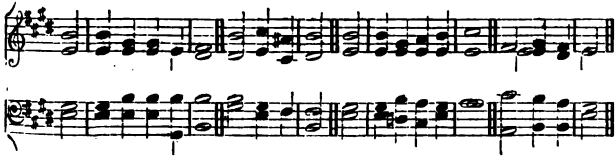
235. *Isa. 55.* ALLEN.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
||: Hear, oh, hear it! :||
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim:
"To each rebel sinner pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:"
||: Oh, receive it! :||
"Free forgiveness in his name."

3 Now ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Haste ye to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
||: Rebel sinners :||
Glad the message will obey.

AMOY. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



236.

Heb. 3 : 15.

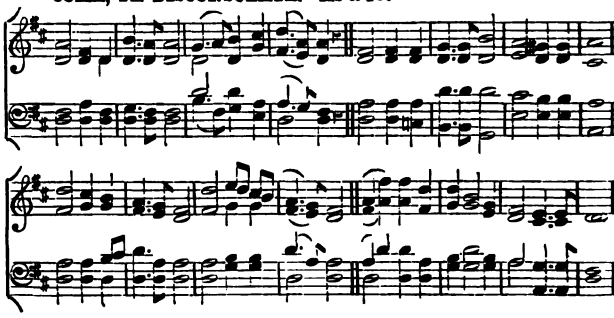
TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come!
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now!
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly:
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away!
'T'is mercy's hour.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10. SAML. WEBBE.

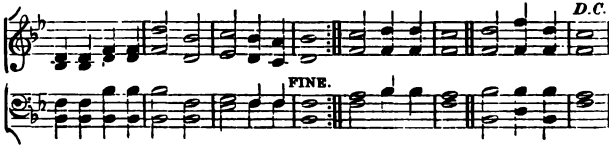


237. 2 *Cor.* 1 : 3—6. MOORE.

COME, ye disconsolate! where'er you languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

AVA. 10s & 4s. T. HASTINGS.



238. "*Yet there is room.*" Luke 14 : 22. HASTINGS.

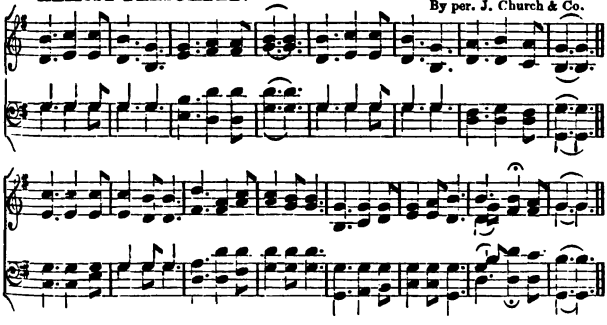
CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
hild of sin and sorrow, hear and obey.

ld of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die!
ne, while thou canst borrow help from on high;

Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow, would bring thee nigh.

8 Child of sin and sorrow, thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow or the rushing tide;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow, in Christ confide.

ALMOST PERSUADED. P. P. BLISS.
By per. J. Church & Co.



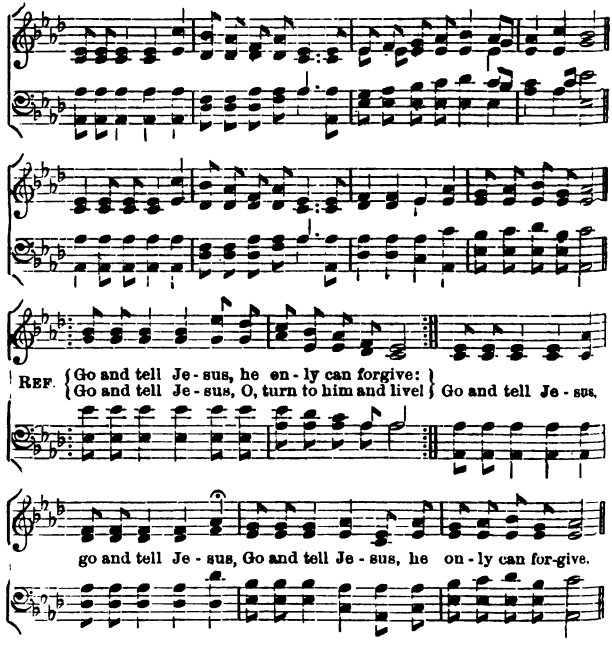
239. Acts 26 : 28. P. P. BLISS.

"ALMOST persuaded" now to believe,
"Almost persuaded" Christ to receive:
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go Spirit, go thy way;
Some more convenient day
On thee I'll call."

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come, to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away:
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are ling'ring near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
Oh, wanderer come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail,
"Almost" is but to fail;
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost, *but lost!*"

GO AND TELL JESUS. T. F. SEWARD.



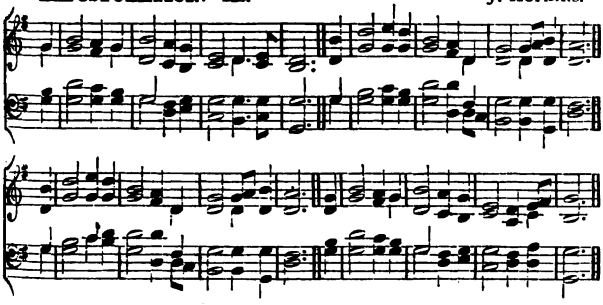
240. *Matt.* 14 : 12.

GO and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul;
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make thee whole:
Look up to him, he only can forgive:
Believe on him and thou shalt surely live.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when thy sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before thine eyes;
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon thou mightst have.

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in his arms, and on his breast
Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.

EXPOSTULATION. 11s. J. HOPKINS.



241. *Isa.* 55 : 1—3. HASTINGS.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

3 Delay not, delay not! the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

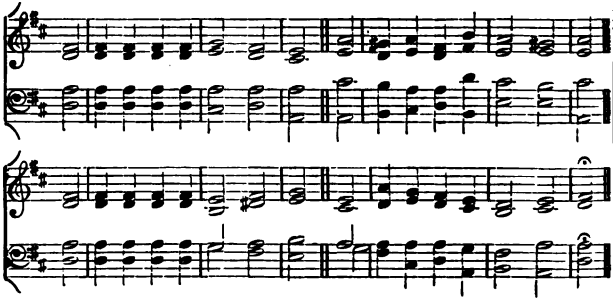
242. Ezek. 33 : 11. J. HOPKINS.

OH, TURN ye, oh, turn ye! for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

3 Lo! Christ is now ready your souls to receive,
Oh, why longer question? oh, why not believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

ASHWELL. L. M. L. MASON.



243. Rev. 3 : 20. GRIGG.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door:
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands:
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out thy soul-enslaving sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

4 Oh, welcome him the Prince of Peace!
Now may his gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind,
And be his empire all mankind.

244. *"Quench not the Spirit."* MRS. HYDE.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light:
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

245. *"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."* A. R. THOMAS.

OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long deluded sight:
This is the time; oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

246. *"Gott rufet noch."* TERSTEEGEN.
Miss BORTHWICK, Tr.

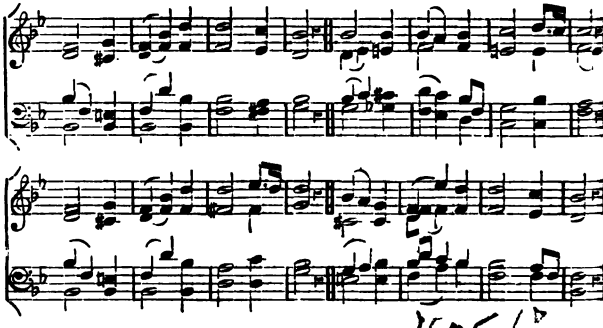
GOD calling yet!—shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet!—shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet!—and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet!—I cannot stay?
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart!

MERCY. 7. GOTTSCHALK.



247. Ps. 55 : 22.

CAST thy burden on the Lord;
Lean thou only on his word:
Ever will he be thy stay,
Though the heavens shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet:
Linger near his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour:
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

248. *"Why will ye die."* Ezek. 18 : 31 C. WESLEY.

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why—
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

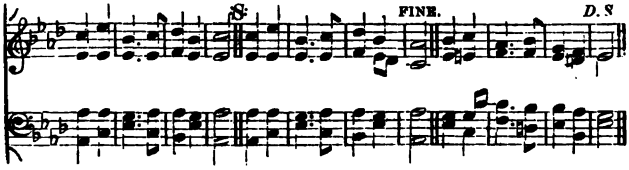
2 Sinners, turn! why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why—
He who did your souls retrieve,
He who died, that ye might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

4 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why—
Who has sought your hearts to move,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

5 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh! ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



249. *Heb.* 10 : 29. C. WESLEY.

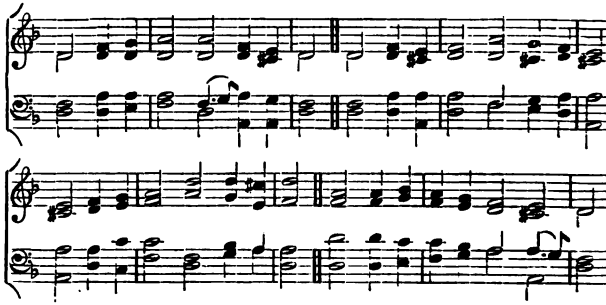
DEPTH of mercy!—can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,
Trampled on his precious blood,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament—
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

WINDHAM. L. M DANIEL READ.



250. Psalm 51. WATTS.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

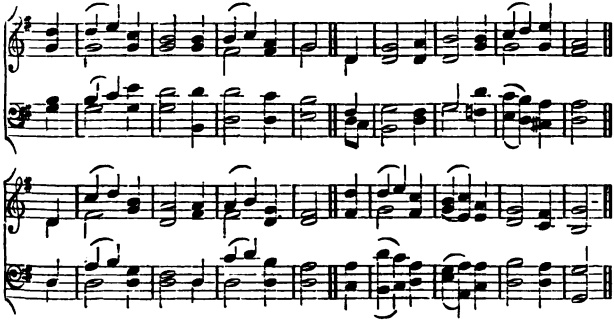
251. Psalm 51. WATTS

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

WARNER. L. M. Arr. from ROSSINI.



252. Luke 18 : 13. ELVEN.

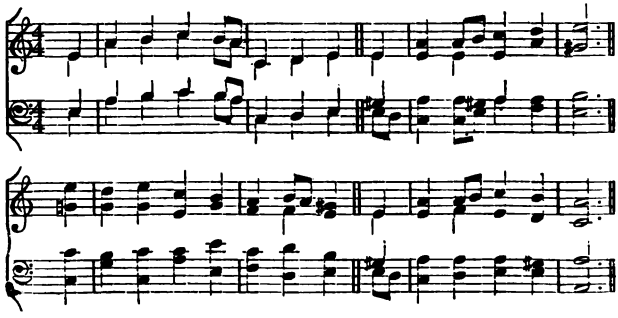
WITH broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

DEWITT. C. M. U. C. BURNAP.



253. *"Of whom I am chief."* BONAR.

I SEE the crowd in Pilate's hall,
I mark their wrathful mien;
Their shouts of "crucify" appall,
With blasphemy between.

2 And of that shouting multitude
I feel that I am one;
And in that din of voices rude
I recognize my own.

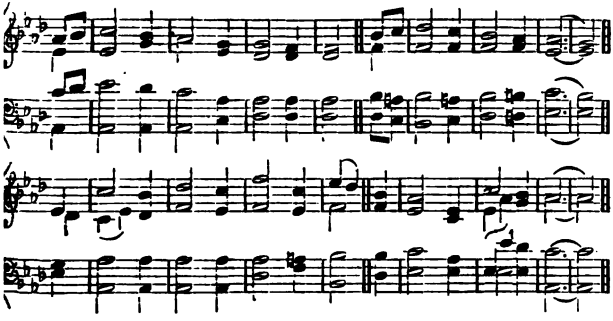
3 I see the scourges tear his back,
I see the piercing crown;
And of that crowd who smite and mock
I feel that I am one.

4 Around yon cross the throng I see,
Mocking the Sufferer's groan;
Yet still my voice it seems to be,
As if I mocked alone.

5 'T was I that shed the sacred blood;
I nailed him to the tree;
I crucified the Christ of God,
I joined the mockery!

6 Yet not the less that blood avails
To cleanse away my sin!
And not the less that cross prevails
To give me peace within!

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. from VON WEBER.



254. *"Him ye have crucified."* NEWTON.

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

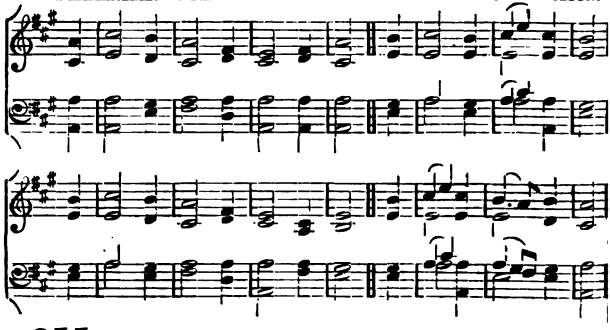
3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

BALERMA. C.M. Arr. from Hugh Wilson.



255. Matt. 27 : 26—50. Watts.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away:
'T is all that I can do.

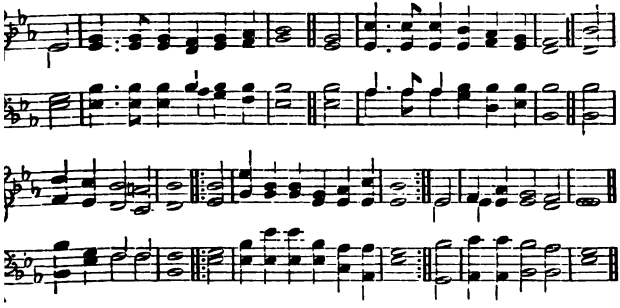
256. 1 *John* 1 : 9. S. Stennett.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 No other sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt,—
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

3 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

MERIBAH. C. P. M. L. MASON.



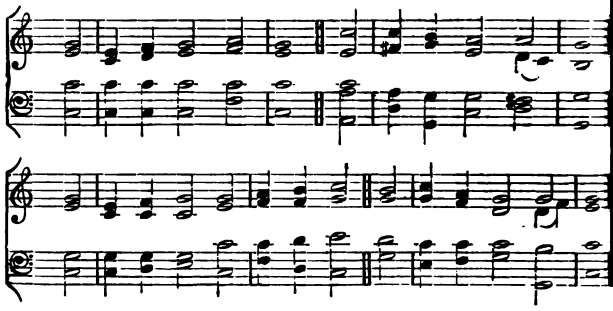
257. *Rom.* 2 : 4. NEWTON.

LORD, thou hast won; at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued:
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free:
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

BOYLSTON. C. M. L. MASON.



258. Luke 19 : 41. BEDDOME.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And weeping is not there.

259. Heb. 10 : 1—10. WATTS.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away—
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

260. *"Create in me a clean heart."* WATTS.

IS this the kind return?
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal Love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we!
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God!
And mold our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign Grace! these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

4 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

261. *"Lord, to whom shall we go?"* John 6 : 68. C. WESLEY.

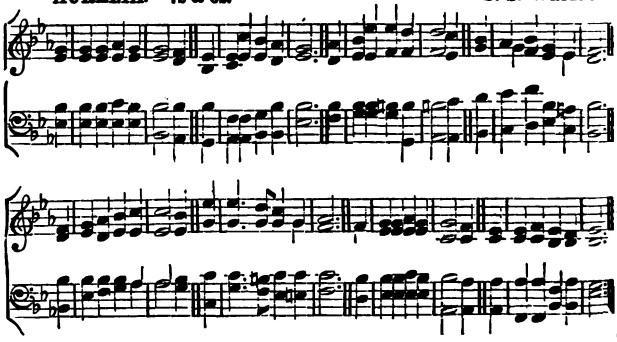
AH! what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro!
Thou hast the words of endless life;
Ah! whither should I go?

2 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

3 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

4 Ah! no: I all forsake,
My all to thee resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. S. S. WESLEY.



262. *"Behold I stand at the door."* W. W. HOW.

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us! so unworthy
His name and sign to bear;
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there.

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
Oh, love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
Oh, sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

263. *"He hath borne our griefs." Is. 53 : 4.* BONAR.

I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load:
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

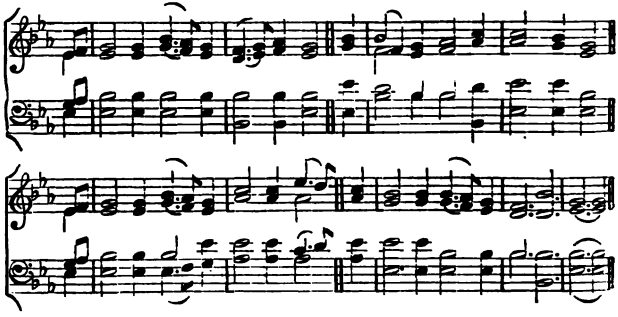
3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

264. *Heb. 9 : 24.* MISS WINSLOW.

O BLESSED Feet of Jesus,
Weary with seeking me,
Stand at God's bar of judgment,
And intercede for me:
O Hands that were extended
Upon the awful tree,
Hold up those precious nail-prints,
Which intercede for me.

2 O Side from whence the spear-point
Brought blood and water free,
For healing and for cleansing,
Now intercede for me:
O Body, scarred and wounded,
My sacrifice to be,
Present thy perfect offering,
And intercede for me.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



265. *"Come unto Me."* Matt. 11 : 28—30. MISS ELLIOTT.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; Come to me."

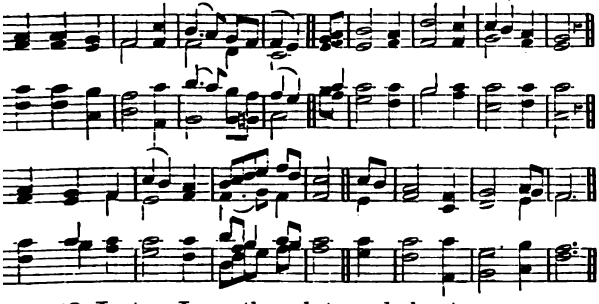
4 O Voice of mercy! Voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

266. *John* 1 : 35-37. MISS ELLIOTT.

JUST as I am without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

WHITMAN. 8s & 6. M. K. Cross.



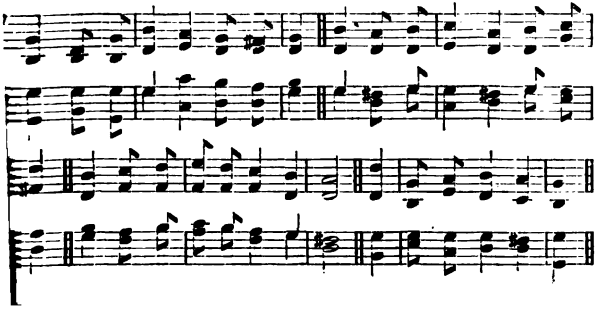
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

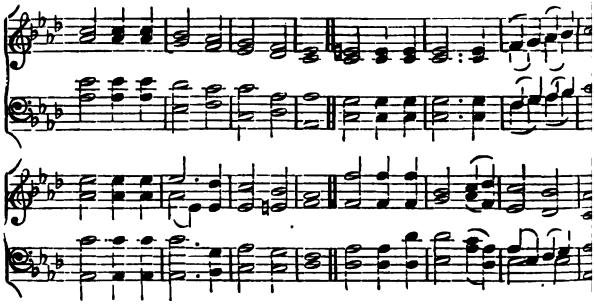
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

ELLIOTT. 8s & 6. L. Mason.



GROSTETTE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX



267. *"He drew me out of many waters."* WATTS.

I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind!

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And, while I listened to your song,
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.

3 Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes:
Oh for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies!

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

268. 1 Pet. 1 : 12. HILLHOUSE.

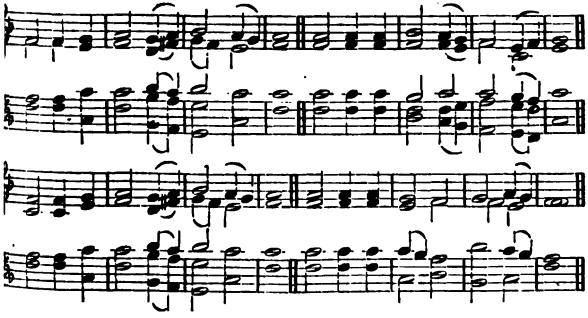
THE Saviour smiles—upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll!
His voice proclaims my pardon found;
Seraphic transport wings the sound!

2 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven—
The new-born peace of sins forgiven:
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

3 Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings;
Loud is your song: the heavenly plain
Is shaken by your choral strain.

4 But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge will be mine;
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear!

HAMBURG. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



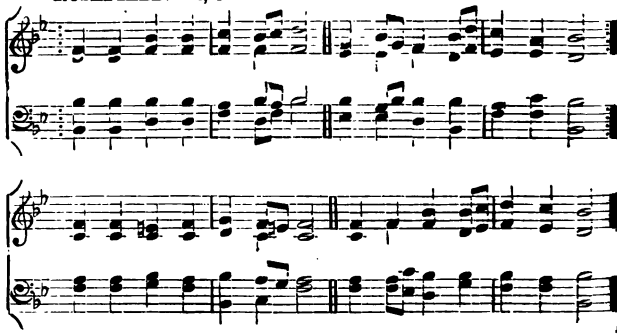
269. Phil. 3: 7, 8. WATTS.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

ROSEFIELD. 7s, 6l. REV. C. H. MALAN.



270.

Rev. 3 : 20. E. P. BARROWS.

HALLELUJAH, Christ is mine!
Knocking at my door he stood,
Pleading all his love divine,
Pleading his atoning blood:
"I have power to pardon sin:
Dying soul, shall I come in?"

2 As those gracious words he spoke,
Lo! I felt a power divine,
Mightier than the lightning's stroke,
Breaking this hard heart of mine:
Straight the door I opened wide:
"Jesus, Lord, come in," I cried.

3 Then my soul, long tempest-tossed,
Entered into glorious rest:
All my powers in joy were lost;
Holy gladness filled my breast;
'T was a trance of heavenly love,
Like the bliss of those above.

4 Sinful pleasures in that day
Vanished like a dream from view:
Earthly things I cast away
My Redeemer to pursue.
'T is enough— his love divine!
Hallelujah, Christ is mine.

271. *Phil.* 3 : 7. DUFFIELD.

ONCE again beside the cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

2 From beneath that thorny crown
Trickle drops of cleansing down;
Pardon from thy pierced hand
Now I take, while here I stand:
Only then I live to thee,
When thy wounded side I see.

3 Blessèd Saviour! thine am I,
Thine to live, and thine to die;
Height, or depth, or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only thee!

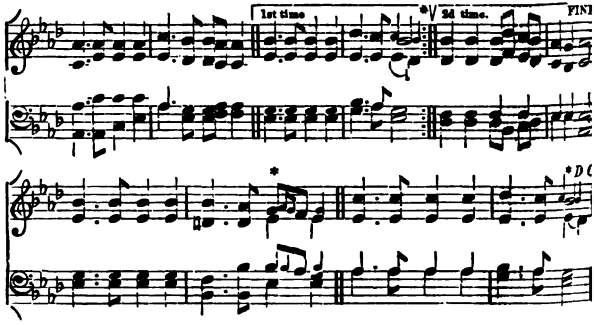
272. "*Joint heirs with Christ.*" Rom. 8 : 17. HUMPHREYS.

BLESSED are the sons of God!
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

2 They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefiled;
They are by the Spirit sealed,
They with love and peace are filled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

3 They are lights upon the earth
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D. Arr. from MOZART.



* The small notes indicate the common form, but the large notes are considered preferable.

273. *"Lo, we have left all."* Mark 10 : 28. LYTE.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

274. *"I press toward the mark."* LYTE.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day before thee—
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

275. *"Herein is Love."* FABER.

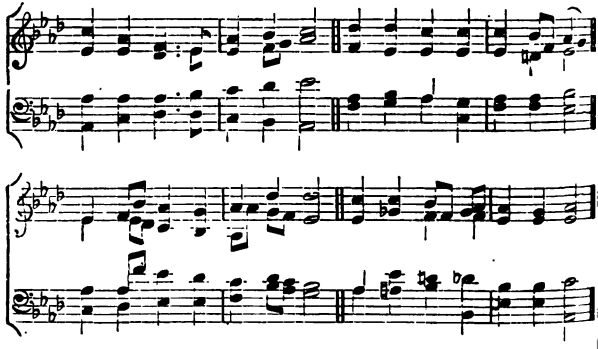
THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty:
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour,
There is healing in his blood.

2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind:
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word,
And our lives would all be sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord.

276. *Luke* 18 : 28—30. W. MASON.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord! I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
||: Thine entirely,—:||
Through eternal ages thine.

WIEN. 7s. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



277.

"My refuge—in him will I trust." C. WESLEY.

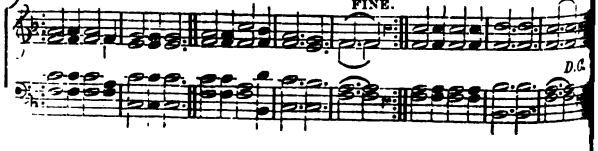
JESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

2 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

MARTYN. 7s. D. S. B. MARSH.



278. *"Complete in Him."* C. WESLEY.

THOU, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

2 Just and holy is thy name:
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

4 Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

279. Phil. 1: 21. WARDLAW

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground,
Christ, the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee let me be found,
Still for thee my powers employ.

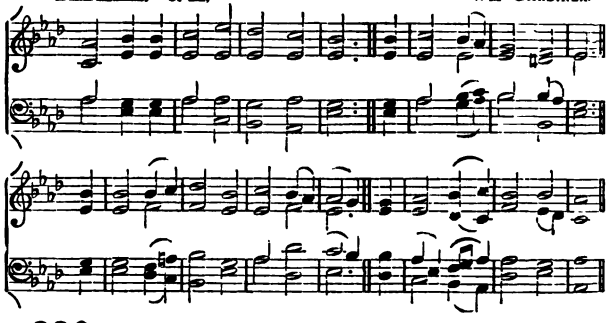
2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

DEDHAM. C. M. WM. GARDINER.



280. John 14 : 6. G. W. DOANE.

THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

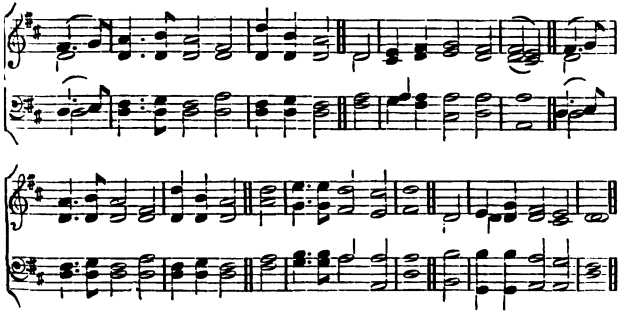
281. "*Jesu rex admirabilis.*" BERNARD. E. CASWALL, *Tr.*

O JESUS! King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned;
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found!

2 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

3 Thee may our tongues forever bless;
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

COWPER. C. M. L. MASON.



282. *"A fountain opened."* *Zech.* 13 : 1. COWPER.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

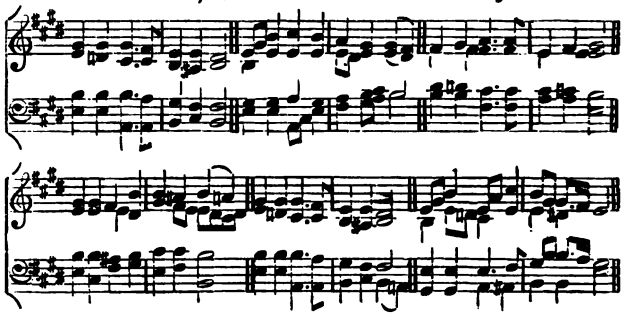
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 Since first, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 And when this feeble, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

ROCK OF AGES, 7s. 6l. REV. J. B. DYKES.



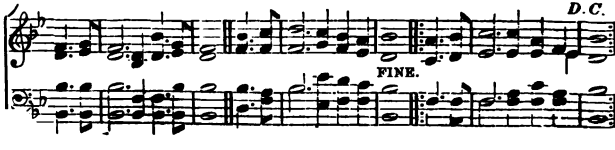
283. *"That Rock was Christ."* 1 Cor. 10 : 4. TOPLADY.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

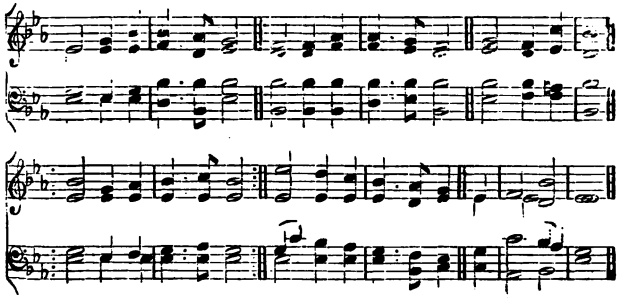
2 Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow—
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone!
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l. T. HASTINGS.



OLIVET. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



284. *"Looking unto Jesus."* RAY PALMER.

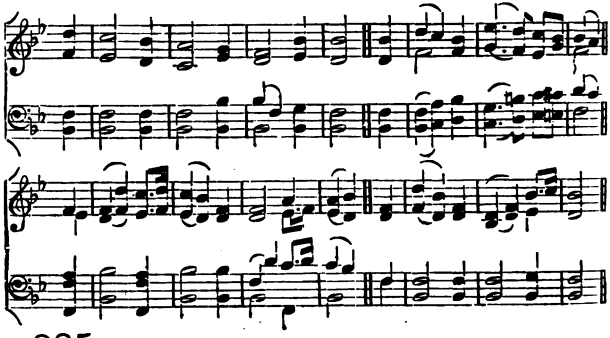
MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,—
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

BEMERTON. C. M. GREATOREX.



285. *"Whom having not seen, ye love."* 1 Pet. 1 : 8. RAY PALMER.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine!
The vail of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought,
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone:
I love thee, dearest Lord!—and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending vail shall thee reveal,
All glorious as thou art!

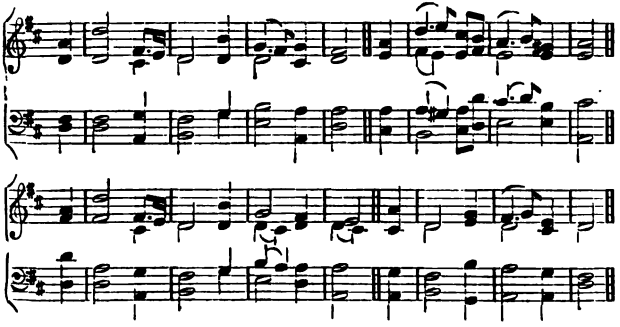
286. *"Complete in Him."* Col. 2 : 10. J. MASON.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine—
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ Jesus is my All in all,
My comfort and my love,
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

BRADFORD. C. M. Arr. from HANDEL.



287. *"Ever liveth to make intercession."* C. WESLEY.

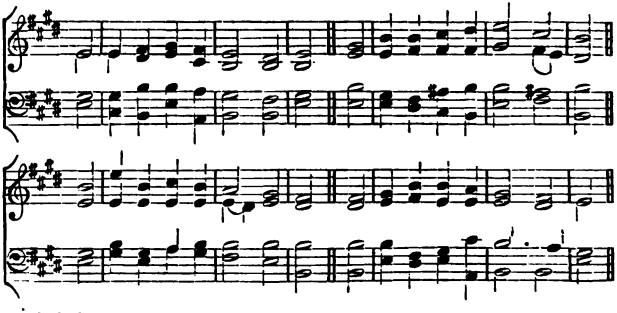
I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

4 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. MASON.



288. *"None other name."* Acts 4 : 12.

THERE is none other name than thine,
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!
On which to rest for sins forgiven—
For peace with God, for hope of heaven.

2 There is none other name than thine
When cares, and fears, and griefs are mine,
That, with a gracious power, can heal
Each care, and fear, and grief I feel.

3 There is none other name than thine,
When called my spirit to resign,
To bear me through that latest strife,
And ev'n in death to be my life.

4 Name, above every name! thy praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Jehovah Jesus! Name divine!
Rock of Salvation! thou art mine.

289. Mark 8 : 38.—Rom. 1 : 16. GRIGG.

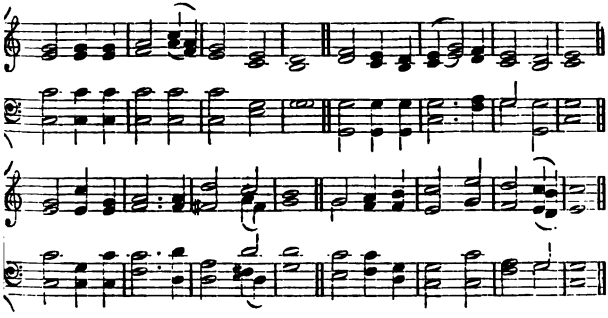
JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



290. *"Jesu, dulcedo cordium."* BERNARD
RAY PALMER, *Tr.*

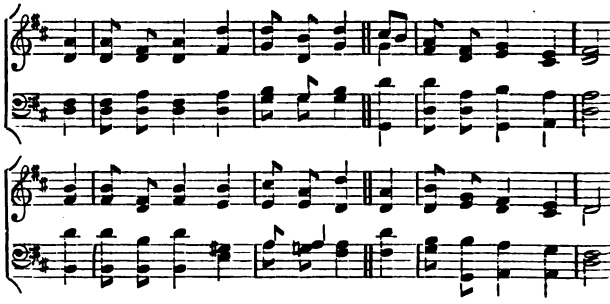
JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of Life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call:
To them that seek thee thou art good,
To them that find thee—All in all!

3 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

VALENTIA. C. M. Arr. from EBERWEIN.



291. *"Jesu dulcis memoria."* BERNARD. E. CASWALL, Tr.

JESUS! the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but his loved ones know!

292. Phil. 2: 6–9. MRS. STEELE.

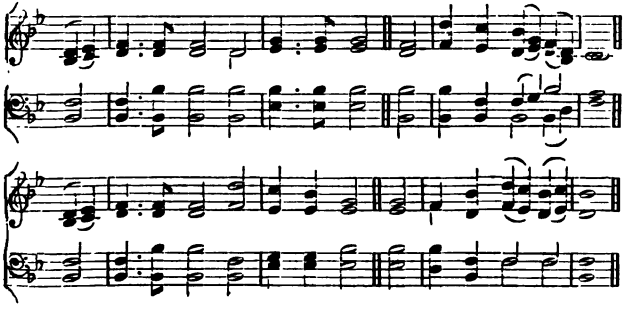
THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads delight around.

2 Wrapped in the gloom of dark despair,
We helpless, hopeless lay:
But sovereign mercy reached us there,
And smiled despair away.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoops to our vile abode;
While angels view with wondering eyes,
And hail the incarnate God.

4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

HEBER. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



293. *"Unto you which believe He is precious."* NEWTON.

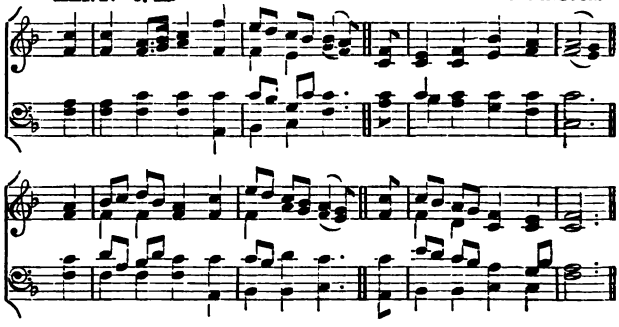
HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

4 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

KENT. C. M. MORNINGTON.



294. *"He set my feet upon a rock."* WATTS.

ARISE, my soul! my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

295. *"Elect, precious."* DODDRIDGE.

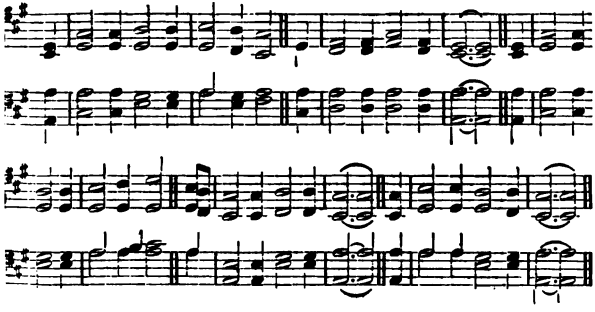
JESUS! I love thy charming name;
'T is music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 All that my loftiest powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there—
The noblest balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in mine arms,
The Conqueror of death.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. T. HASTINGS.



296. *"Unto Him be glory."* C. WESLEY.

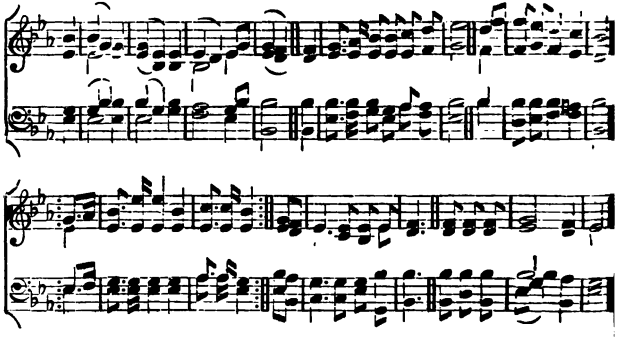
OH for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease—
'T is music to my ravished ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean:
His blood availed for me!

ARIEL. C. P. M. Arr. from Mozart by L. MASON.



297. *"A new song." Rev. 5 : 9.* MEDLEY.

OH, could I speak the matchless worth.
Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Soon the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

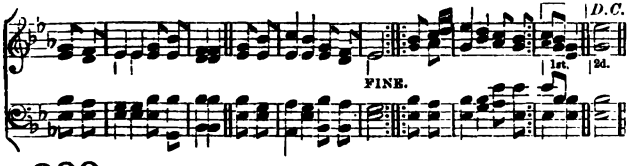
298. *"Love—which passeth knowledge."* C. WESLEY.

O LOVE divine! how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,—
The love of Christ to me.

2 God only knows the love of God;
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor, stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine—
Be mine this better part.

3 Oh that I could for ever sit
In transport at my Saviour's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear my Saviour's voice.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. ASAHEL NETTLETON.

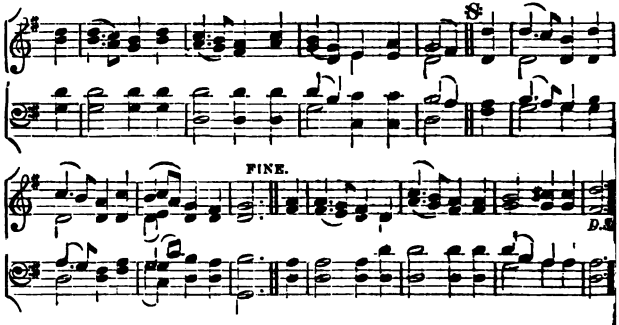


299. *Eph.* 2: 4—8. R. ROBINSON.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

2 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh, take, and seal it;—
Seal it for thy courts above!

GOSHEN. 11s. T. HASTINGS.



300. *"Looking unto Jesus."* Heb. 12 : 2.

O EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more!
The light of his countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round:
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

301. *"The Lord our Righteousness."* Jer. 23 : 6. McCHEYNE.

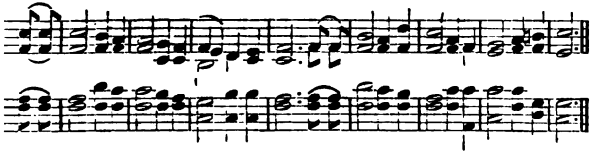
I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God;
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah, my Saviour, seemed nothing to me.

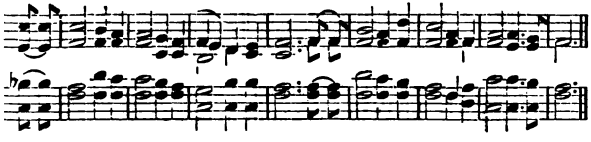
2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me; I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety, in self could I see:
Jehovah, thou only my Saviour must be.

3 My terrors all vanished before his sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain so copious and free:
Jehovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.

4 Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast;
Jehovah my Saviour,—I ne'er can be lost:
In thee I shall conquer, by flood and by field,
Jehovah my anchor, Jehovah my shield!

HIDING IN THEE. 11s. I. D. SANKEY.





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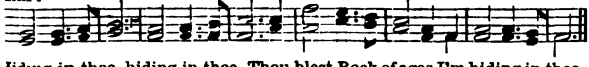
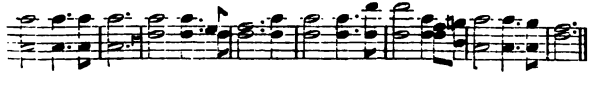


Hiding in thee, hiding in thee, Thou blest Rock of ages I'm hiding in thee.



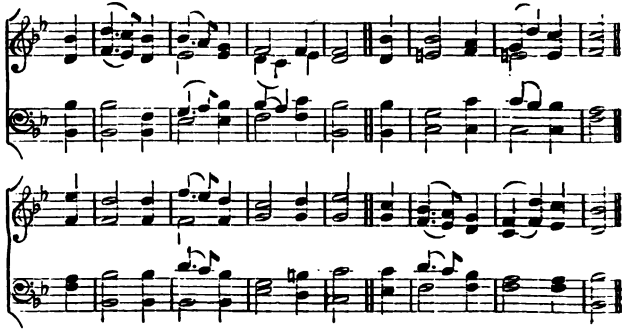
302. Psalm 61 : 2. W. O. CUSHING.

OH, safe to the Rock that is higher than I
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, thine, thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe!
How often when trials like sea billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O thou Rock of my soul!

EDWARD. C. M. W. B. CHAMBERLAIN.



303.

Matt. 11 : 28.—John 7 : 37 ; 12 : 46. BONAR.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:"

2 I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink, and live:"

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:"

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

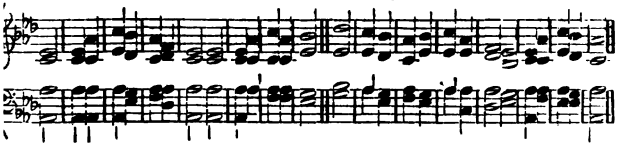
304. *"His grace was not in vain."* 1 Cor. 15 : 10. NEWTON.

AMAZING grace!—how sweet the sound!—
That saved a wretch like me:
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

EVAN. C. M. Arr. by Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.



305. Cant. 2 : 16. WATTS.

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights:
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

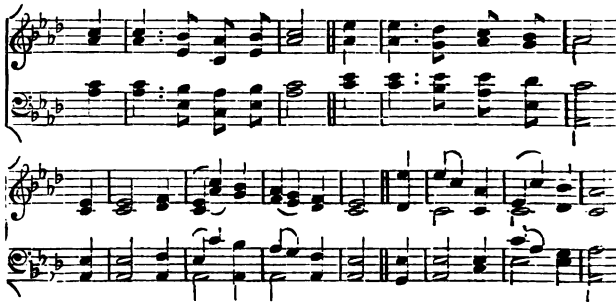
2 In darkest shades if he appear,
My dawning is begun:
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his!

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

LEIGHTON. S. M. GREATOREX.



306. *"By grace are ye saved."* DODDRIDGE.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

307. *John* 3 : 16. WATTS.

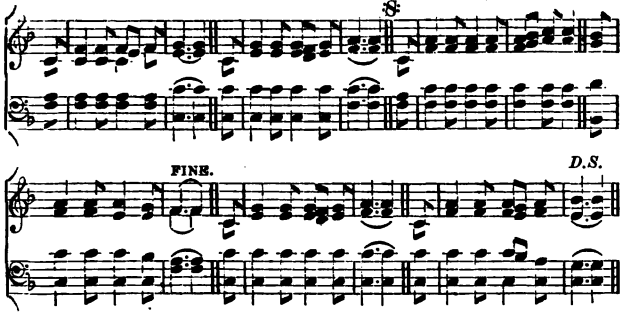
RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Wide let the earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 'T was mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.

4 Now, sinners, dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease:
Bow to the scepter of his love,
And take the offered peace.

LEBANON. S. M. D. JOHN ZUNDEL.



308.

"As sheep going astray." 1 Pet. 2: 25. BONAR.

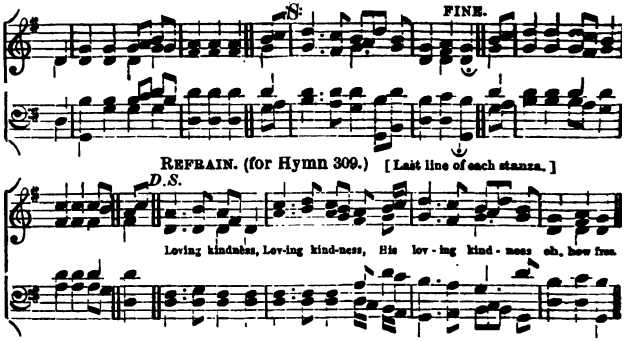
I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.

2 He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love;
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'T was he that loved my soul,
'T was he that washed me in his blood,
'T was he that made me whole.

4 'T was he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'T was he that brought me to the fold,
'T is he that still doth keep.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



309. *Psalm* 36 : 7. MEDLEY.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale:
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

310. *"Thou art my hiding-place."* Ps. 32 : 7. J. BREWER.

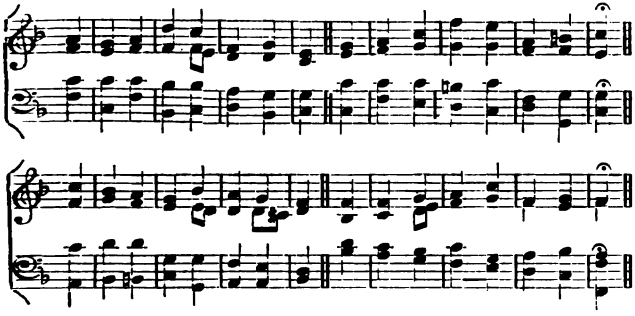
HAIL, sovereign Love! that formed the plan
To save rebellious, ruined man;
Hail! matchless, free, eternal Grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God who rules the sky
I fought, with hand uplifted high;
I madly ran the sinful race,
Regardless of a hiding-place.

3 Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's burning mount I flew:
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."

4 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard;
A bleeding Saviour then appeared:
Led by the Spirit of his grace,
I found in him a hiding-place.

DEMUTH. L. M. J. P. MORGAN.



311. *"Ye have put on Christ."* Gal. 3: 27. ZINZINDORF. J. WESLEY, *Tr.*

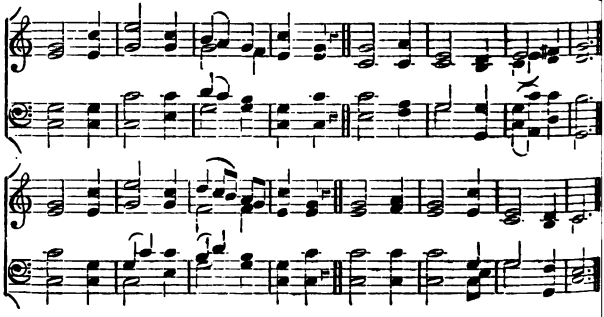
JESUS! thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea:
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress—
Jesus! thy blood and righteousness!

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. I. CONKEY.



312. Gal. 6 : 14. BOWRING.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

313. Luke 15. F. S KEY.

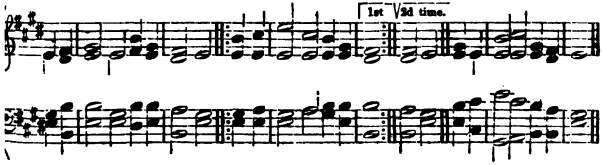
PRAISE, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.

2 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, my deep, my ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Lord, before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.

4 Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

BARTIMEUS. STEPHEN JENKS.



314.

"*He received his sight.*" **Mark. 10: 52.** H. D. GANSE.

LORD, I know thy grace is nigh me,
Though thyself I cannot see;
Jesus, Master, pass not by me,
Son of David, pity me!

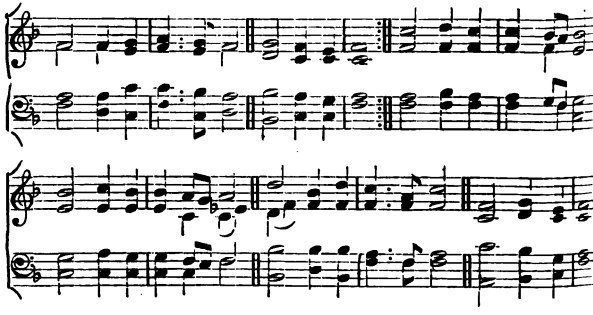
2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving-kindness;
Lord, I would receive my sight.

3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee:
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah, what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo, the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

OAK. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



315. *"We have found Him."* John 1 : 45. HOPE.

NOW I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine:
Though earthly joys decrease,
Though earthly friendships cease,
Now I have lasting peace;
Jesus is mine.

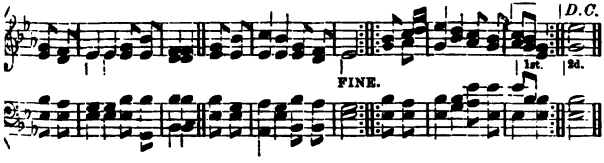
2 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine:
Oh, what a glorious thing,
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
Jesus is mine!

316. *"He that hath the Son hath life."* MRS. BONAR.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine:
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine.
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth hath no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine.
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D. ASAHEL NETTLETON.



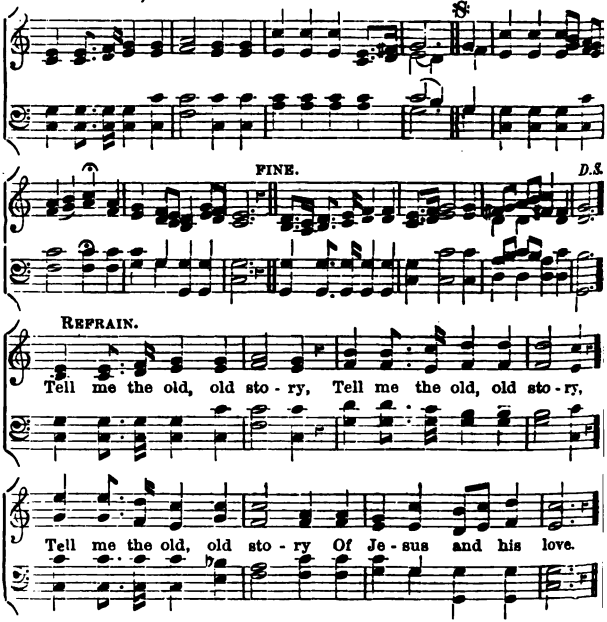
317. *"Sins which are many are forgiven."* WINGROVE.

HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way:
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above!
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love:
That blest moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

THE OLD, OLD STORY. W. H. DOANE.



318. *Acts* 13 : 42. MISS K. HANKEY.

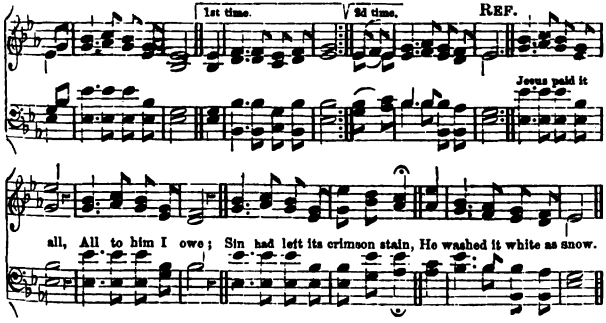
TELL me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!

The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave:
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save:
Tell me that story always,
When trouble fills my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. J. T. GRAPE.



319. *"His own self bare our sins."* MRS. E. M. HALL.

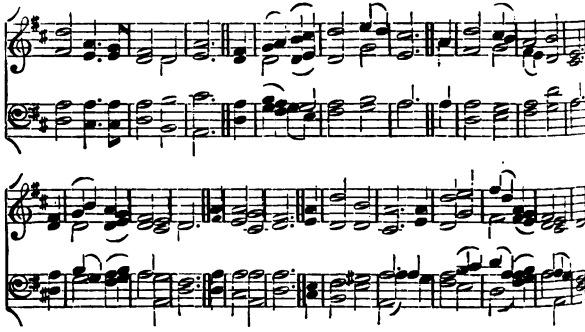
I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small:
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy faith, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spot,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus feet.

WARSAW. H. M. THOMAS CLARK.



320. Phil. 2 : 6—11. S. STENNETT.

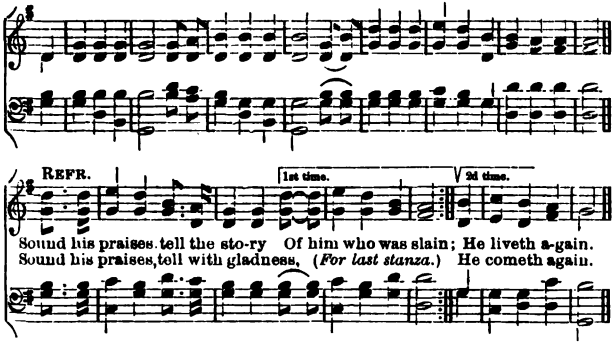
COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died!
What he endured, oh, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell!

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour-God.

4 From thence he'll quickly come—
His chariot will not stay—
And bear our spirits home
To realms of endless day:
There shall we see his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD. ENGLISH MELODY.



321. "*Rejoice in the Holy One.*" Is. 29 : 19. BONAR.

REJOICE and be glad! the Redeemer has come;
Go look on his cradle, his cross, and his tomb.

2 Rejoice and be glad! for the blood hath been shed,
Redemption is finished, the price hath been paid.

3 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.

4 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

5 Rejoice and be glad! for he cometh again,—
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain!

322. "*Unto Him that loved us.*" Rev. 1 : 5. W P. MACKEY.

WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

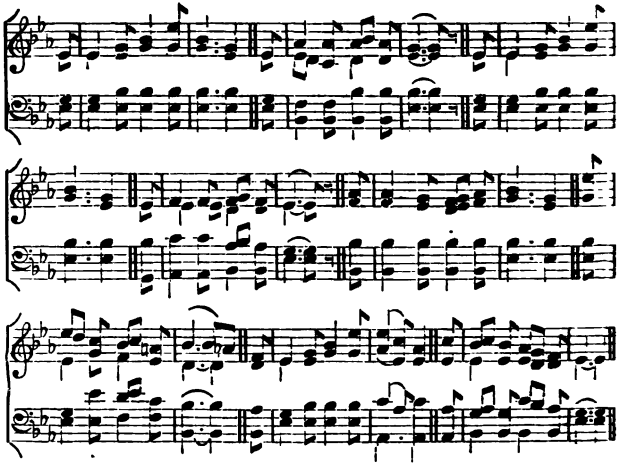
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again: fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

SALVATION. 7s. 6s. MOZART.



323. *"Hosanna to the Son of David."* Matt. 21 : 2—16. JOSHUA KING.

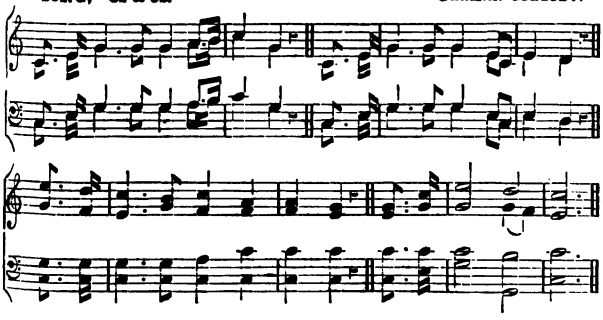
WHEN, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him;
But, as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son!

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise:

But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

SONG, 8s & 5s. GERMAN MELODY.



324. *"Sing unto the Lord."* KELLY

SING of Jesus, sing for ever
Of the love that changes never:
Who or what from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

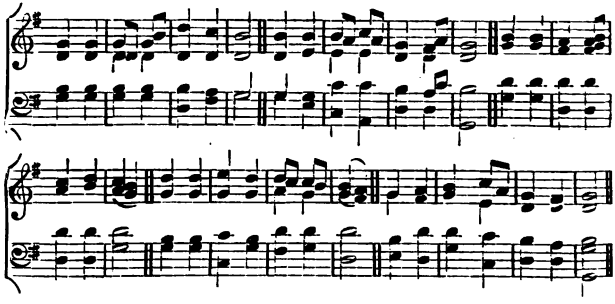
2 With his blood the Lord hath bought them,
When they knew him not, he sought them,
And from all their wanderings brought them:
His the praise alone.

3 Through the desert Jesus leads them,
With the bread of heaven he feeds them,
And through all the way he speeds them
To their home above.

4 There they see the Lord who bought them,
Him who came from heaven, and sought them,
Him who by his Spirit taught them:
Him they serve and love.

5 Sing of Jesus, sing for ever,
Sing the love that changes never:
Who or what from him can sever
Those he makes his own?

HENDON. 7s. REV. C. H. A. MALAN.



325. *"The fountain of life."* Ps. 36 : 9. KELLY.

BLESSED fountain full of grace!
Grace for sinners, grace for me!
To this source alone I trace,
What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
Saved and rescued by the Lord;
Hating what I once esteemed,
Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
When I take my place above,
When I join the heavenly throng,
When I see the God of Love.

4 Then I hope like him to be
Who redeemed his saints from sin,
Whom I now obscurely see,
Through a vail that stands between.

326. Psalm 23. MERRICK.

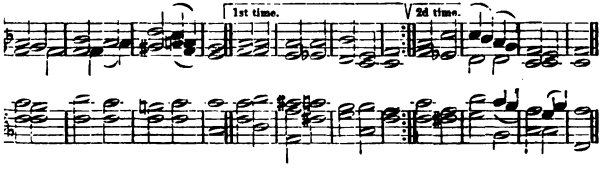
TO thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

SEYMOUR. 7s. VON WEBER.



327.

"The same, yesterday, to-day, and forever." MACDUFF.

EVERLASTING arms of love
Are beneath, around, above:
He who left his throne of light,
And unnumbered angels bright;

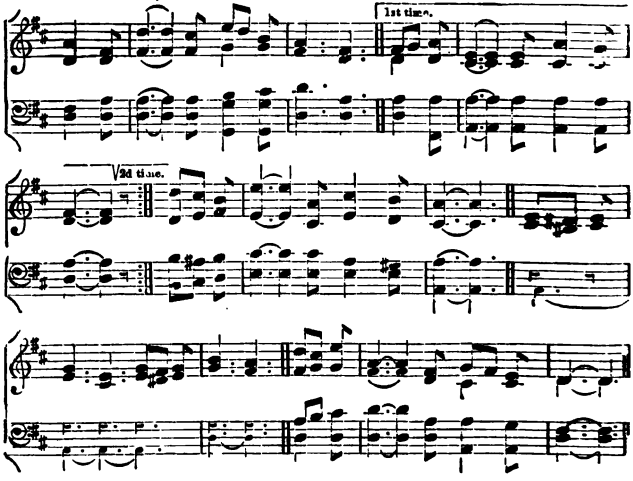
2 He who on th' accursed tree
Gave his precious life for me—
He it is that bears me on,
His the arm I lean upon.

3 He who wields creation's rod,
He my Brother, yet my God;
Faithful he, whate'er betide,
Is my everlasting Guide!

4 All things hasten to decay,
Earth and seas will pass away;
Soon will yonder circling sun
Cease his blazing course to run.

5 Scenes will vary, friends grow strange,
But the Changeless cannot change:
Gladly will I journey on,
With his arm to lean upon.

SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4. J. P. HOLBROOK.



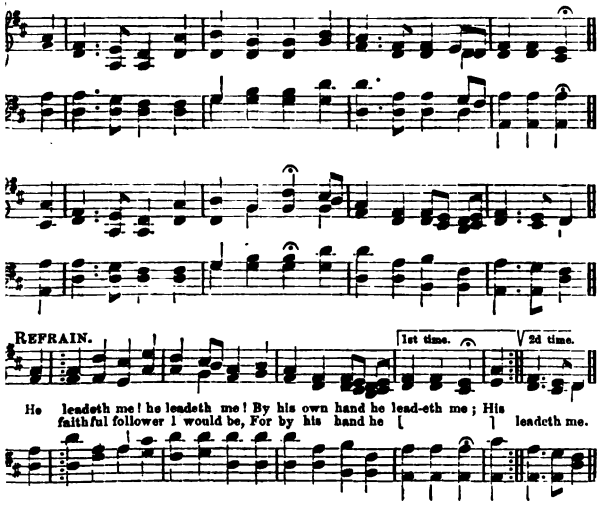
328. *"Our Guide unto death."* W. WILLIAMS.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

HE LEADETH ME. W. B. BRADBURY.



329. *"He leadeth me."* Ps. 23. J. H. GILMORE.

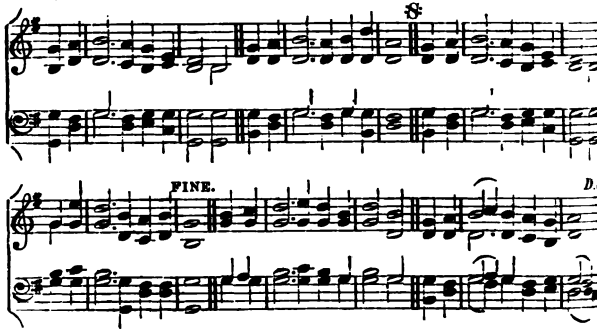
HE leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 't is God's hand that leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

JAYNES. 8s & 7s. D. Arr. from MARECHIO.



330.

"Not ashamed to call them brethren." BONAR

YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day:
Yes, ev'n me, ev'n me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me he standeth pleading,
At the mercy-seat above;
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might!

5 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me!
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity!

6 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven:
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

331. *"Closer than a brother."* Prov. 18 : 24. NEWTON.

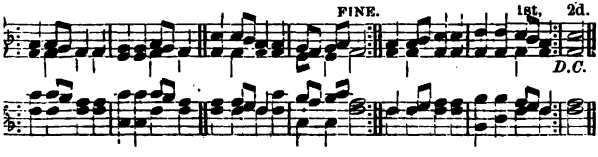
ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

3 When he lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

GREENVILLE. 8s. & 7s. D. ROUSSEAU.

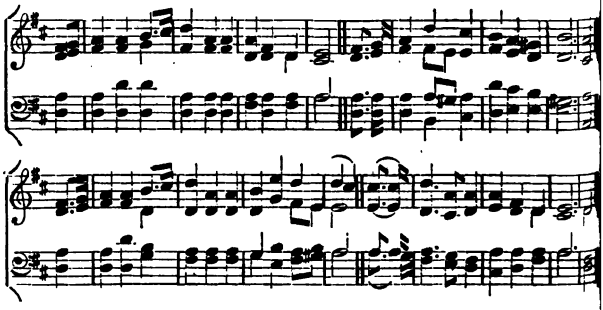


332. *"Lead me in a plain path."* Ps. 27 : 11. HASTINGS.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears:
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears:
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us;
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear:
And, when mortal life is ended,
Bid us on thy bosom rest;
Till by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest

SHEPHERD. 11s & 10s. T. HASTINGS.



333. Psalm 23. KNOX.

THE Lord is my shepherd; he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing:
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path,
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me:
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
His rod and his staff will uphold me.

334. Cant. 1: 7. HASTINGS.

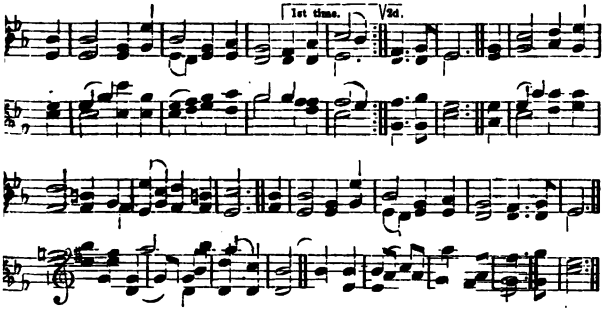
OH, tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture is feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control,
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 Oh, tell me the place where thy flock is at rest,
Where the noontide will find it reposing:
The tempest now rages, my soul is distressed,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

3 Ah, when shall my woes and my wandering cease,
And the follies that fill me with weeping?
O Shepherd of Israel, restore me that peace,
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping!

4 A voice from the Shepherd now bids me return
By the way where the foot-prints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn:
And homeward my spirit is flying.

WALLACE. 11s. Arr. from W. V WALLACE.



335.

Psalm 23. MONTGOMERY.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy Providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

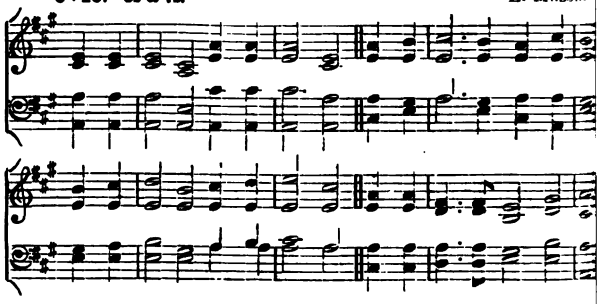
336.

"I will come to you." John 14. 18. RAY PALMER.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me;
Come gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee;
Thy smile every shadow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe every sorrow, though keen be the smart.

Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though danger surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

OVIO. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



337. Psalm 91. MONTGOMERY.

CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed!

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

3 Thee, though winds and waves are swelling,
God, thy Hope, shall bear through all;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

4 He shall charge his angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with firm and pure affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He shall shield thee from above.

338. *"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."* MADAME GUYON.

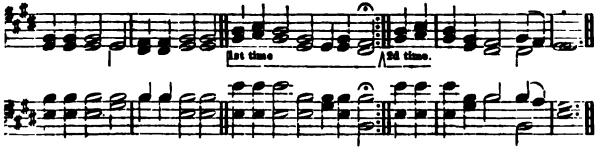
I WOULD love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for without thee
Life is but a bitter thing.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee, I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set;
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. I. B. WOODBURY.



339.

"*God is Love.*" 1 John 4: 8. BOWRING.

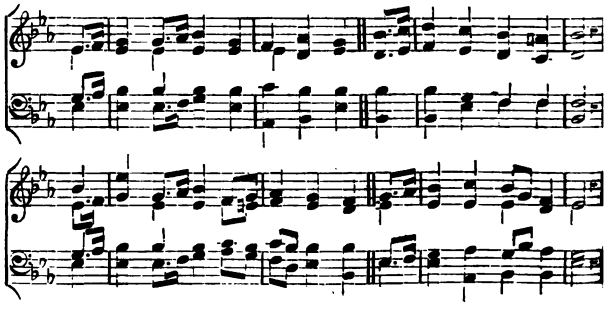
GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

LITCHFIELD. C. M. L. MASON.



340. *"The Lord preserveth the faithful."* ADDISON.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

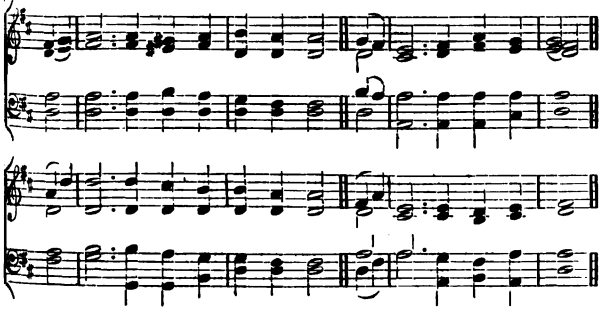
341. *"They shall be as Mount Zion."* WATTS

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And fixed as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee!

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

3 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

COOLING. C. M. A. J. ABBEY.



342. *"The secret place."* Ps. 91. LYTE.

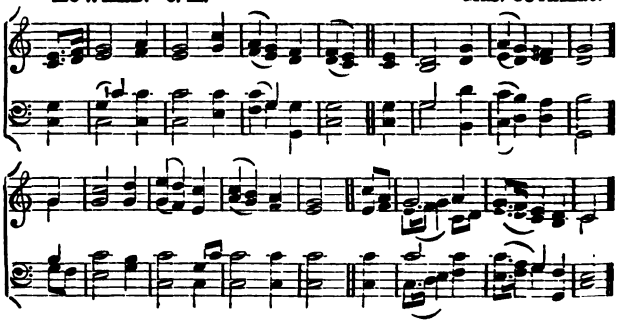
THERE is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace;
Oh, be that refuge mine!

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
And heaven to crown it all!

HOWARD. C. M. MRS. CUTHBERT.



343. *"Filled with all the fullness of God."* RYLAND.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 Oh that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the vail,—
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail.

4 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

344. *"Forget not all his benefits."* ADDISON.

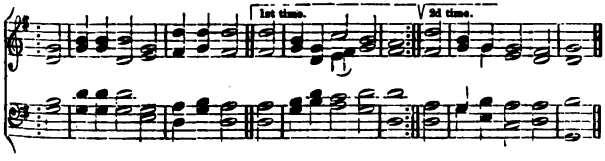
WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

4 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

MARLOW. C. M. ENGLISH MELODY.



345. Psalm 121. WATTS.

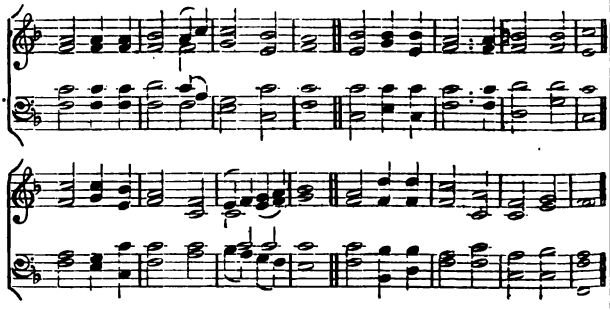
TO heaven I lift my waiting eyes:
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep.

3 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord:
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

4 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. OLIVER.



346. Psalm 139. WATTS.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

347. *"I delight to do Thy will."* J. F. OBERLIN. MRS. D. WILSON, Tr.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief delight shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

348. *"Our citizenship is in heaven."* MADAME GUYON. COWPER, *Tr.*

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way
'T is equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

349. *"To whom shall we go."* John 6 : 68. MRS. STEELE.

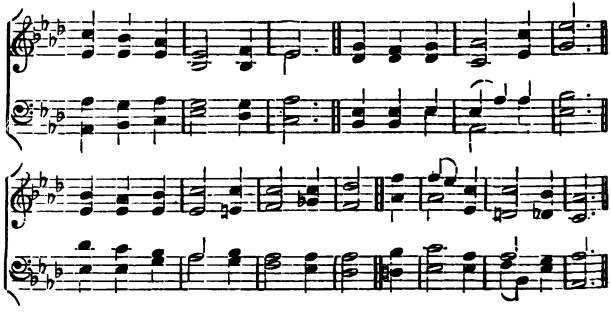
THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee!—'t is death, 't is more,
'T is endless ruin—deep despair!

4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

GREENWOOD. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



350.

Psalm 23. WATTS.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows:
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

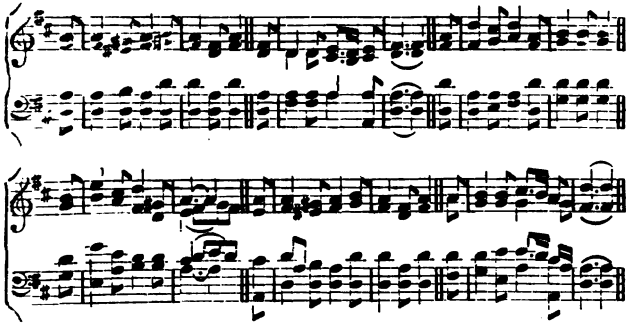
3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim:
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark [shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my future days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

TRUST. C. M. 6 lines. Arr. from L. MASON.



351. *"In whatsoever state content."* MISS A. L. WARING.

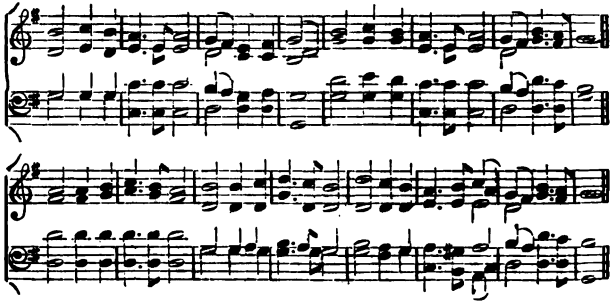
FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

4 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful—not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

SOMETHING FOR THEE. R. LOWRY.



352. *"What wilt thou have me to do."* Acts 9 : 6. S. D. PHELPS.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, dear Lord, from thee;
In love my soul would bow,
My heart fulfill its vow,
Some offering bring thee now,
Something for thee.

2 My feeble faith looks up, Jesus, to thee,
At the blest mercy-seat, pleading for me:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart—likeness to thee—
That each departing day henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

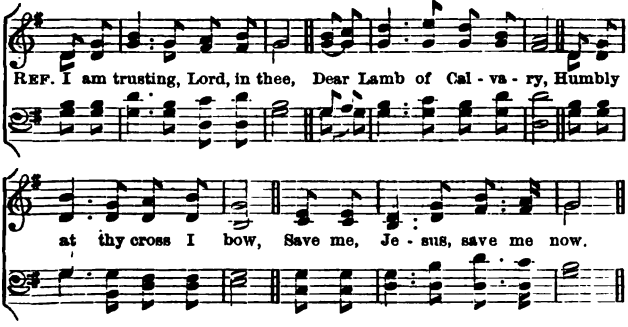
353. *"A way they knew not."* Isa. 42 : 16. C. S. ROBINSON.

SAVIOUR, I follow on, guided by thee,
Seeing not yet the hand that leadeth me;
Hushed be my heart and still,
Fear I no further ill;
Only to meet thy will
My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me, thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls fresh every eve;
Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
Only believe!

3 Saviour, I long to walk closer with thee;
Led by thy guiding hand ever to be;
Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me.

TRUSTING. W. G. FISCHER.

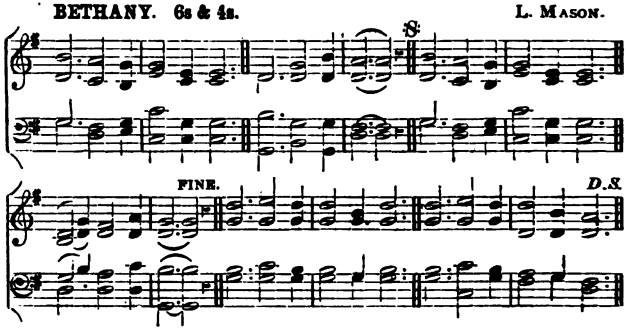


354. *"The blood of his Son cleanseth us."* W. McDONALD.

I AM coming to the cross:
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil dwelt within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine forevermore!



355. *"Draw near to God."* MRS. ADAMS.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee:
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
‖: Nearer my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
‖: Nearer, my God, to thee, :‖
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be
||: Nearer my God to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee.

356.

Phil. 3 : 8–14. MRS. E. P. PRENTIS

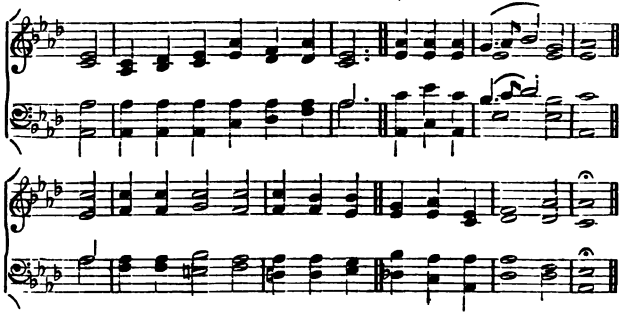
MORE love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee,
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea:
||: More love, O Christ, to thee, :||
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
||: More love, O Christ, to thee! :||
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
||: More love, O Christ, to thee, :||
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise:
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
||: More love, O Christ, to thee, :||
More love to thee!

HERMON. C M. L. MASON.



357. *"Walk as children of light."* Eph. 5 : 8. COWPER.

OH for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame—
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

358. *"Make me a clean heart."* Isa. 51: 10. C. WESLEY.

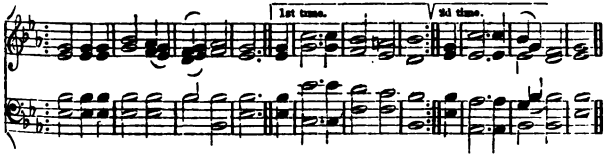
OH for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek—
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart, in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



359. "*Near unto him.*" Ps. 148 : 14. B. CLEVELAND.

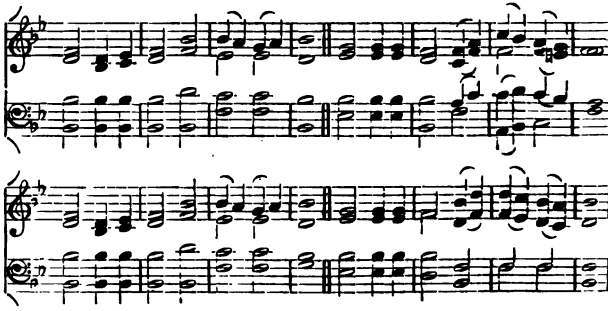
OH, could I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God!
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

ERNAN. L. M. L. MASON.



360. *"Denying ungodliness."* Tit. 2 : 12. WATTS.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

361. *"Zealous of good works."* Tit. 2 : 14. WATTS.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

362. *"For consider Him."* Heb. 12 : 3—12.

WHY should I murmur or repine,
O Lamb of God, who bled for me?
What are my griefs compared with thine,
Thy tears, thy groans, thine agony!

2 If thou the furnace dost employ,
Thou sittest as refiner near
To purge away the base alloy,
Till thine own image bright appear.

3 Though oft thy way is in the sea,
Thy footsteps in the wingéd storm;
Though crested billows threaten me,
Love slumbers in their frowning form.

4 Submissive would I kiss the rod,
Needful each stroke, I humbly own;
Help me to trust thee, O my God,
If now thy wisdom be unknown.

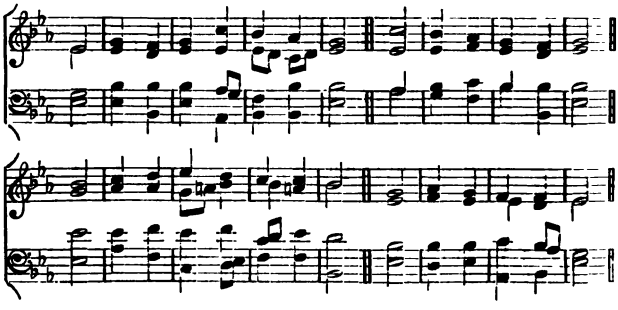
363. *"Joy cometh in the morning."* Ps. 30 : 5. BRYANT.

OH, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

PHUVAH. C. M. MELCHIOR VULPIUS



364. *"Wait patiently for Him."* Ps. 37. COWPER.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

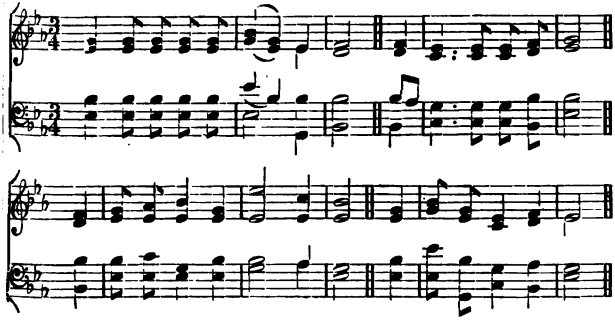
365. *"Thy judgments are a great deep."* FAWCETT.

THY way, O God, is in the sea;
Thy paths I can not trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'T is but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

3 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



366. *"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."* TOPLADY.

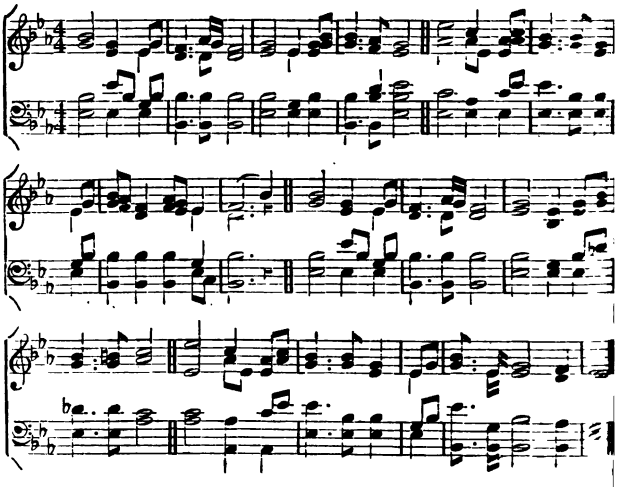
WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pain,
And long to fly away;

2 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his convenant of grace
For all things to depend;

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

4 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Direct, O Lord, from thee?

JEWETT. 12s. VON WEBER.



367. *"Mein Jesu, wie du willst."* SCHMOLKE. Miss BORTHWICK, Tr.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt!—oh, may thy will be mine;
Into thy hand of love I would my all resign:
Through sorrow, or through joy, conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!— though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept, and sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,—my Lord, thy will be done!

My Jesus, as thou wilt!—all shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene I gladly trust with thee:
Then to my home above I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, thy will be done!

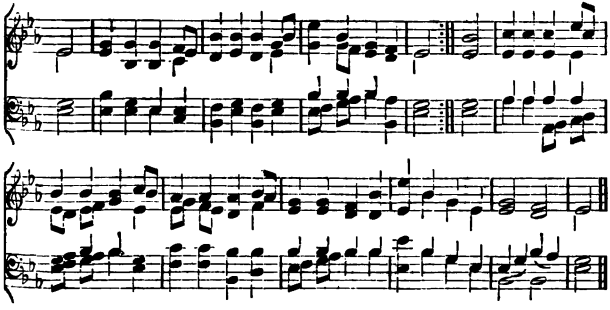
368. *"Into thine hand I commit my spirit."* Ps. 31 : 5. BONAR

THY way not mine, O Lord, however dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,—choose out the path for me:
I dare not choose my lot; I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God; so shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine, else I must surely stray;
Take thou my cup, and it with joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem; choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends, my sickness or my health,
Choose thou my cares for me, my poverty or wealth:
Not mine, not mine the choice, in things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength, my Wisdom and my All.

ALEEDA. C. H. M.



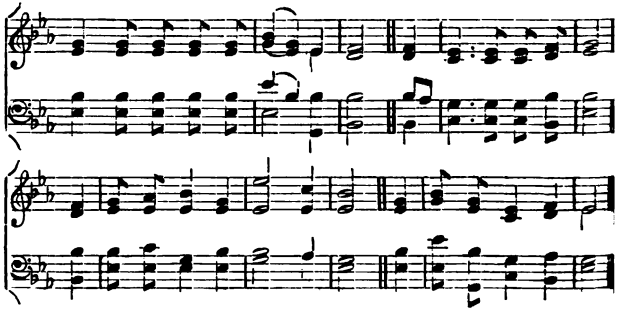
369. *"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken."* CONDER.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,—
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energy of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 Then blesséd be the hand that gave;
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEO. KINGSLEY.



370. *"Thy will be done."* MRS. STEELE.

MY God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh, may I call thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er thy providence denies
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good, and just, and wise:
Oh, bend my will to thine!

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Oh, give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight:
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

371. *"Not my will, but thine."* Luke 22: 42. MRS. FULLER.

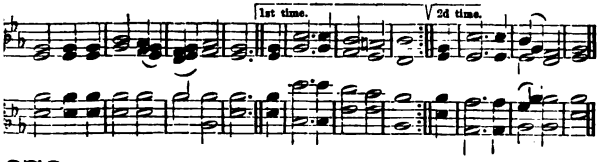
HOW sweet to be allowed to pray
To God the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
"O God, thy will be done!"

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 Oh, let that will which gave me breath,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 Oh, teach my heart the blessèd way,
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will not mine be done."

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



372. *Heb.* 12 : 4—11. MRS. STEELE.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free:
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

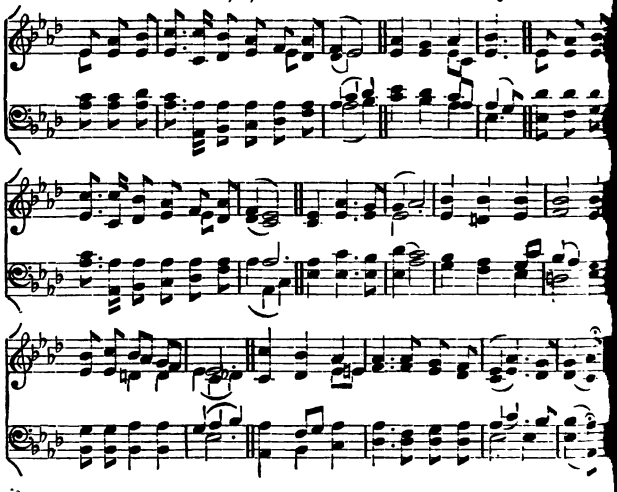
373. "*Deliver my feet from falling.*" Ps. 56 : 13. MRS. STEELE.

ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

3 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10. J. B. DYKES.



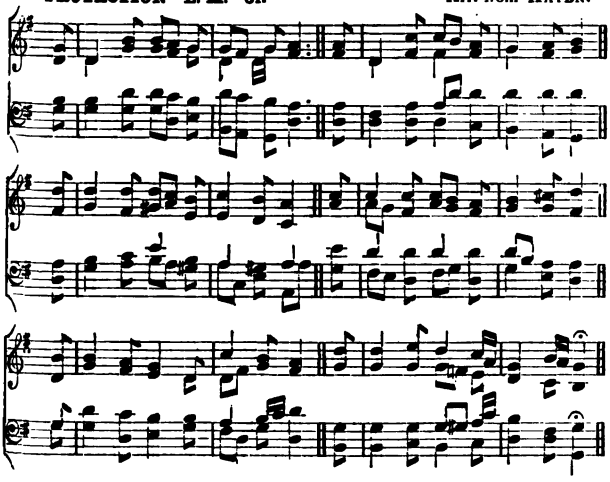
374. "*I am the Light.*" John 8 : 12. J. H NEWMAN.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on:
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

PROTECTION L. M. 61. Arr. from HAYDN.



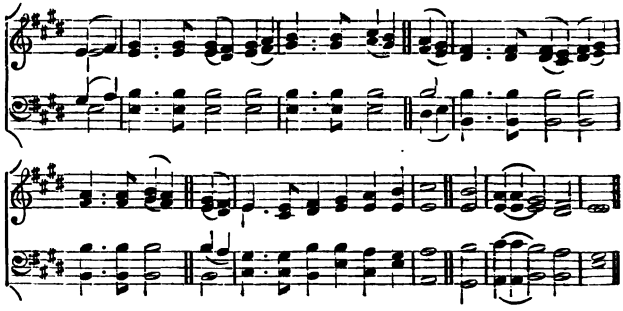
375. *"Jesus wept."* John 11 : 35. GRANT.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

3 And, oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

UNWIN. 8s & 4. L. MASON.



376. *"Thy will be done."* Matt. 6 : 10. MISS ELLIOTT.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done!"

3 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done!"

377. *"God is Love."* 1 John 4 : 8. BOWRING

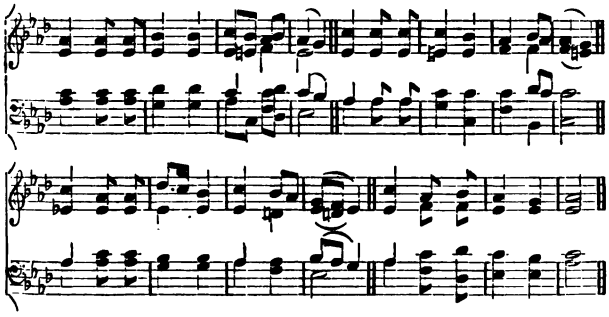
I CAN not always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings;
For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove:
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Oh, may this truth my heart employ,
Bid every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes to joy,—
Thou, God, art love.

ST. TERESA. 8s & 6. FLEMMING.



378. *"We walk by faith."* MISS ELLIOTT.

O HOLY Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

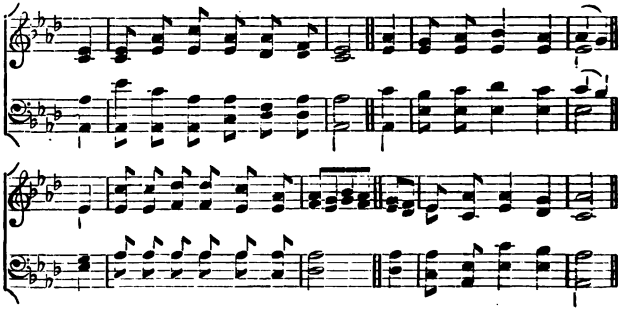
2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what thou wilt, I'll not repine;
For, as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to thee.

3 Though far from home, fatigued, oppressed,
Here have I found a place of rest;
An exile still, yet not unblest,
Because I cling to thee.

4 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to thee.

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

WIRTH. C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



379. *"The will of the Lord be done."* FABER.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And, every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

2 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumph mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

380. *"Casting all your care upon Him."* 1 Pet. 5 : 7. BAXTER.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blesséd face to see;
For if thy work on earth is sweet,
What will thy glory be!

381. "*Increase our faith.*" Luke 17: 5. W. H. BATHURST.

OH for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt.

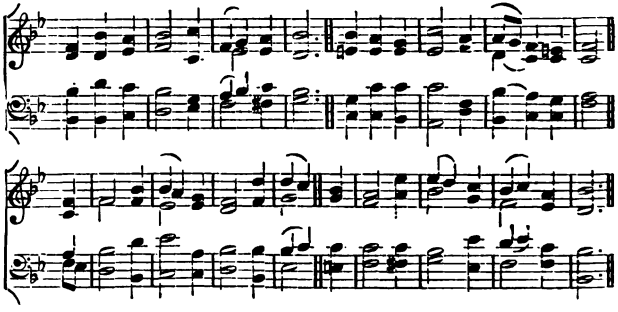
4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

382. "*What time I am afraid.*" Ps. 56: 3. HASTINGS.

IN time of fear, when trouble's near,
I look to thine abode,
Though helpers fail and foes prevail,
I'll put my trust in God.

2 In darkest skies, though storms arise,
I will not be dismayed:
O God of light, and boundless might,
My soul on thee is stayed.

GERMANY. L. M. Air. from BEETHOVEN.



383. *"I put my trust in Thee."* MRS. STEELE.

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps can mortal eyes explore?
'T is ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;
Enough for me if love divine,
At length, through every cloud shall shine.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine;—this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

384. *"How unsearchable are His judgments."* Rom. 11 : 33. RAY PALMER

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

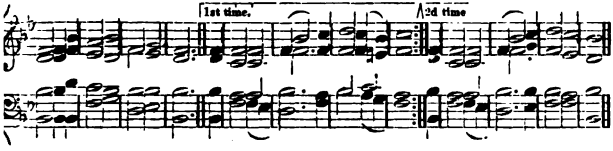
2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

WARD. L. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



385. Psalm 46. WATTS.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

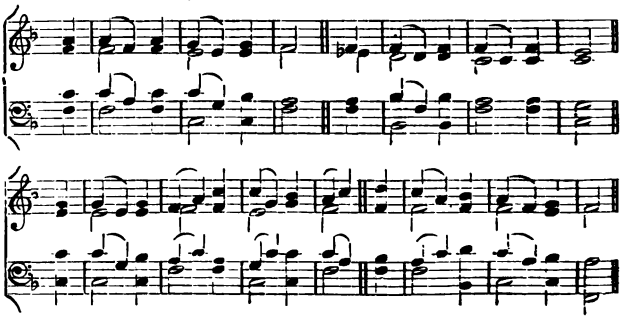
2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,—
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

DENNIS. S. M. NÄGELI.



386. *"His commandments are not grievous."* DODDRIDGE.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

387. *"Commit thy way unto the Lord."* Ps. 37 : 5. GERHARDT. J. WESLEY, *fr.*

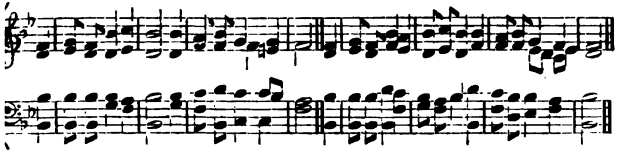
COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands:
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 On God alone rely,
Then safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
Then shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy periled cause;
He heareth all thy prayer.

OLMUTZ. S. M. Arr. by L. MASON.



388. *"Pilgrims on the earth."* Heb. 11 : 13. TOPLADY.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take:
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

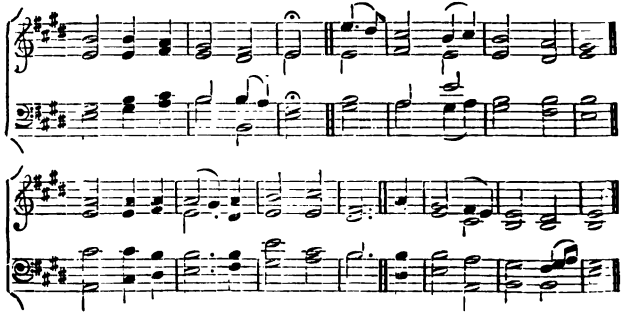
2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Blest is the man, O Lord,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

MORNINGTON. S. M. EARL OF MORNINGTON.



389. *"Befiehl du deine Wege,"* GERHARDT. J. WESLEY, *tr.*

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope on, be not dismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time: the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

3 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

5 Let us, in life and death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

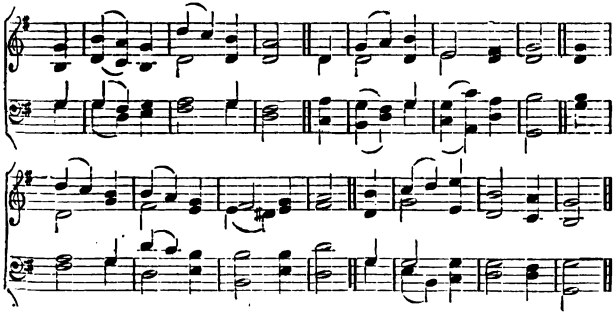
390. *"Blessed be my Rock."* 2 Sam. 22: 47. SWAIN.

I STAND on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

2 The lofty hills and towers
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be leveled low in dust—
Their very names shall die.

3 The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But, firmer than the heavens, the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

THATCHER. S. M. HANDEL.



391. *Rom.* 8 : 28. TOPLADY.

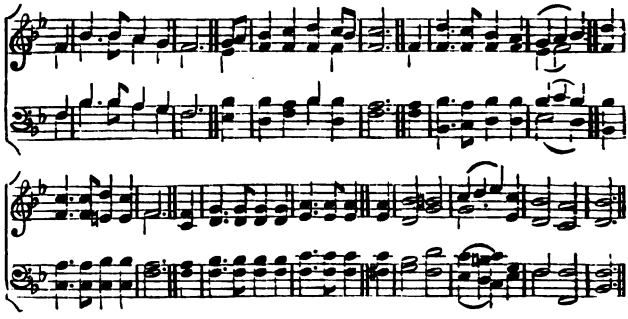
IF through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illume
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

ARTHUR'S SEAT. H. M. SIR JOHN GOSS.



392. Psalm 125. JANE E. LEESON.

THEIR hearts shall not be moved
Who in the Lord confide;
But, firm as Zion's hill,
They ever shall abide:
As mountains shield Jerusalem,
The Lord shall be a shield to them.

2 His blessing on them rests,
Like freshening dew from heaven;
And succor from his throne
In all their need is given:
Omnipotence shall guard them well,
And peace remain on Israel.

3 One like the Son of God
Is walking by their side,
When by the fervid flame
And fiery furnace tried;
And 't is enough that he is near,
To comfort them in every fear.

393. Psalm 121. WATTS.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and heaven has made:
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head, by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call me home.

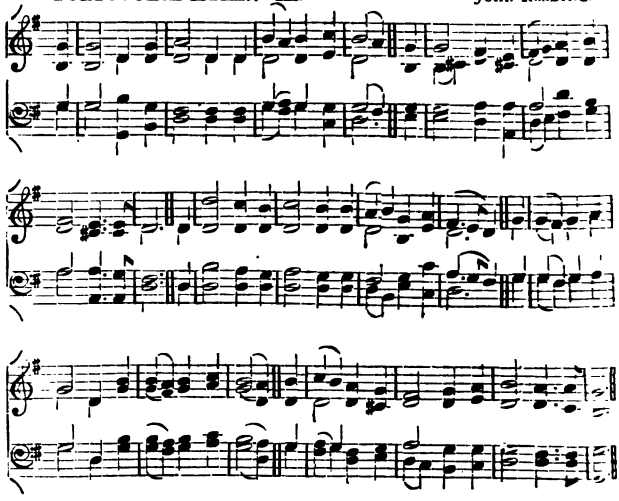
394. *"He is faithful that promised."* DODDRIDGE.

THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure and steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years:
But still the same, in radiant lines,
The promise shines through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres;
'Mid all the shock of that dread scene,
I stand serene, thy word my rock.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. JOHN READING.



395. *"Great and precious promises."* 2 Pet. 1 : 4. KEITH.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled:—

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

396. *"Faint, yet pursuing."* Judges 8 : 4.

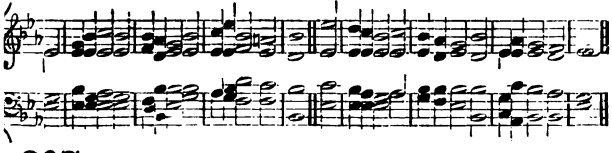
THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we fear?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
The weak and oppressed—he will hear their complaint;
The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
But how can we falter? our help is in God.

3 And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
His flock in the desert, how kindly he feeds!
The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
And brings back the wand'rers all safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our Leader, and heaven is our home!

DOWNS. C. M. L. MASON.



397. *"Thou art my portion."* Ps. 119 : 57. WATTS.

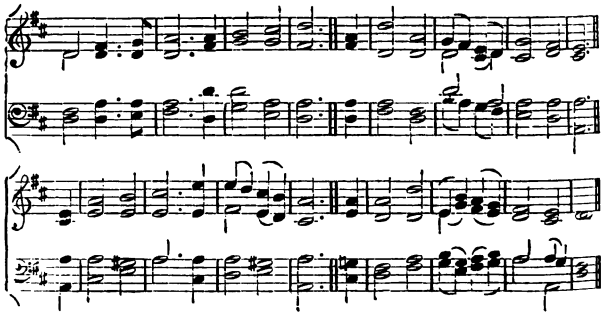
THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 If once I wander from my path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

4 Now I am thine—forever thine—
Oh, save thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;
My hope is in thy word.

TRURO. L. M. CHAS. BURNEY.



398. *"Stand therefore."* Eph. 6 : 10—16. WATTS

STAND up, my soul! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on:
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on;
Press forward to the heavenly gate:
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

399. *"Mount up with wings, as eagles."* Isa. 40 : 31. WATTS.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on!

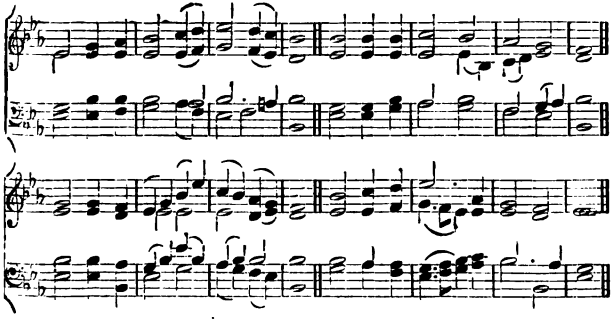
2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint—

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

DUKE STREET. L. M. JOHN HATTON.



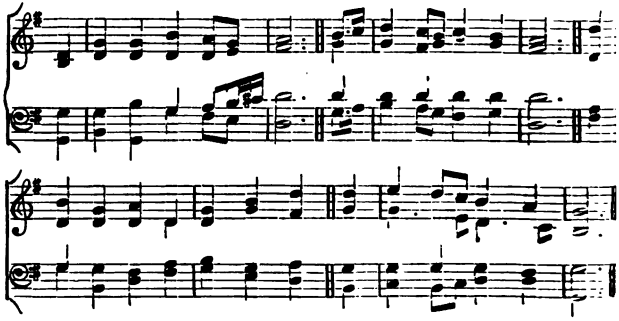
400. *"We walk by faith."* 2 Cor. 5. 7. WATTS.

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WM. TANSUR.



401. Eph. 6 10—17. C. WESLEY.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on—
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son—

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

402. *"Lay aside every weight."* Heb. 12 : 1. L. SWAIN

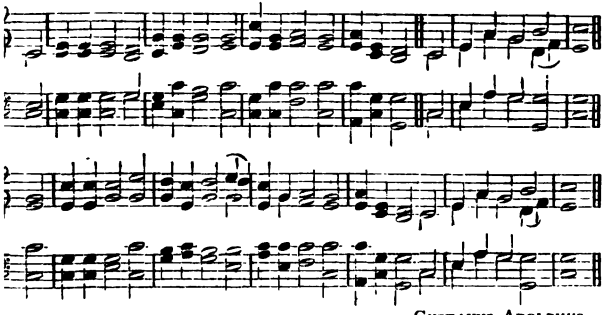
MY soul, it is thy God
Who calls thee by his grace;
Now loose thee from each cumbering load,
And bend thee to the race.

2 Make thy salvation sure;
All sloth and slumber shun:
Nor dare a moment rest secure,
Till thou the goal hast won.

3 Thy crown of life hold fast;
Thy heart with courage stay;
Nor let one trembling glance be cast
Along the backward way.

4 Thy path ascends the skies,
With conquering footsteps bright;
And thou shalt win and wear the prize
In everlasting light.

GANGES. C. P. M. S. CHANDLER.



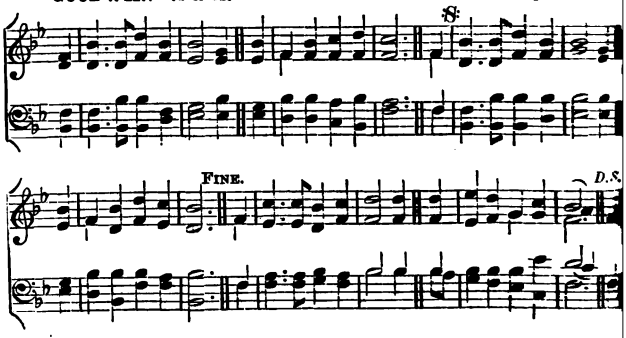
03. "*Verzage nicht.*" GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. Miss WINKWORTH, *Tr.*

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power:
What though your courage sometimes faints!
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Fear not! be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord:
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise:
He girdeth on his sword!

3 As sure as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail:
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us, we are his own;
Our vict'ry cannot fail.

GOODWIN. 7s & 6s. G. J. WEBB.



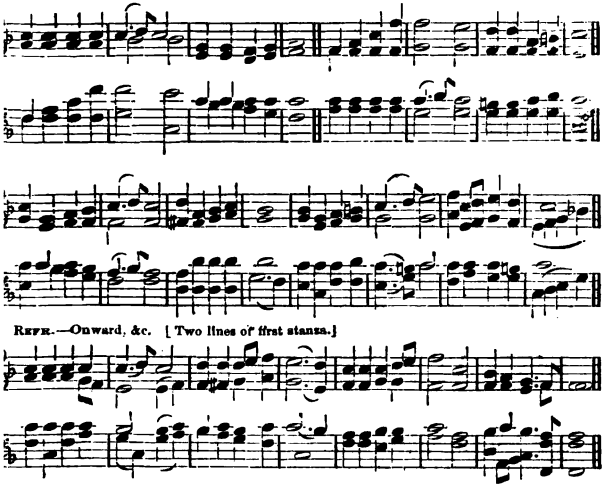
404. *"Stand, therefore."* Eph. 6 : 13. G. DUFFIELD.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be:
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

ST. GERTRUDE, 11s. Arr. from A. S. SULLIVAN.



405.

"Valiant in fight." S. BARING GOULD.

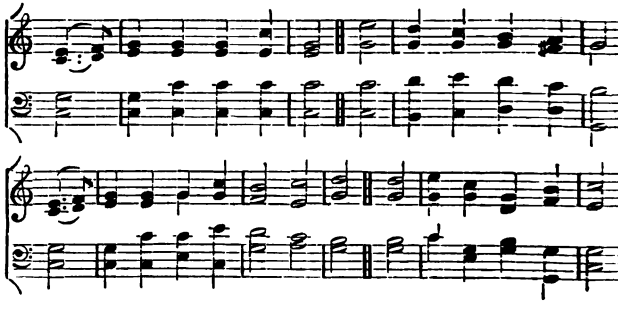
ONWARD, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before;
Christ the royal Master leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see his banners go.—REF.

At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory:
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.

LABAN. S. M. L. MASON.



406. *"Watch and pray."* Mark 14 : 38. HEATH.

MY soul! be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

407. *"So fight I."* 1 Cor. 9 : 26. L. SWAIN.

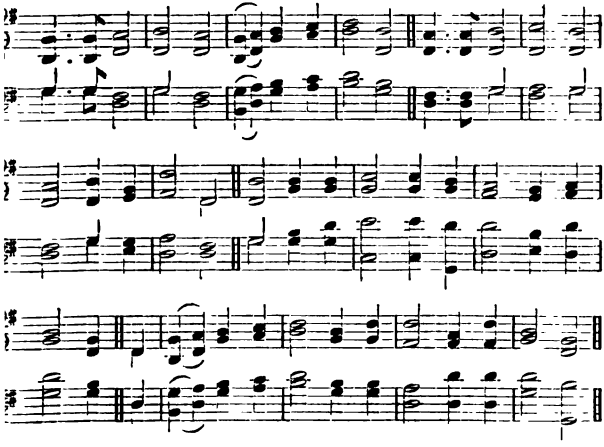
MY soul! weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown,
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight;
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For, strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,—
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God!

PAUL. 10, 11 & 12. L. MASON.



408.

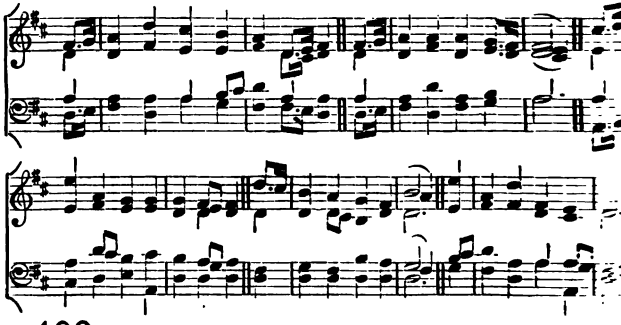
"Press toward the mark." STAMMERS.

BREAST the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor;
The rest that remaineth endureth forever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promiséd faltereth never;
Oh, trust in the love that endureth forever!

3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him forever.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. HANDEL.



409. *"Fight the good fight."* 1 Tim. 6 : 12. WATTS.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I 'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

410. *"So run that ye may obtain."* 1 Cor 9 : 24.

OH, speed thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thine armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
Which grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 Oh, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before the throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

411. Heb. 12: 1, 2. DODDRIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

412. *"I know whom I have believed."* 2 Tim. 1: 12. WATTS.

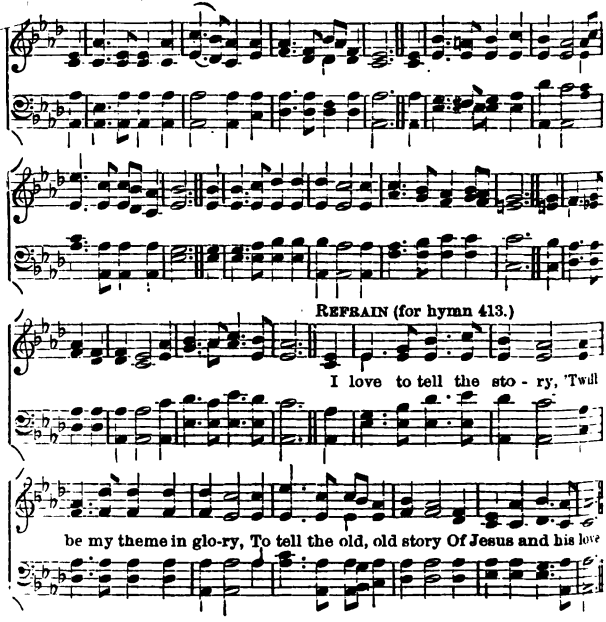
I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name—
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. W. G. FISCHER.



413.

Rom. 1 : 15, 16. MISS K. HANKEY.

I LOVE to tell the story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory, of Jesus and his love:
I love to tell the story, 't is pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it, more wonderfully sweet.

2 I love to tell the story; for some have never heard
The message of salvation from God's own holy word:
I love to tell the story; for those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting to hear it like the rest.

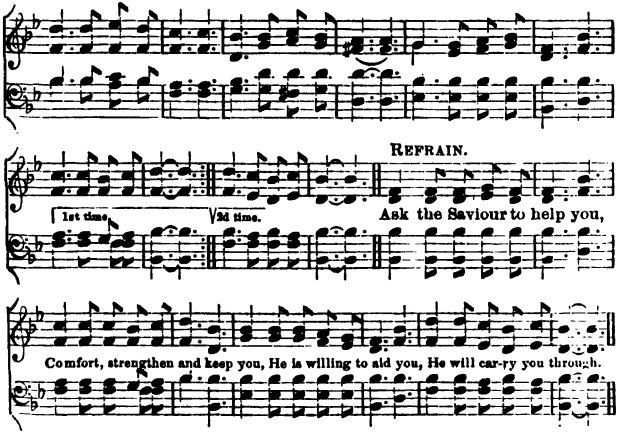
3 I love to tell the story; more wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies of all our golden dreams:
And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song,
'T will be the old, old story that I have loved so long.

414. "*Preach good tidings unto the meek.*" Isa. 61 : 1. B. GOUGH.

UPLIFT the blood-red banner, and shout with trumpet's sound,
Deliverance to the captive, and freedom to the bound :
Earth's jubilee of glory, the year of full release,—
Oh, tell the wondrous story, go forth and publish peace!

Go forth, confessors, martyrs, with zeal and love unpriced,
And preach the blood of sprinkling, and live or die for Christ ;
For Christ claim every nation : your banner wide unfurled,
Go forth and preach salvation—salvation for the world!

YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION. H. R. PALMER.

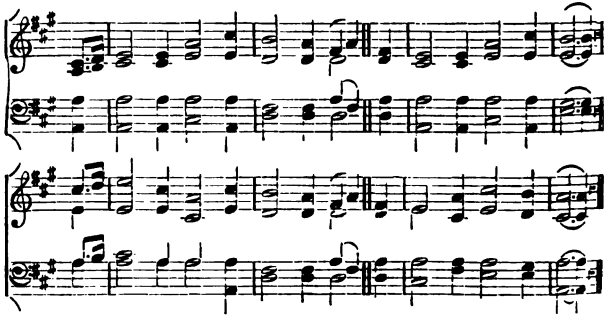


415. 1 Cor. 10 : 13. H. R. PALMER.

YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin ;
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win ;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue ;
Look ever to Jesus, he 'll carry you through.

2 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer though often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew ;
Look ever to Jesus, he 'll carry you through.

MAITLAND. C. M. G. N. ALLEN.



416. *"Bear the cross after Jesus."* Luke 23 : 26. G. N. ALLEN.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 Disowned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares,
He led his toilsome way;
But now in heaven a crown he wears,
And reigns in endless day.

3 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

4 The consecrated cross I 'll bear,
Till from the cross set free,
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there 's a crown for me.

417. *"If we suffer, we shall reign."* 2 Tim. 2 : 12. KELLY.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

3 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
The mystery of his love.

418. *"Leaving us an example."* 1 Pet. 2 : 21. DENNY.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blesséd Saviour passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No: facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

419. Hebrews 11. NEEDHAM.

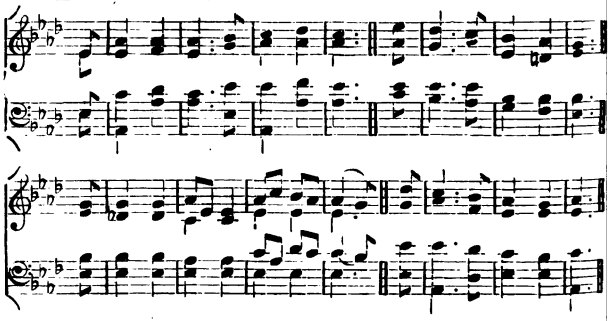
RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blesséd road
That led them safe to heaven.

HUMMEL. C. M. CHARLES ZEUNER



420. *"To him that overcometh."* HEBER.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in his train.

3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:

4 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came—
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

5 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

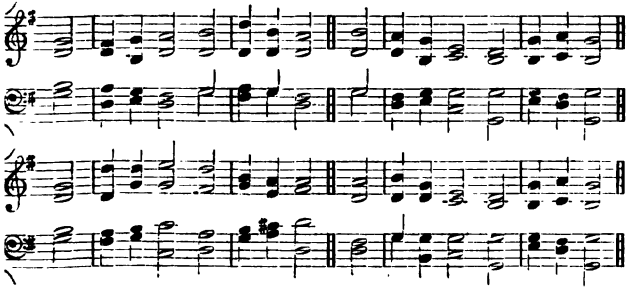
421. *"Faint not in well-doing."* 2 Thess. 3 : 13. FABER.

WORKMAN of God, oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.

3 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. L. MASON.



422. *"In due season we shall reap."* Gal. 6 : 9. BONAR

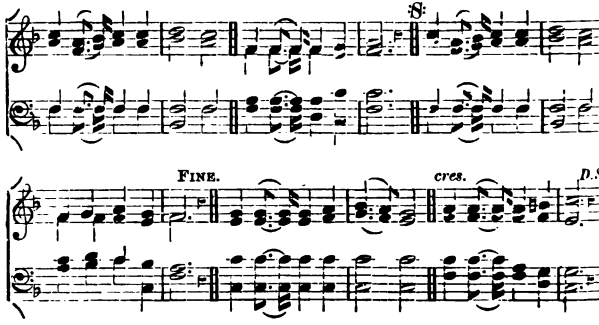
GO, labor on; spend and be spent—
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. L. MASON.



Use ties only for Hymn 425.

423. *"The night cometh."* John 9 : 4. S. DYER.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers:
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

424. "*Follow His steps.*" 1 Pet. 2 : 21.

FOLLOW the paths of Jesus,
Walk where his footsteps lead,
Keep in his beaming presence,
Every counsel heed;
Watch, while the hours are flying,
Ready some good to do;
Quick, while his voice is calling,
Yield obedience true!

2 Cling to the hand of Jesus,
All through the day and night,
Dark though the way and dreary,
He will guide you right:
Live for the good of others,
Helpless, oppressed, and wrong;
Lift them from depths of sorrow,
In his strength be strong!

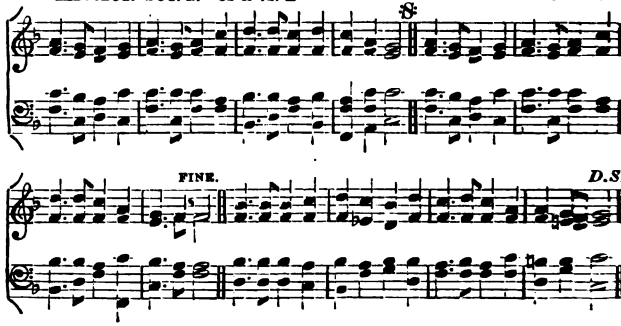
425. "*I press toward the mark.*" Phil. 3 : 14. THRING.

BRIGHTER still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done.
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past;
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Bliss all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal;
Where in joys unheard of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

MISSION SONG. 8s & 7s. D. P. P. VAN ARSDALE.



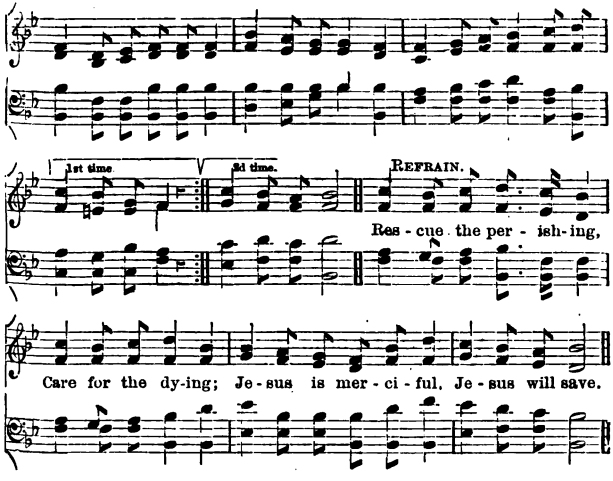
426. "*Son, go work to-day.*" Matt. 21 : 28. DANIEL MARCH.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are ripe, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying:
"Here am I, send me, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying:
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me."

RESCUE THE PERISHING. W. H. DOANE.



427. *"Compel them to come in."* Luke 14: 23. F. J. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

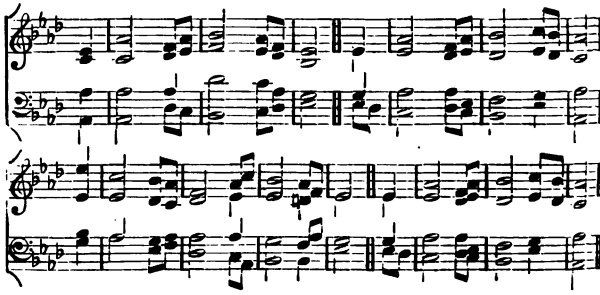
RESCUE the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, mighty to save.

2 Though they are slighting him, still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently:
He will forgive, if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

KENTUCKY. S. M. AARON CHAPIN.



428. Matt. 25 : 14—46. C. WESLEY.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

429. Eccles. 11 : 6. MONTGOMERY.

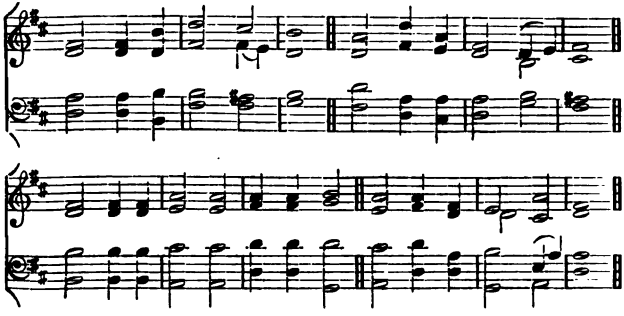
SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad cast it o'er the land.

2 Then duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest Home."

OWEN. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



430.

"Who hath woe." Prov. 23 : 29—35.

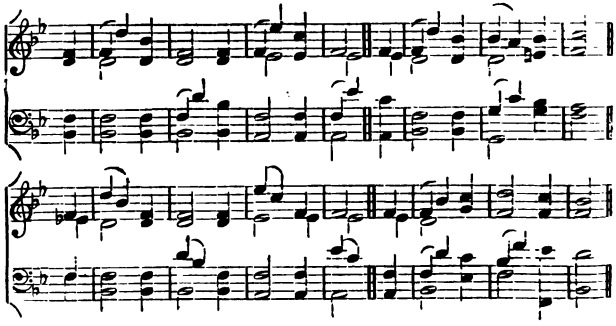
MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

3 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong and free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost, but pray,
Pray to the God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

GEER. C. M. GREATOREX.



431. *"Blessed are the merciful."* Matt. 5 · 7. MRS. BARBAULD.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 He hears the Saviour's cheering word,
"My peace to him I give;"
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

432. Gal. 6: 1, 2. MISS FLETCHER.

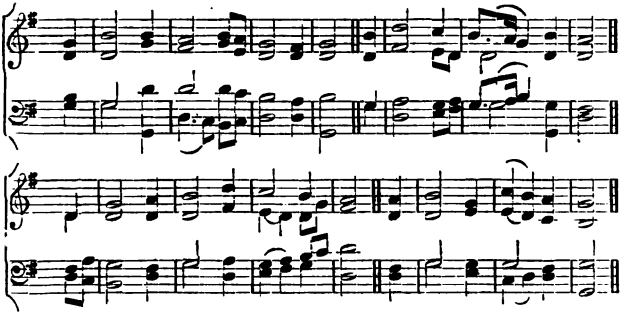
THINK gently of the erring one!
And let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God;
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring one,
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

BARBY. C. M. WM. TANSUR.



433. *"Ye have the poor always with you."* CROSWELL.

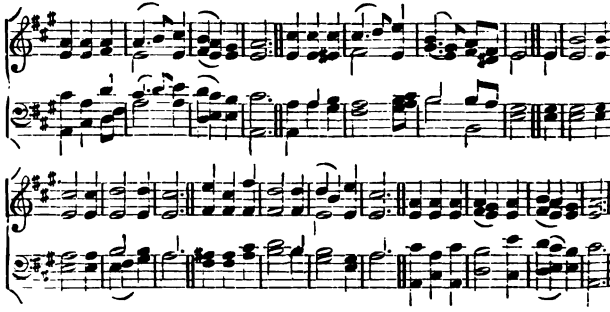
LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

PARK STREET. L. M. FRED. M. A VERNA.



434. *"When they saw the star, they rejoiced."* H. K. WHITE.

ONCE on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

2 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose!
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all:
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

4 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

435. *"Thou rulest the raging of the sea."* Ps. 89: 9. BURGESS.

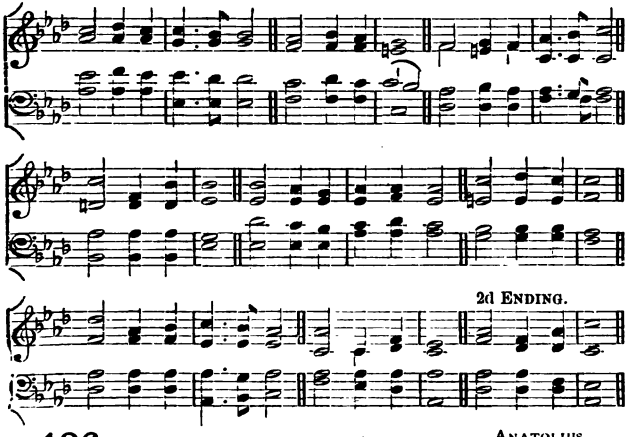
While o'er the deep thy servants sail,
Send thou, O Lord! the prosperous gale,
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
Oh, let thy heavenly breezes blow!

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond thine eye:
The wanderer's prayer thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark;
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side.

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore,
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep.

FAITH. 10s. Arr. from ROSSINI.



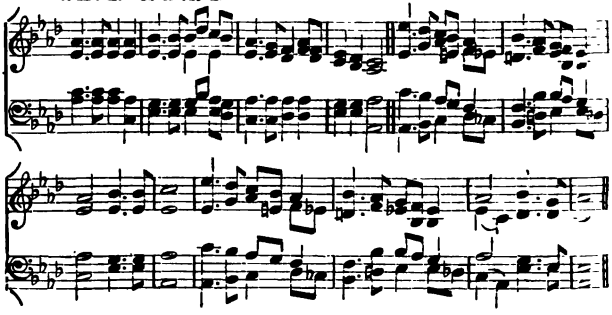
436. *Ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας.* ANATOLIUS. J. M. NEALE, Tr.

FIERCE was the wild billow, dark was the night,
Oars labored heavily, foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners, peril was nigh:
Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain wave, lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon, be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be—darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light, "Peace! it is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer, come thou to me,
Soothe thou my voyaging over life's sea;
Thou, when the storm of death roars sweeping by,
Whisper, thou Truth of truth, "Peace! it is I."

WAVE. 8s & 7s. 4. W. B. BRADBURY.



437. *"The bright and morning Star."* Rev. 22 : 16. MRS. SIMPSON.

STAR of peace! to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
‖: Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea. :‖

2 Star of hope! beam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
‖: Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea. :‖

3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
‖: Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea. :‖

4 Star divine! oh, safely guide him,—
Bring the wanderer home to thee!
‖: Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea. :‖

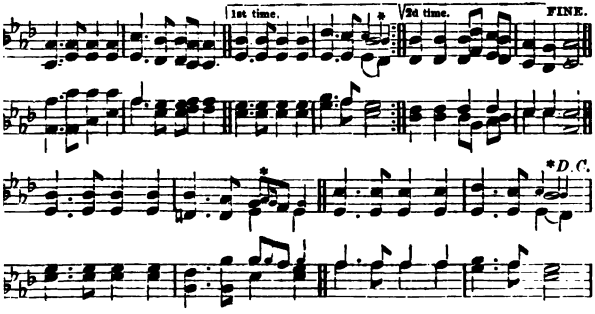
438.* *"Asleep on a pillow."* Mark 4 : 38. G. W. BETHUNE.

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord! to know
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all 's well," thy constant cheer.

* Tune Ellesdie.

2 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry:
And, though mast and sail be riven,
Soon life's voyage will be o'er;
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D. Arr. from MOZART.



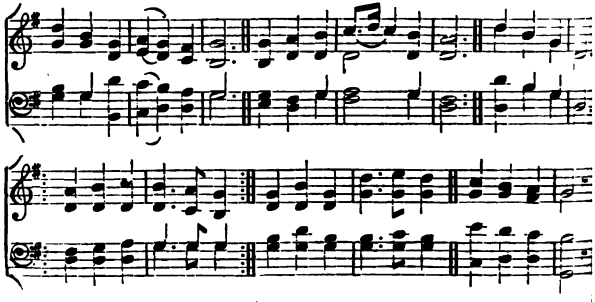
* The small notes indicate the common form, but the large notes are considered preferable.

439. *"These from the land of Sinim."* Isa. 49 : 12. S. WOLCOTT.

LO! the faith which crossed the ocean
Westward with the Pilgrim band,
Throbbing with unquenched devotion,
Westward crosses now the land:
Rocky ramparts swiftly scaling,
Westward o'er the world's highway,
Now the other ocean hailing,
Fronts the gateway of Cathay!

2 Onward still, thy glorious mission,
Westward still thy radiance pour,
Till the prophet's glowing vision
Burst upon the sea and shore;
Till, from ransomed souls rejoicing,
Swells the anthem o'er the seas;
Heaven and earth their gladness voicing,
"Lo, from land of Sinim these!"

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s. F GIARDINI.



440. *"The uttermost parts of the earth."* Ps. 2 : 8. S. WOLCOTT.

CHRIST for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal:–
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:–
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

441. *"The Lamb that was slain."* Rev. 5 : 12. J. ALLEN.

GLORY to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
"Praise ye his name!"

His love and grace adore
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing loud for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name,—
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound his dear name abroad,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless:
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

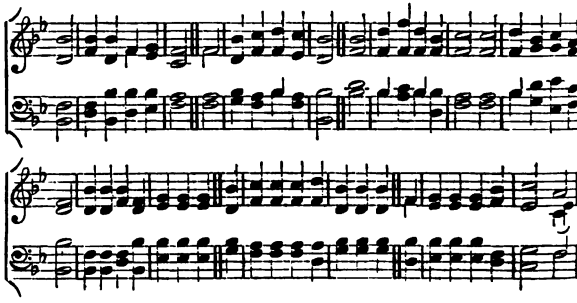
442. *"Keep not silence."* Isa. 62: 6. KELLY.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad!
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord hath done;
Tell how the day was won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Far over sea and land,
'T is our Lord's own command,
Bear ye his name:
Bear it to every shore;
Regions unknown explore;
Enter at every door—
Silence is shame.

3 Ye, who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign,
Soon will the work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

LENOX. L. M. J. EDSO



443. *"The trumpet of the jubilee."* Lev. 25 : 9. C. WESLEY.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

444. *"Good tidings of great joy."* Luke 2. K

HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh,–
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round!
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
And all his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
'T is God the Saviour's praise we sing!

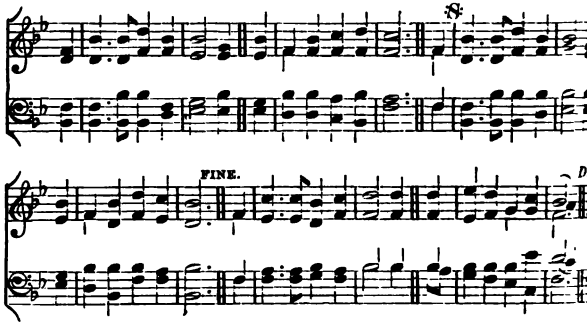
145. *"Gird thy sword, O most Mighty!"* Ps. 45 : 3. DODDRIDGE.

GIRD on thy conquering sword!
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, Almighty Lord!
To wage the holy war:
Before his wheels, in glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise, and sink, ye hills!

2 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace—
That grace which conquers all:
The world shall know, great King of kings!
What wondrous things thine arm can do!

3 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display:
My heart thy throne, blest Jesus, see,
Bows low to thee, to thee alone!

GOODWIN. 7s & 6s. G. J. Webb



446. *Zech.* 9 : 10. S F. Smith.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

447. *"Break forth into singing."* Is. 44 : 23. EDMESTON.

WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound!

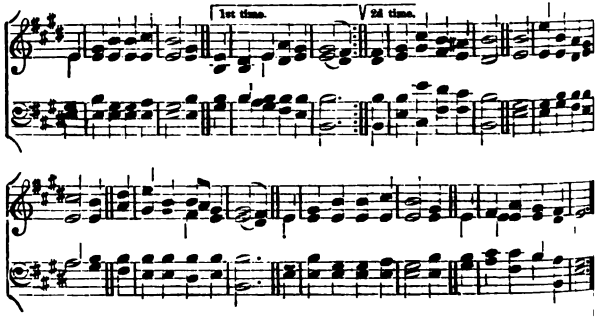
448. Psalm 72. MONTGOMERY.

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end:
O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest!

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. L. MASON.



449.

"Thy salvation cometh." HEBER.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

450. *"From the river unto the ends of the earth."* Ps. 72: 8.

THE whole wide world for Jesus!
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart;
The whole wide world for Jesus!
Be this our battle cry;
The Crucified shall conquer,
And victory is nigh.

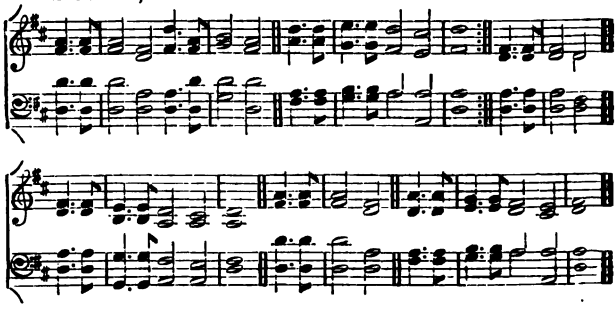
2 The whole wide world for Jesus!
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all the South Sea Islands,
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
And Afric's desert gloom.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus!
Its hearts and homes and thrones;
Ring out again the watchword
In loud and joyous tones:
The whole wide world for Jesus!
With prayer the song we 'll wing,
And speed the prayer with labor,
Till earth shall crown him King.

451. Isa. 62: 9. B. GOUGH.

BREAK forth in hymns of gladness
O waste Jerusalem!
Let songs instead of sadness
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, O earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4. T. HASTINGS.



452. Nahum 1 : 15. KELLY.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

453. *"Thy kingdom come."* Matt. 6 : 10. W. WILLIAMS.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul! be still,—and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace:
Blesséd jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness—
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel!
Win and conquer,—never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour! all the world around.

454. *"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands."* S. WOLCOTT.

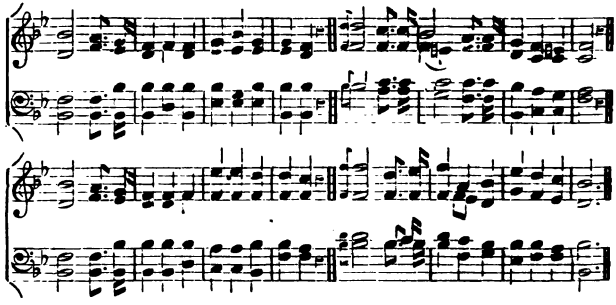
ALL thy realms in midnight shrouded,
Crushed beneath oppression's weight,
Of thy sons by spoilers rifled,
Victim of a bitter fate,—
Land of sorrow!
Drear thou wert, and desolate.

2 But the curtain now is lifting
From thy mountains and thy lakes;
O'er thy peopled valleys gleaming,
Now for thee the day-beam wakes,—
Land of darkness!
O'er thy hills the morning breaks.

3 Soon thy hands, outstretched in worship,
Shall to God their offering bring;
Set in Jesus' crown, thy topaz
Shall abroad its radiance fling,—
Land of bondage!
Thy deliverer is thy King.

4 Hail, O Africa, thy ransom!
Raise to heaven thy grateful song!
Last in rank among the nations,
Thou shalt lead the choral throng,—
Land of promise!
Thy Redeemer's praise prolong!

WESLEY. 11s & 10s. L. MASON.



455. Isa. 61 : 3. HASTINGS.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning:
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky!

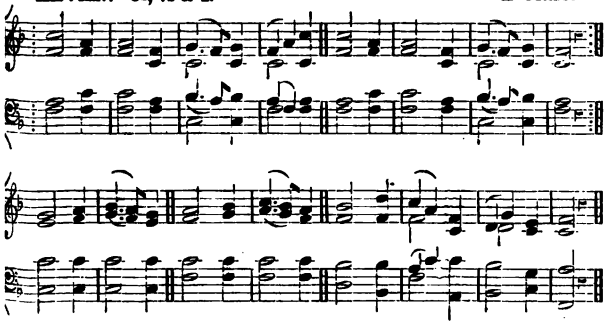
456. *"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."* Isa. 60 : 1.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them
And scattered their legions, was mightier far; [them:
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued
For vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

3 Daughter of Zion! the power that hath saved thee
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4. L. MASON.



157. "*Sent forth by the Holy Ghost.*" Acts 13. S. F. SMITH.

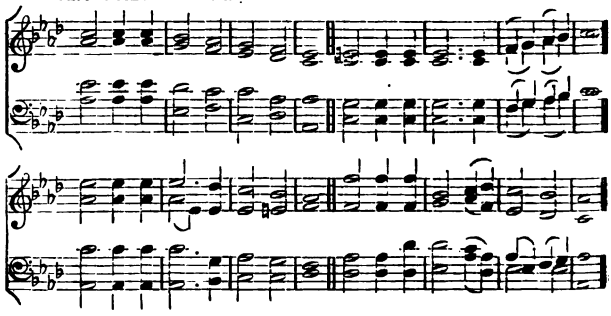
YES, my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well:
Home and friends that smile around me,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I—can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Yes! I hasten from you gladly:
To the strangers let me tell
How he died—the blesséd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

GROSTETTE. L. M. H. W. GREATOREX.



458. *"I the Lord will hasten it."* Isa. 60. MRS. VOKE.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

459. Psalm 72. WATTS.

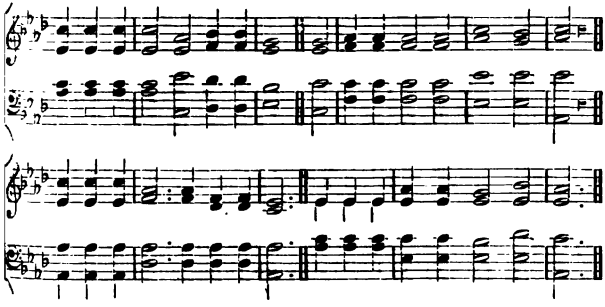
JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CHARLES ZEUNER.



460. *"Go ye into all the world."* Mark 16 : 15. MRS. VOKE.

YE Christian heralds! go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

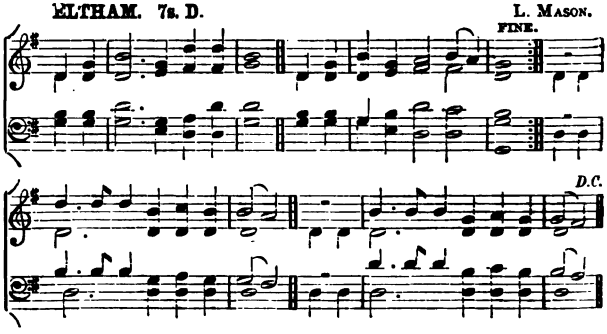
2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

461. *"The set time is come."* Ps. 102 : 13. MRS. VOKE.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.



462. *"Thy kingdom come."* Matt. 6 : 10. MISS AUBER.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey:

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record;
All his wondrous love proclaim.

463. Isaiah 49 : 20. KELLY.

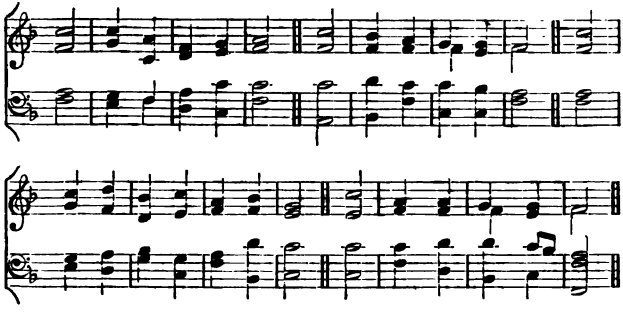
"GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers—how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh, how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
God himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!
Lo! thy light from heaven is come;
These that crowd from far are thine;
Give thy sons and daughters room.

BADEA. S. M. GERMAN MELODY.



464. *"Let God arise."* PS. 68. WARDLAW.

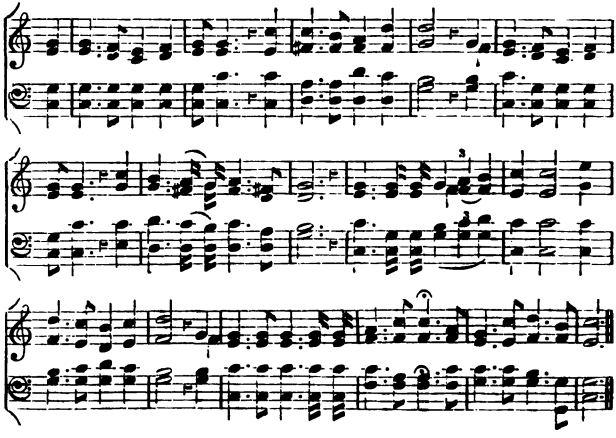
O LORD our God! arise;
The cause of truth maintain:
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blesséd reign.

2 Thou Prince of life! arise,
Nor let thy glory cease:
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost! arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 O all ye nations! rise,—
To God, the Saviour, sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

HARVEST SONG. LILIAN PAYSON.



465. *"The harvest truly is great."* Luke 10 : 2. LILIAN PAYSON

AWAKE! the morning cometh!
The east is all aglow!
Go, join the busy reapers,
As forth to the fields they go:
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day:
The fields gleam white, in the dawning light;
Awake! and haste away!

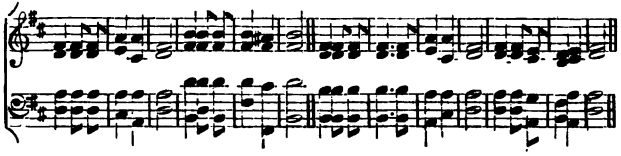
2 Awake! the day is breaking,
Revealing wondrous things;
God's glorious sun is rising,
"With healing in his wings:"
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day;
No longer sleep:—it is time to reap!
Awake! and haste away!

3 In distant, sea-girt islands,
In many a sunny clime,
Where seed was sown with weeping,
'T is now the harvest time:

Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day;
He calls again, and the waving grain
Still beckons thee away.

4 Rejoice! a day is coming,
When God's own word shall be,
Known far through all the nations,
As waters fill the sea:
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
To speed the glorious day;
And light from God shall attend his word,
Forevermore, alway.

SHAWMUT. S. M. L. MASON.



466. *"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."* Rev. 22: 20. BONAR.

COME, Lord! and tarry not;
Bring the long-looked-for day;
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

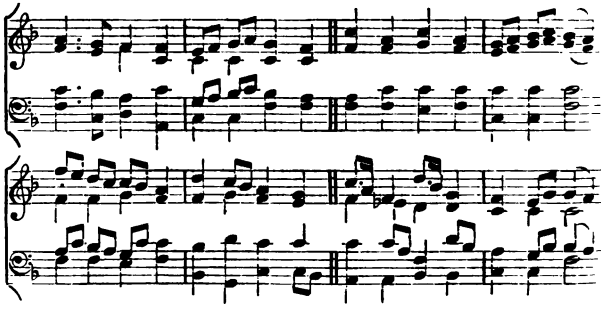
2 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

3 Come, in thy glorious might;
Come, with thine iron rod;
Scattering thy foes before thy face,
Most mighty Son of God!

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth;
Restore our faded paradise—
Creation's second birth!

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

WORTHING. 8s & 7s. SCHULTZ.



467. 2 *Cor.* 4 : 6. C. WESLEY.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Rise on us, thyself revealing,
Rise and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou, of heaven and earth Creator!
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

3 Come and manifest the favor
Thou hast for our ransomed race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

468. "*Bring ye all the tithes.*" Mal. 3 : 10. FRANCIS.

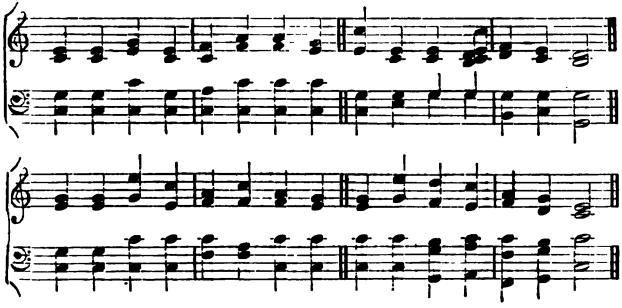
WITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
His unbounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends in every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted;
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations!
Praise him, all ye hosts above!
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love!

MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.



469. *"Lo, I am with you alway."* Matt. 28 : 20. E. H. NEVIN.

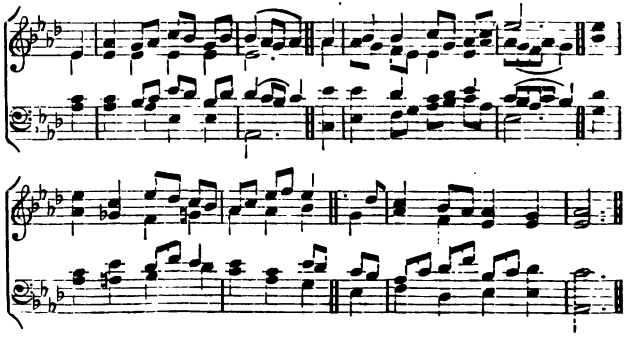
ALWAYS with us, always with us—
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From his dwelling-place above.

2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

EWER. S. M. WM. MASON



470. Isaiah 52 : 7—10. WATTS.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!—
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here."

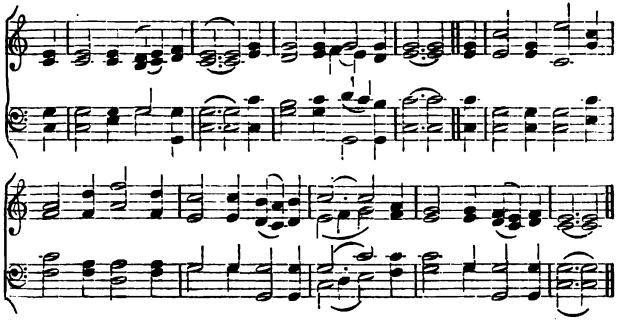
3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.

4 How blesséd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

NEBO. S. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



471. *"Therefore, watch."* Acts 20 : 31. DODDRIDGE.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame:
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command;
And, while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

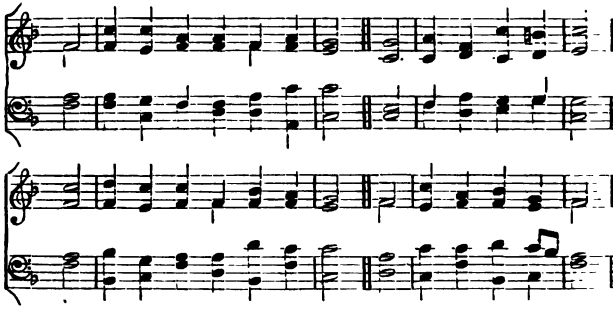
4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

472. *"Shall reap in joy."* Ps. 126 : 5, 6. BURGESS.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sows with many a tear
Shall reap with many a song.

2 Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

MEAR. C. M. AARON WILLIAMS.



473. *"They watch for your souls."* Heb. 13 : 17. DODDRIDGE.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give :
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their solemn charge receive.

2 'T is not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands ;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego ;
For souls which must for ever live
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach
Their own Redeemer see :
Lord, watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

474. *"Arise unto thy rest."* Ps. 132. WATT

ARISE ! O King of grace, arise !
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

475. "*Thou and the ark of thy strength.*" Ps. 132. BRYANT.

O THOU whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee!

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

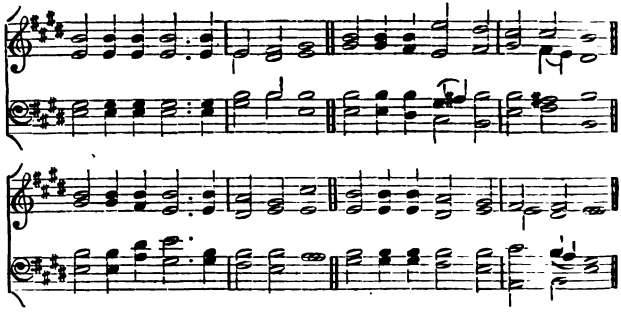
476. "*Sayings of old.*" Psalm 78. WATTS.

LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old,—
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

3 Thus they shall learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

APPLETON. L. M. Adapted from WILLIAM BOYCE.



477. *Acts* 13 : 3. R. HILL.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
Thy faithful messenger secure,
And make him to the end endure.

2 Gird him with all sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace,
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And arm him to obey thy will.

478. Psalm 80. WATTS.

GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore:
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

3 Hast thou not planted with thy hand
A lovely vine in this our land?
How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with their fruit!

4 But now, O Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree:
Return, almighty God, return!
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn.

479. *"Put on thy strength, O Zion."* Isa. 52 : 1. DODDRIDGE.

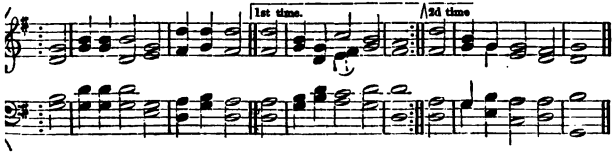
TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known:
Then, decked in robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread:
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

MARLOW. C. M. ENGLISH MELODY.



480. Isaiah 42 : 10—13. BRUCE.

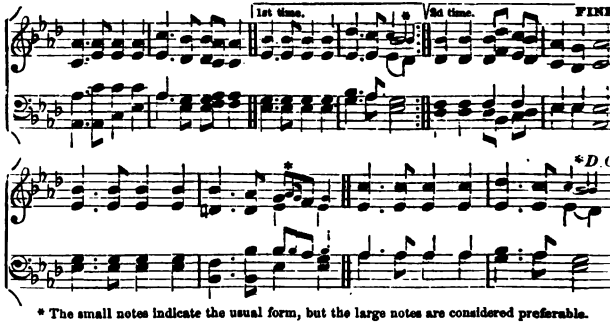
O CITY of the Lord! begin
The universal song,
And let the scattered villages
Thy joyful notes prolong.

2 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

3 Oh, from the streams of distant lands,
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord, the King.

4 Let all combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D. Arr. from Mozart.



* The small notes indicate the usual form, but the large notes are considered preferable.

481. Isaiah 33 : 20. Newton.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

2 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.

3 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

4 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Chose thee for his own abode.

482. "*Thou shalt call thy walls salvation.*" Isa. 60 : 18—20. Cowper.

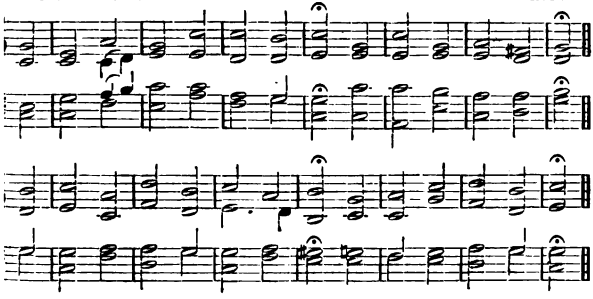
HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;

2 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
Ye shall name your walls "Salvation,"
And your gates shall all be "Praise."

3 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.

4 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your Glory,
God your everlasting Light.

ST. ANNS. C. M. CROFT.



483. *"Mark ye well her bulwarks."* Ps. 48: 12—14. A. C. COXE.

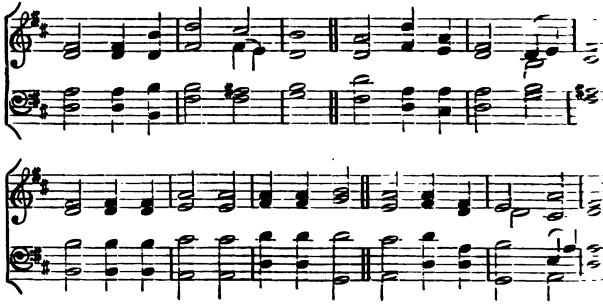
OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

OWEN. S. M. J. E. SWEETSER.



484. Heb. 11. BONAR.

FAR down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,
The pilgrim church pursues her way,
Until her crown be won.

2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still—
Old and yet ever new!

3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill:
'T was tribulation ages since,
'T is tribulation still.

4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

5 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,—
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.

6 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

485. *"That I may win Christ."* Phil. 3 : 7—9. H. W. BAKER.

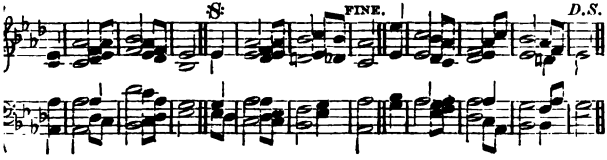
OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly gain or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their Lord
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours!
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here!

KENTUCKY. S. M. AARON CHAPIN.



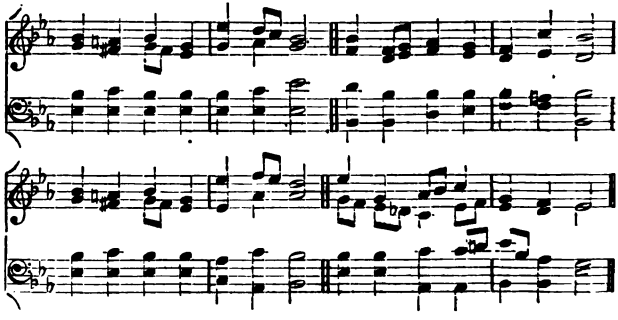
486. Rom. 6 : 8. S. F. SMITH.

WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

SOLITUDE. 7s. DOWNS



487.

"Lovest thou me?" John 21 : 16. COWPER.

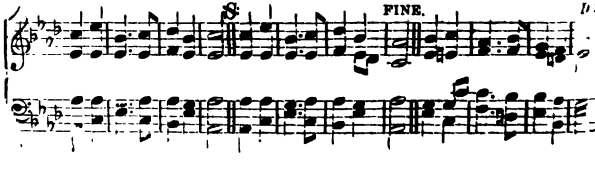
HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

4 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore:
Oh for grace to love thee more!

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. PLEYEL.



488.

Ruth 1 : 16. MONTGOMERY.

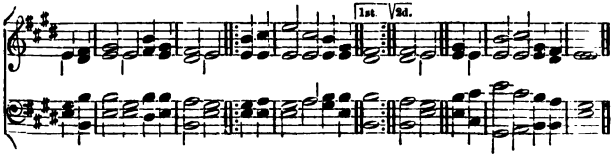
PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest!

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.



489.

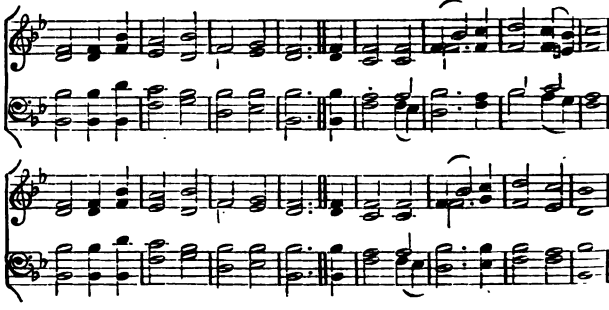
"Follow me." FAWCETT.

HUMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation;
Tread the path that Jesus trod.

2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you;
Listen to his heavenly voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice.

3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his commands embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the way.

WARD. L. M. Arr. by L. Mason.



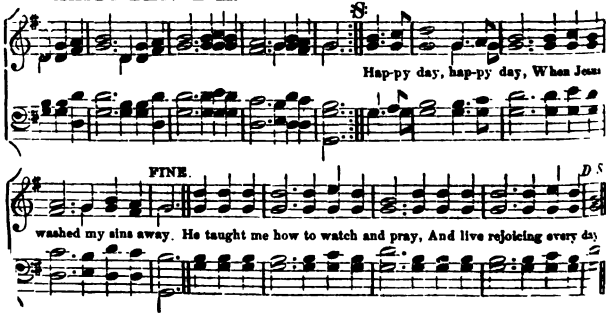
490. *"The day of salvation."* Watts.

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction 's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

491. *"Thy vows are upon me."* Ps. 56 : 12. DAVIES.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent I thine would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal:
Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity.

492. Matt. 28 : 19. WATTS

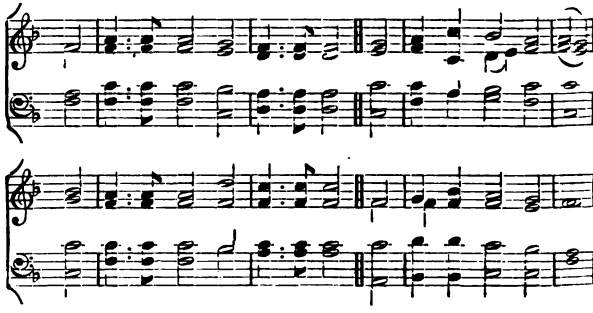
'TWAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations, and baptize:
The nations have received the word,
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 "Repent and be baptized," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins;"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

3 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

4 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
Oh, may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record.

ARLINGTON. C. M. THOS. A. ARNE.



493. *"Hinder me not."* Gen. 24 : 56. RYLAND.

IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes:
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go, at his command:
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not,—come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

494. *"Baptized into his death."* Rom. 6 : 3.

WE long to move and breathe in thee,
Inspired with thine own breath,
To live thy life, O Lord, and be
Baptized into thy death;—

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in thy woe,
But we shall bloom above;—

3 Above we shall thy glory share,
As we thy cross have borne;
Ev'n we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.

4 Thy crown of thorns is all our boast,
While now we fall before
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And tremble, love, adore!

495. Mark 16 : 16. JAS. NEWTON.

"PROCLAIM," saith Christ, "my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

496. "*Fear not, little flock.*" Luke 12 : 32. BONAR.

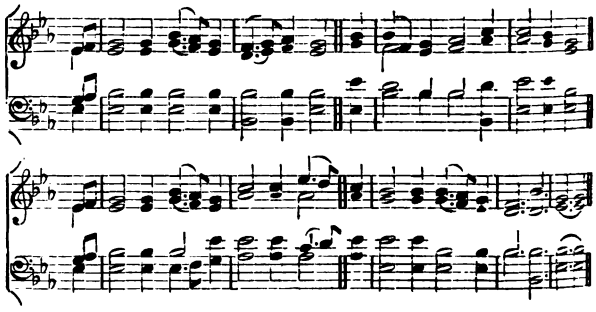
A LITTLE flock!—so calls he thee
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock, disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

2 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Thy feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

3 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary, and faint, and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

4 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

WOODWORTH. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



497. Acts 2 : 47. RAY PALMER.

OH, sweetly breathe the lyres above,
When angels touch the quivering string,
And wake, to chant Immanuel's love,
Such strains as angel lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow and give ourselves away.

498. 1 *Cor.* 13. MRS. BARBAULD.

HOW blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin.

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred minds can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

499. *"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."* WATTS.

OH, the sweet wonders of the cross
Where my Redeemer loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

2 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

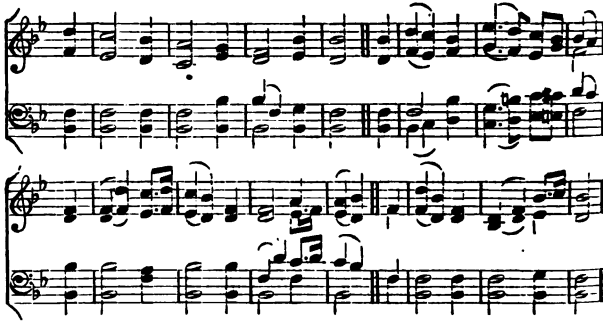
500. *"His banner over me was love."* Cant. 2: 4. WOLFE.

DRAW near, O holy Dove, draw near,
With peace and gladness on thy wing,
Reveal the Saviour's presence here,
And light, and hope, and comfort bring.

2 "Eat, O my friends, drink, O beloved!"
We hear the Master's voice exclaim:
Our hearts with new desire are moved,
And kindled with a heavenly flame.

3 While this we do, remembering thee,
Dear Saviour, let our graces prove
We have thy blesséd company;
Thy banner over us is love.

BEMERTON. C. M. GREATOREX.



501. 1 Cor. 11 : 23—29. WATTS.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

3 'T was the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly drew us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

4 Pity the nations, O our God!
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

502. *"He sat down with the twelve."* Matt. 26 : 20. J. STENNETT.

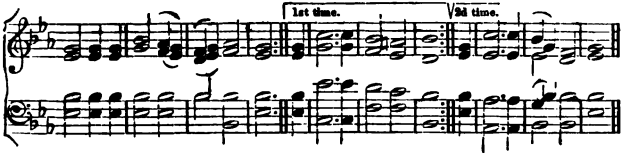
LORD, at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that I
Should find a welcome place—

2 I, who am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God!
I, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven!
In praise join all your powers:
No theme is like redeeming love!
No Saviour is like ours!

NAOMI. C. M. L. MASON.



503. *"Lord, thou knowest."* John 21 : 15—20. DODDRIDGE.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy
When Jesus cannot move.

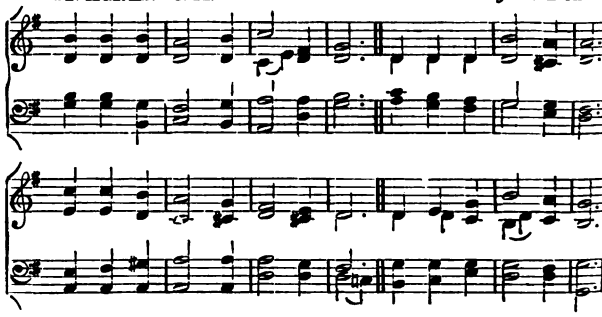
3 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To quench th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

ST. AGNES. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



504. *"In rememberance of Me."* 1 Cor. 11 : 24. G. T. NOEL.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell—
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed:
"Meet, and remember me!"

4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame!
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

505. *"Love as brethren."* 1 Pet. 3 : 8 J. SWAIN

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

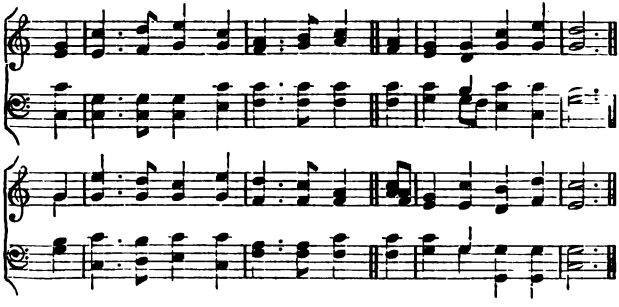
2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow,
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

BROWN. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



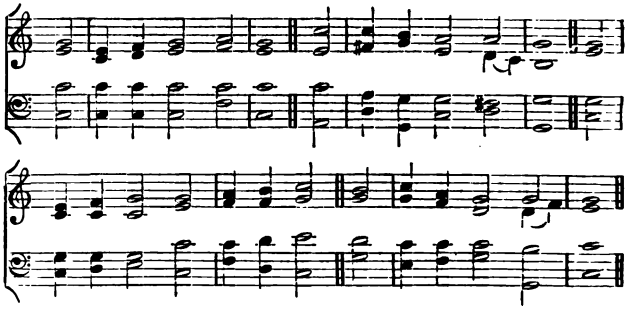
506. *"Of one heart and of one soul."* Acts 4 : 32. C. WESLEY.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove;
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
We still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Not joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.



507. *"I will seek thy good."* Ps. 122. DWIGHT.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

508. *"I in them, and Thou in me."* John 17 : 23. DODDRIDGE.

DEAR Saviour! we are thine,
By everlasting bonds;
Our hearts, our souls, we would resign
Entirely to thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh, let them ne'er prevail.

3 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He'll fix his members there.

509. "*Kindly affectioned.*" Rom. 12: 10. FAWCETT.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

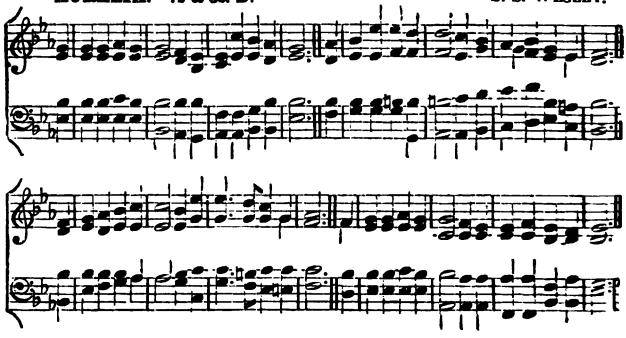
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

AURELIA. 7s & 6s. D. S. S. WESLEY.



510.

Eph. 5 : 25—33. STONE.

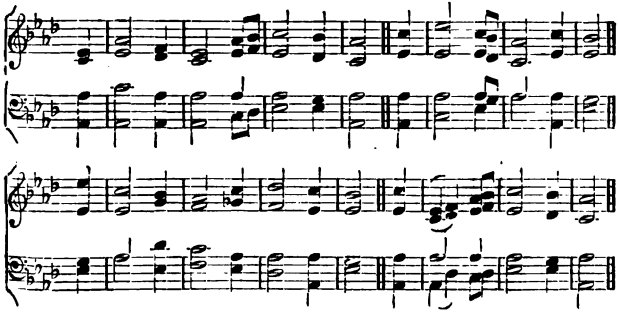
THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the word:
From heaven he came, and sought her
To be his holy bride;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth:
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 Mid toil and tribulation
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious,
Shall be the Church at rest.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON.



511. *"Jesus Christ the same."* Heb. 13 : 8. BRYANT.

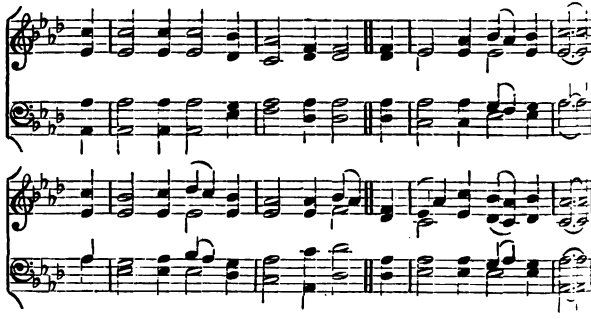
AS shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So in thy sight, Almighty One,
Earth's generations pass.

2 And as the years, an endless host,
Come swiftly pressing on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

3 Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet,
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

4 O Father, may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beams afar,
To fill the world with light.

HELENA. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



512. *"A God unto thee, and to thy seed."* Gen. 17 : 7. WATTS.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I 'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure:
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given,
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

513. *"I am the good Shepherd."* John 10 : 11.

SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.

2 He leads them to the gentle stream
Where living water flows,
And guides them to the verdant fields,
Where sweetest herbage grows.

3 When, wandering from the peaceful fold,
We leave the narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To seek us when we stray.

4 The weakest lamb amid the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care:
Well folded in our Saviour's arms,
We 're safe from every snare.

514. *"Suffer them to come unto me."* Matt. 19 : 14. DODDRIDGE.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

515. *Eph.* 5 : 21—33.—6 : 1—4.

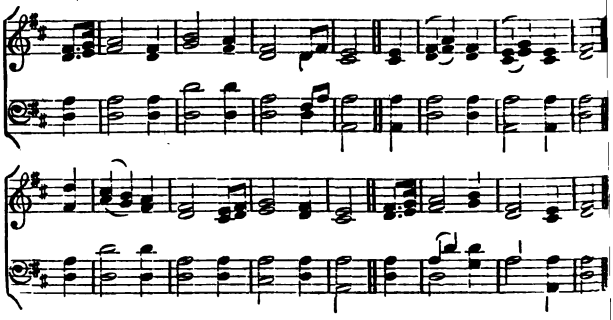
HAPPY the home, when God is there,
And love fills every breast;
Where one their wish, and one their prayer,
And one their heavenly rest.

2 Happy the home where Jesus' name
Is sweet to every ear;
Where children early lisp his fame,
And parents hold him dear.

3 Happy the home where prayer is heard,
And praise is wont to rise;
Where parents love the sacred word,
And live but for the skies.

4 Lord! let us in our homes agree
This blessed peace to gain;
Unite our hearts in love to thee,
And love to all will reign.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY.



516. *"As this little child."* Matt. 18 : 4. HEBER.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wint'ry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

517. *"He laid his hands on them."* Matt. 19 : 15. FABER.

DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me!

2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.

3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

518. *"He shall gather the lambs."* Isa. 40 : 11.

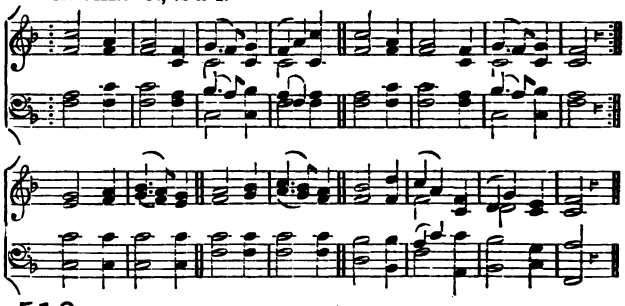
THERE is a little, lonely fold
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one of all that flock shall die,
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For, if unheeding or beguiled
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me;
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
That trembling turns to thee.

ALVAN. 8s, 7s & 4. L. MASON.



519. *"He shall gather the lambs."* Isa. 40 : 11. MISS D. A. THRUPP.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tender care!
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus!
Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill;
Blesséd Jesus!
Thou hast loved us,—love us still!

520. *"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."* Matt. 21 : 28. T. MACKELLAR

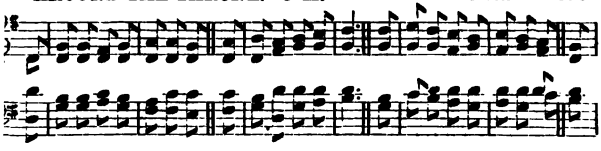
IN the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do;
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garners, too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,

Nothing small or lowly scorning,
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blesséd story
Of the gospel o'er the earth;
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

AROUND THE THRONE. C. M. ENGLISH MELODY.



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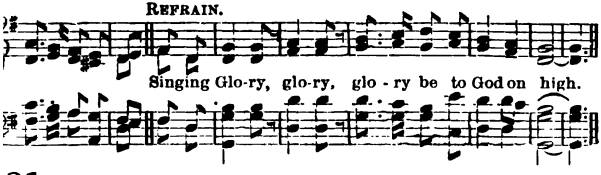


21. "*Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*" Matt. 19: 14. MRS SHEPHERD

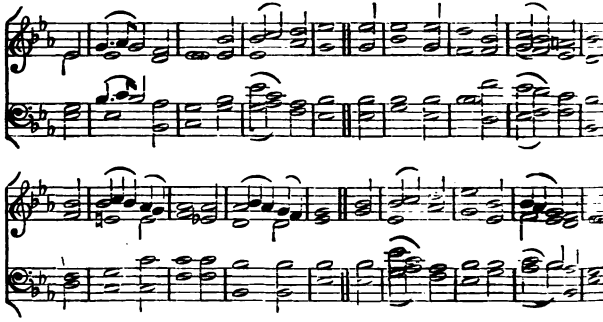
AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band.

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there?

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blesséd face,
And stand before the Lamb.

STONEFIELD. L. M. SAMUEL STANLEY.



522. "*He brought forth His people.*" Ps. 105 : 43. L. BACON.

O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea :
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshiped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came ; and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves :
And, where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

523. "*And gave them the lands of the heathen.*" Ps. 105 : 44.

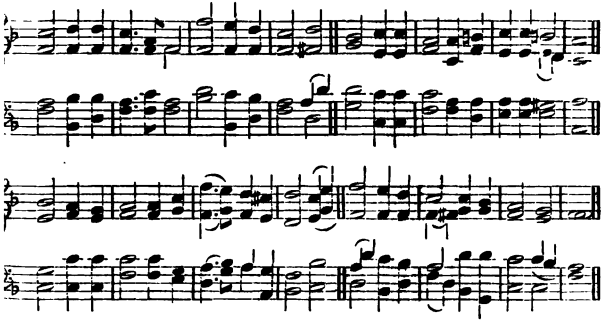
OUR fathers' God ! to thee we raise
The swelling notes of grateful praise,
And bless thee for the favors shown
The land we fondly call our own.

2 Our sainted sires the ocean crossed,
By many a wintry tempest tossed,
To rear, where still the savage trod,
Their banner in the name of God.

3 They gave it to the western breeze,
With earnest prayer on bended knees,
That Christ's dear name might be confessed,
From north to south, from east to west.

4 Be Christ the Saviour of our land,
From eastern shore to western strand;
And may our own dear country be
A glorious temple, Lord, for thee!

MOSCOW. 11, 10 & 9. A. T. LWOFF.



524. *"He will speak peace unto His people."* Ps. 85 : 8. CHORLEY.

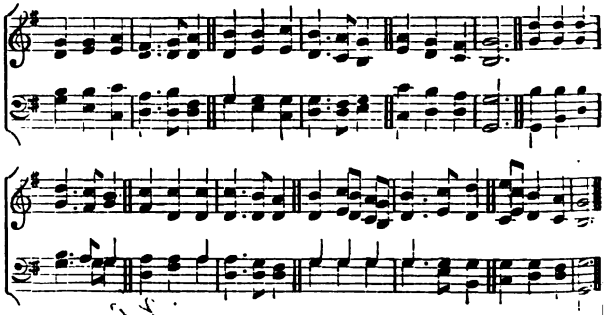
GOD, the All-terrible! thou who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword,
Show forth thy pity on high where thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God, the Omnipotent! mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard,
Save us in mercy, oh, save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

3 God, the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;
Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.

4 So will thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise him who saved them from peril and sword;
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. HENRY CAREY.



525. *"I have a goodly heritage."* S. F. SMITH.

MY country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong!

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

526. *"A land which the Lord careth for."* C. T. BROOKS.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

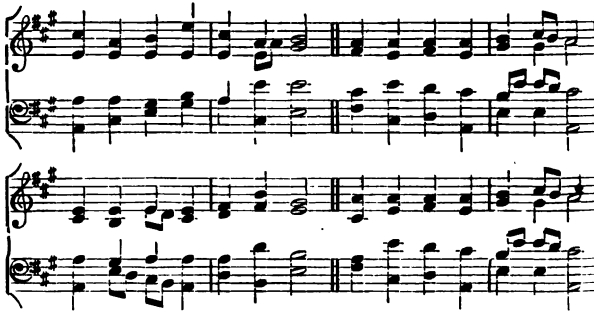
527. *"The valleys are covered with corn."* Ps. 65. MONTGOMERY.

THE God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart, and voice!
The valleys laugh and sing;
Forests and mountains ring;
The plains their tribute bring;
The streams rejoice.

2 Yea, bless his holy name,
And joyous thanks proclaim
Through all the earth;
To glory in your lot
Is comely; but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amid your mirth.

3 The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

NUREMBURG. 7s. J. R. AHLE.



528. *"Praise waiteth for Thee."* Ps. 65. MRS. BARBAULD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ!

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.

3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;

4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her overflowing stores;

5 These, great God, to thee we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

529. *"Give thanks unto the Lord."* Ps. 136. H. W. BAKER.

PRAISE, oh, praise our God and King;
Hymns of adoration sing;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

3 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let Creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

530. "*The field is the world.*" Matt. 13: 38. ALFORD.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:

2 God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

3 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:

4 First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

531. [SECOND PART OF THE HYMN ABOVE.]

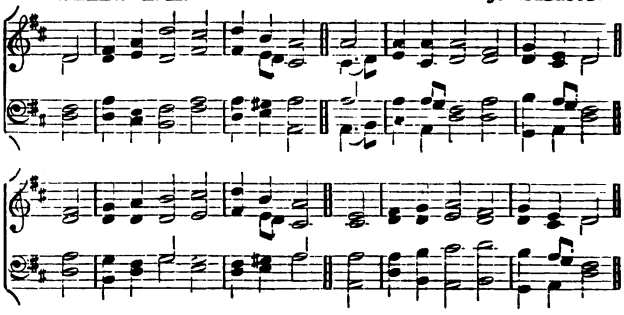
SOON the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

2 Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

3 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final harvest-home:
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;

4 There, for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide:
Come, with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

WELLS. L. M. J. HOLDROYD.



532. *"Thou crownest the year."* Ps. 65. DODDRIDGE.

GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows:
That mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God:
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

533. *"We spend our years as a tale."* Ps. 90. LITTLEDALE.

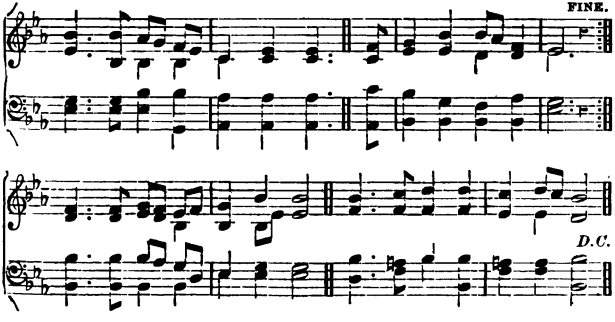
ANOTHER year, another year,
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

2 Lord, for thy grace and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joy above,
We laud and bless thy holy name.

3 Still bear with us, and bless us still;
And, while in this dark world we stay,
Oh, let us love thy sacred will,
Oh, let us keep thy narrow way.

4 So, when the rolling stream of time
Hath opened to a boundless sea,
Loud will we raise that song divine,
"All power and glory be to thee!"

TIME IS WINGING. 7s & 6s. W. B. BRADBURY.

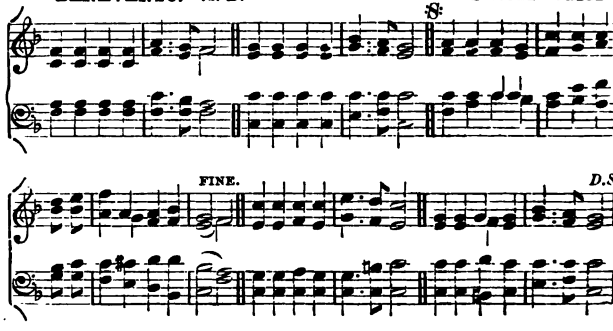


534. *"It is soon cut off."* J. BURTON.

TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon shall be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day—
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty, soon, above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

BENEVENTO. 7s. D. SAMUEL WEBBE.



535.

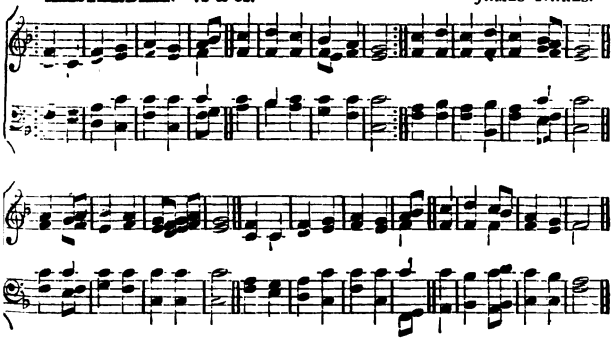
"Teach us to number our days." J. NEWTON.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,—
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise!
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
When our life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s. JAMES NARES.



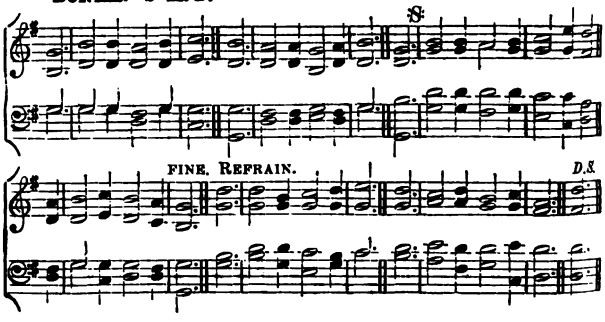
536. *"Seek those things which are above."* Col. 3 : 1. SEAGRAVE.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above!

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims! cease to mourn,—
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour shall return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

BONAR. S. M. D. L. MASON.



537. *"Man is of few days."* BONAR.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come:
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:

REFR.—Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day:
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day:

538. *"The Judge standeth before the door."* Jas. 5 : 9 BONAR.

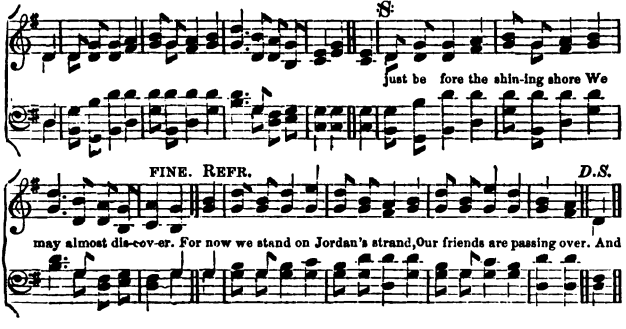
MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,—
How swift its moments fly!

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.

3 Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch and work and pray.

4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
Oh, sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

SHINING SHORE. GEO. F. ROOT.



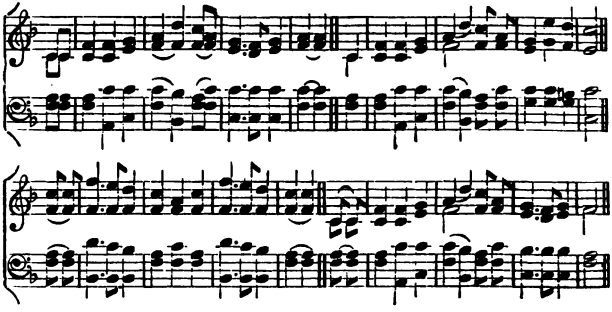
539. *"A stranger and a sojourner."* PS. 39 : 12. D. NELSON.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,—
These hours of toil and danger:

2 Our absent King the watchword gave,—
"Let every lamp be burning;"
We look afar, across the wave,
Our distant home discerning:

3 Should coming days be dark and cold,
We will not yield to sorrow,
For hope will sing, with courage bold,
"There's glory on the morrow:

FREDERICK. 11s. GEORGE KINGSLEY.



540. *"Having a desire to depart."* Phil. 1 : 23. MUHLENBERG.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

541. *"Oh, that I had wings like a dove."* Ps. 55 : 6. LYTE.

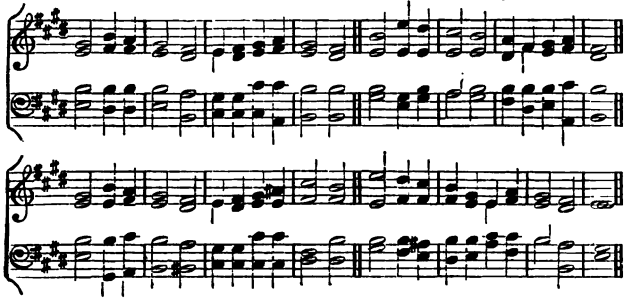
OH, had I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
How soon would I soar to thy presence above;
How soon would I flee where the weary have rest,
And hide all my cares in thy sheltering breast!

2 I flutter, I struggle, I pant to get free;
I feel me a captive while banished from thee:
A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
And look on to heaven, and long for my home.

3 Ah, there the wild tempest forever shall cease;
No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace;
Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
All tears from the eye, and all sin from the heart.

4 Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine;
Rise, bright sun of glory, no more to decline!
Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers;
Oh, what will it be when thy fulness appears?

VOX ANGELICA. 11s & 10s. J. B. DYKES.



542. *"We would see Jesus."* John 12: 21.

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus our weak faith to strengthen,
For the last weariness—the final strife.

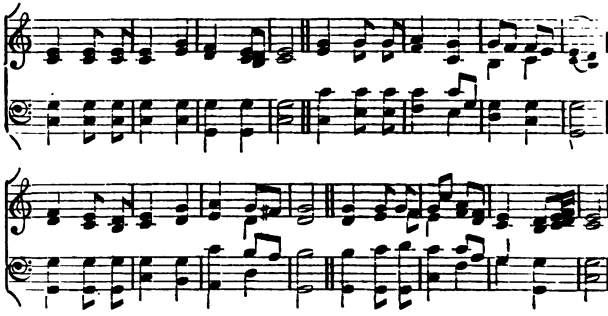
2 We would see Jesus—other lights are fading,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing,
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

543. *"I heard the voice of many angels."* Rev. 5: 11. FABER.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

2 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love!

BRISTOL. L. M. E. L. WHITE



544. *"It is even a vapor."* Jas. 4 : 14. D E. FORD.

HOW vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the earthly ties,
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour!

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we 're traveling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears.

545. *"Which die in the Lord."* Rev. 14 : 13. MRS. BARBAULD.

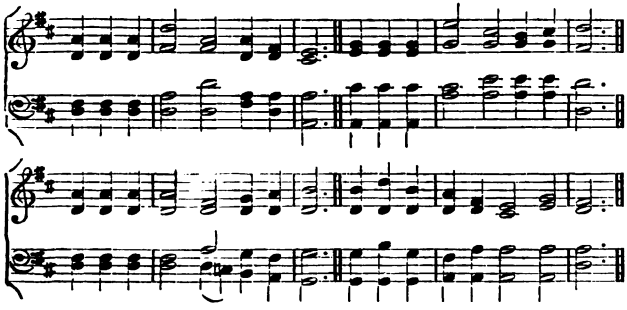
HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies."

REST. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



546. *"He fell asleep."* Acts 7 : 60. MRS. MACKAY.

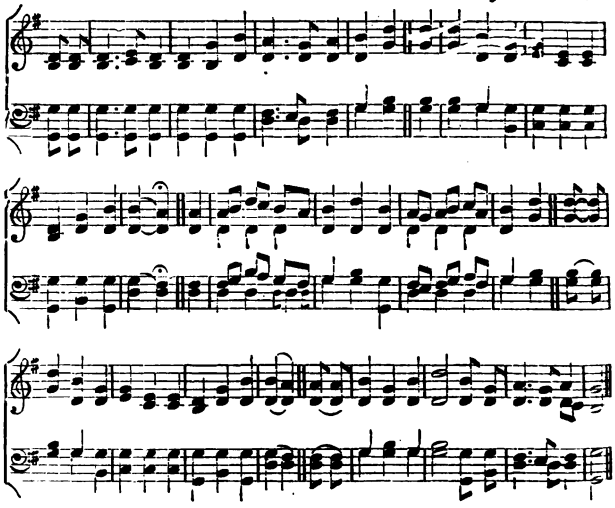
ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

SCOTLAND. 12s. JOHN CLARK.



547. *"O grave, where is thy victory."* 1 Cor. 15 : 55. HEBER.

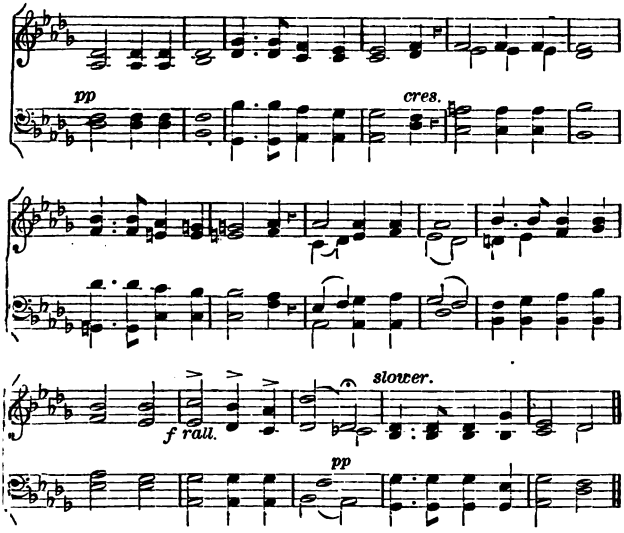
THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, for the Sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long:
But the sunshine of glory beamed bright on thy waking,
And full on thine ear burst the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide:
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

SLEEP THY LAST SLEEP. J. BARNBY.



548.

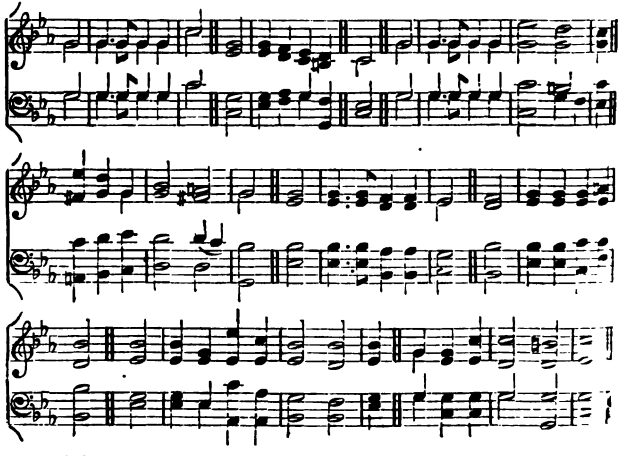
Hosea 14 : 7. E. A. DAYMAN.

SLEEP thy last sleep, free from care and sorrow ;
Rest, where none weep, till th' eternal morrow ;
Though dark waves roll o'er the silent river,
Thy fainting soul Jesus can deliver.

2 Life's dream is past, all its sin, its sadness ;
Brightly at last dawns a day of gladness :
Under the sod, earth receive our treasure,
To rest in God, waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn those in life the dearest,
They shall return, Christ, when thou appearest !
Soon shall thy voice comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice all in Jesus sleeping.

ATHALIE. S. M. D. MENDELSSOHN.



549. *"At midnight there was a cry made."* MONTGOMERY.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

3 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

4 His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay!
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

5 The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

6 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

550. "*Whoso believeth shall never die.*" John 11 : 26. G. W. BETHUNE.

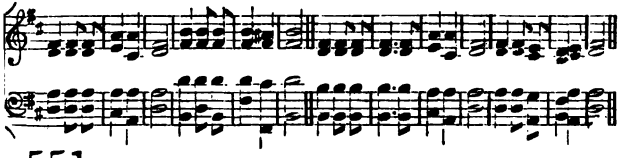
IT is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

SHAWMUT. S. M. L. MASON.



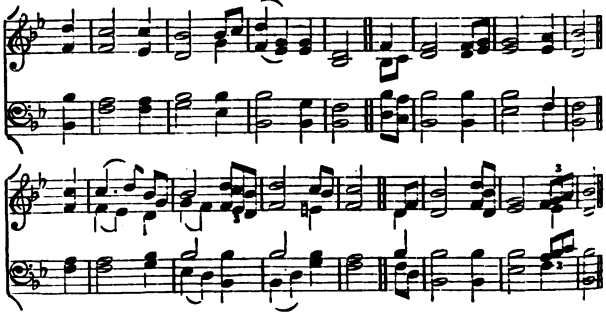
551. Num. 23 : 10.

OH for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward!

2 Their bodies in the ground
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

CHINA. C. M. T. SWAN.



552. *"Present with the Lord."* 2 Cor. 5 : 8. WATTS

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarm?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay;
There hopes unfading bloom.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
At the great rising day.

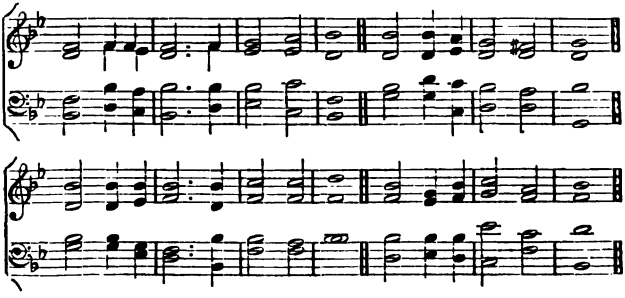
553. *"There remaineth a rest."* Heb. 4. MRS. HEMANS.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
Ev'n while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But, oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

PATMOS. C. M. Adapted by L. MASON.



554.

1 Cor. 15: 56, 57. WATTS.

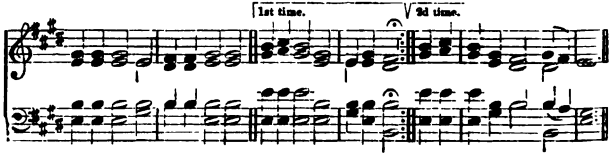
OH for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours!
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?
And where the monster's sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure:
Death hath no sting beside:
The law gives sin condemning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head!

DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s. I. B. WOODBURY.



555. *"No continuing city here."* Heb 13 : 14. BONAR.

THIS is not my place of resting,—
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad and weary,
Never, never sin again.

556. *"To comfort all that mourn."* Isa. 61 : 2. COLLYER.

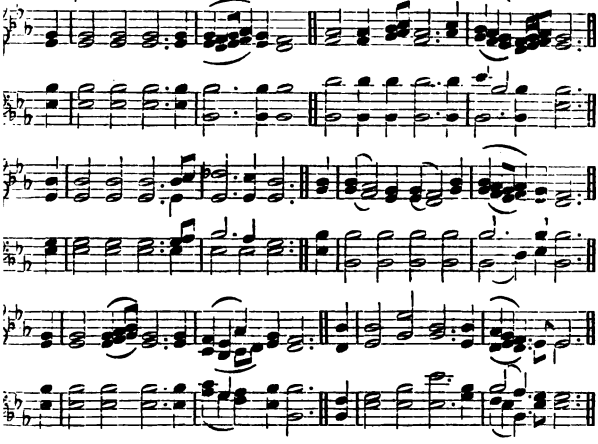
CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the graves of those you love;
Pain and death and night and anguish
Enter not the world above.

2 While our silent steps are straying
Lonely thro' night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

4 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

DIRGE. L. M. 4 or 61. HANDEL.



557. *"Fallen asleep in Christ."* 1 Cor. 15. WATTS.

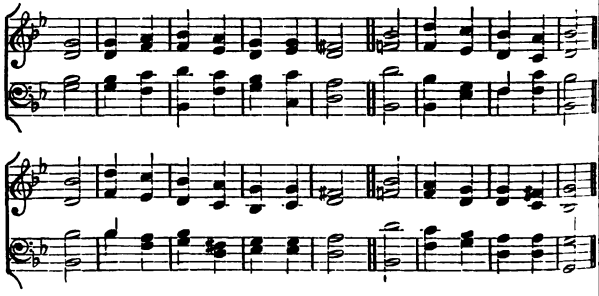
UNVAIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
||: And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust. :||

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
||: Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose. :||

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed:
||: Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the shade. :||

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! his sovereign word:
||: Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then ascend to meet the Lord! :||

WINDSOR. C. M. GEO. KIRBY.



558. *"After this the judgment."* Heb. 9 : 27. WATTS.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart!
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word "Depart!"

3 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands!
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

559. 1 Thess. 4: 14—17. SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

THE time draws nigh, when, from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

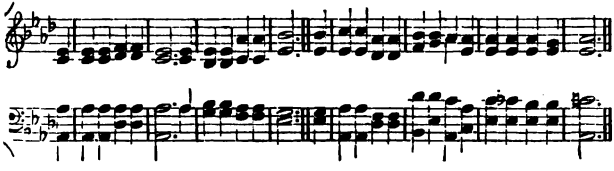
2 Then they who live shall changéd be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly host with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go:
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

5 A few short years of evil passed,
We reach that happy shore,
When death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

GORTON. S. M. Arr. from BEETHOVEN.



560. *"My flesh also shall rest in hope."* Ps. 16: 9. BONAR

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;—

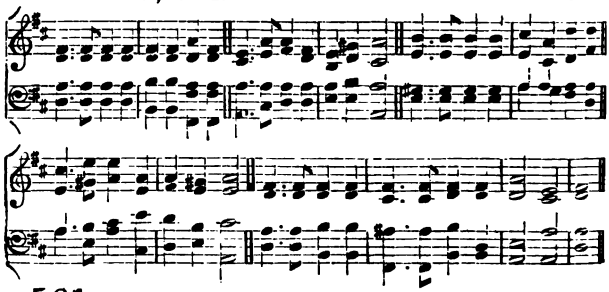
2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'T was sown in weakness here;
'T will then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower!

BREST. 8s, 7s & 4s. L. Mason.



561. *"The Judgment of the great day."* Jude 6. Newton.

DAY of Judgment—day of wonders!
Hark!—the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 At God's call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

3 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

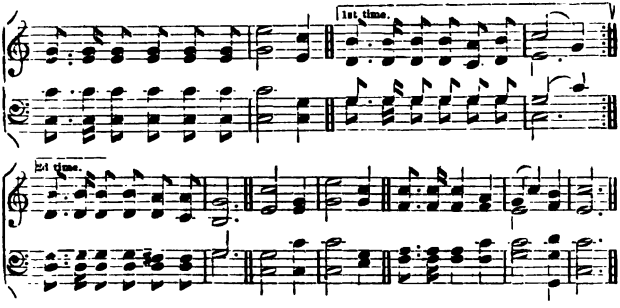
562. 1 Thess. 4 : 16. C. Wesley

LO, he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All his saints, by men rejected,

Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.
3 Yea, amen; let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne:
Saviour take the power and glory;
Claim the Kingdom for thine own,
Oh, come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

VICTORY. 8s. 7s & 4. H. H. BEADLE.

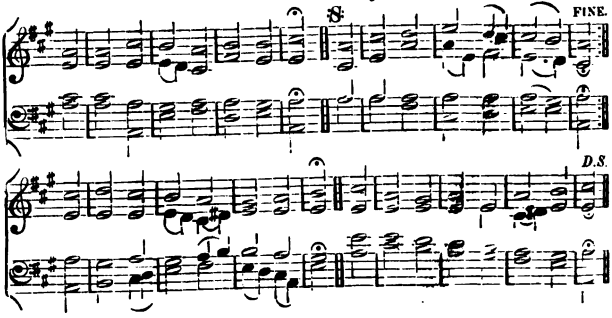


563. *"Surely I come quickly."* Rev. 22 : 20. J. R. MACDUFF.

CHRIST is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
Christ is coming!
Come, thou blesséd Prince of peace!
2 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and thee;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall thy glory see;
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.
3 With that blesséd hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue;
Christ is coming!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

MONMOUTH. P. M. [Or L. M. by omitting repeat and slurs.]

JOSEPH KLUG'S *Gesangbuch.*



564. *"When the Son of man shall come in his glory."* COLLYER.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear?—
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet-sounding,—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:—
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

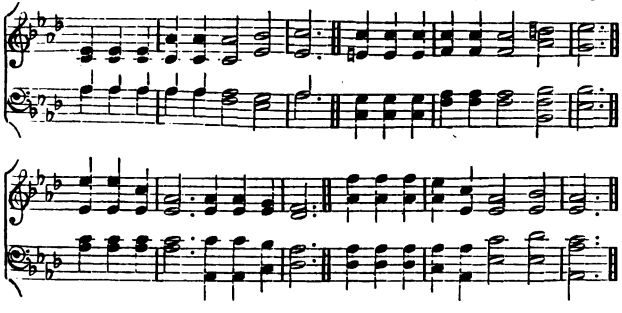
565. *"Dies iræ, dies illa."* THOMAS OF CELANO. WALTER SCOTT, Tr.

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriveling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!—

3 Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.



566. Psalm 17. WATTS.

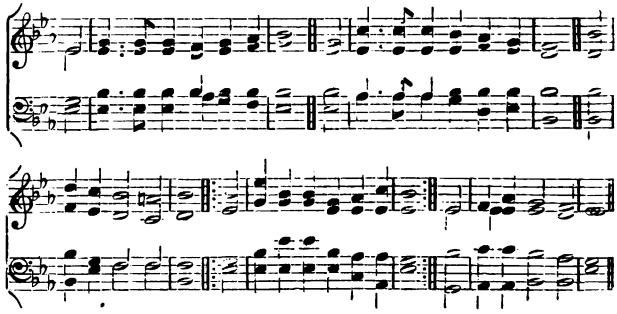
WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise!

MERIBAH. C. P. M. L. MASON.



567. *"The Lord himself shall descend."* 1 Thess. 4: 16. LADY HUNTINGDON

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!

3 Oh, let me with thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

568. *"But a step between me and death."* C. WESLEY.

LO, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

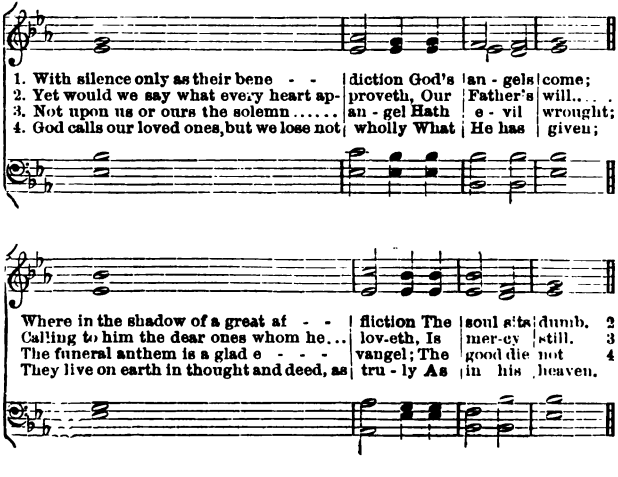
2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughful heart
Eternal things impress!
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

3 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou, with clouds, shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

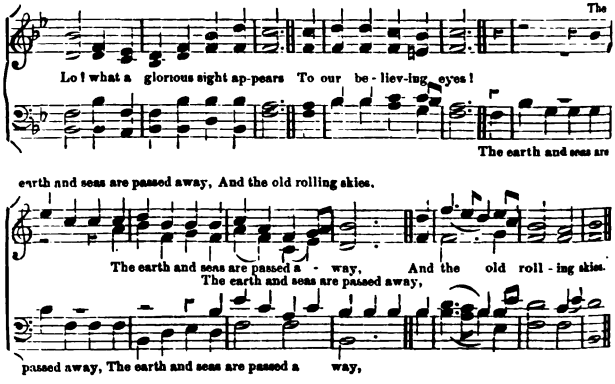
4 O Saviour, then my soul receive,
Then bid me in thy presence live,
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

569. ANGEL'S VISITS.

Words by J. G. WHITTIER



NORTHFIELD. C. M. INGALLS.



570. *"I saw a new heaven and a new earth."* Rev. 21. WATTS

LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

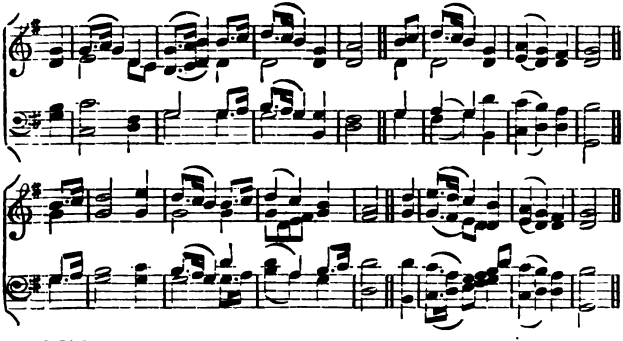
3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode,—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself, shall die."

6 How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day!

ST. MARTINS. C. M. WM. TANSUR.



571. *"Whence came they."* Rev. 7 : 14—17. WATTS.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the vail and see
The saints above—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

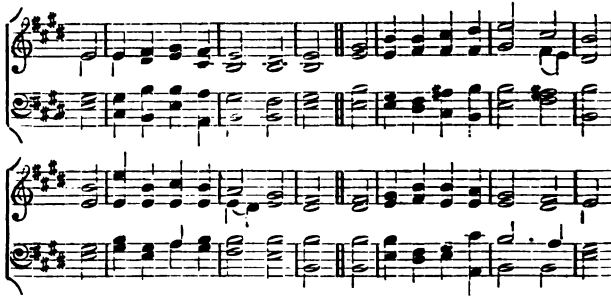
2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shows the same path to heaven.

UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. MASON.



572. *"To be with Christ, which is far better."* GIBBONS.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting vail, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

573. *"In my Father's house."* John 14 : 2. RAY PALMER.

THY Father's house!—thine own bright home!
And thou hast there a place for me!
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see.

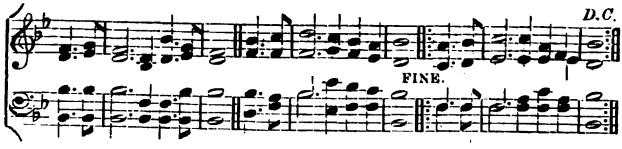
2 I see its domes resplendent glow,
Where beams of God's own glory fall;
And trees of life immortal grow,
Whose fruits o'erhang the sapphire wall.

3 I know that thou, who on the tree
Didst deign our mortal guilt to bear,
Wilt bring thine own to dwell with thee,
And waitest to receive me there!

4 Thy love will there array my soul
In thine own robe of spotless hue;
And I shall gaze, while ages roll,
On thee, with raptures ever new!

5 Oh, welcome day! when thou my feet
Shalt bring the shining threshold o'er;
A Father's warm embrace to meet,
And dwell at home for evermore!

TOPLADY. 7s. 6l. T. HASTINGS.



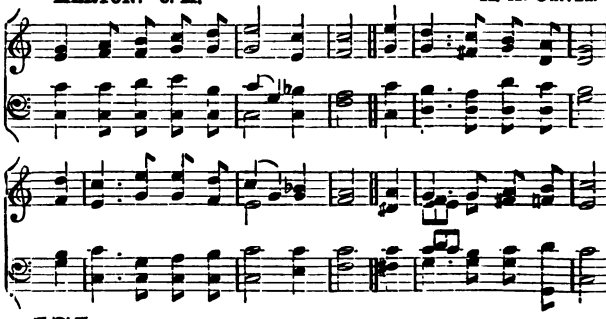
574. *"They shall see His face."* Rev. 22 : 4. McCHEYNE.

WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When I stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own;
When I see thee as thou art,
Love thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe,

MERTON. C. M. H. K. OLIVER.



575. *"They seek a country."* Heb. 11 : 14. ALFORD.

FORTH to the land of promise bound,
Our desert path we tread;
God's fiery pillar for our guide,
His Captain at our head.

2 E'en now we faintly trace the hills,
And catch their distant blue;
And the bright city's gleaming spires
Rise dimly on our view.

3 Soon, when the desert shall be crossed,
The flood of death passed o'er,
Our pilgrim hosts shall safely land
On Canaan's peaceful shore.

4 There love shall have its perfect work,
And prayer be lost in praise;
And all the servants of our God
Their endless anthems raise.

576. *"Set your affection on things above."* Col. 3 : 1. MRS. STEELE

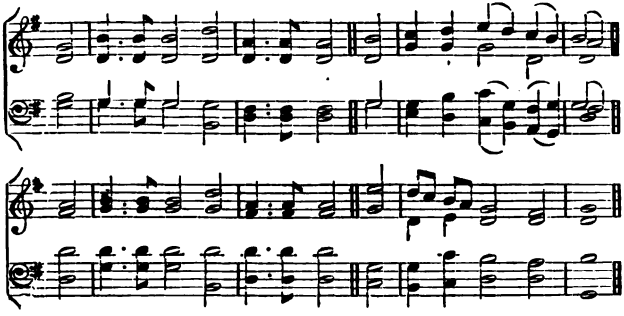
OH, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospect rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

WOODSTOCK. C. M. D. DUTTON.



577. *"Let not your heart be troubled."* John 14 : 15. WATTS.

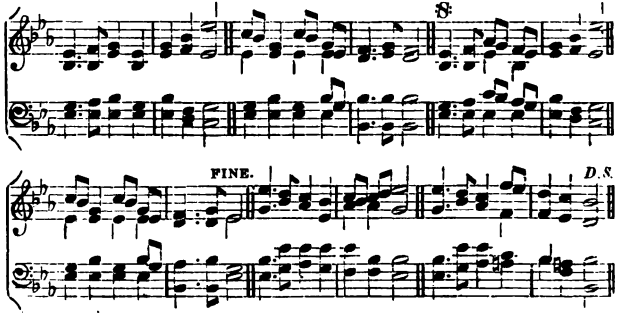
WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all,—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

BEULAH. 7s. D. Arr. by Elam Ives.



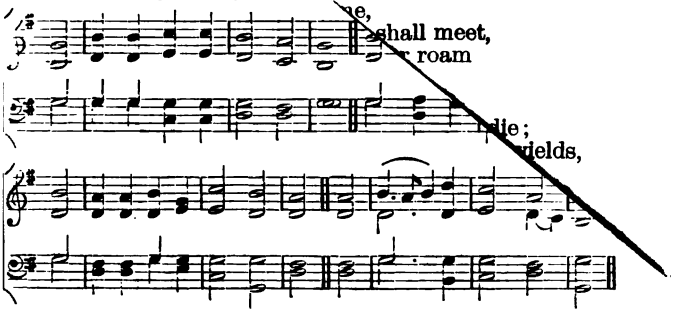
578. Rev. 7: 11—17. Montgomery.

WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour!"

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amid the throne
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

PETERBORO'. C. M.



579. "*Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.*" Gal. 3 : 28. C. Wesley.

LET saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family—we dwell in him—
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death;

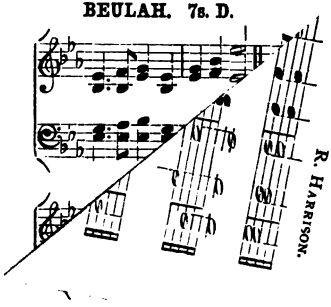
3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Ev'n now, to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

5 Ev'n now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessèd bands
Upon th' eternal shore.

6 Lord Jesus! be our constant guide;
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

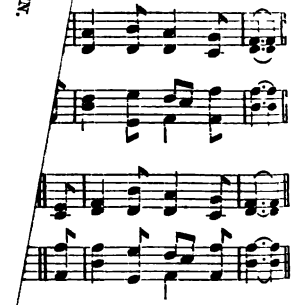
BEULAH. 7s. D.



R. HARRISON.

381

F. B. RICE.



580. "*Now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed.*" Rom. 13 : 11. PHŒBE CARY

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
Nearer my home am I to-day,
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer leaving my heavy cross,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to thee I cling:
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death.

581. "*There remaineth therefore a rest.*" Heb. 4 : 10. RAY PALMER

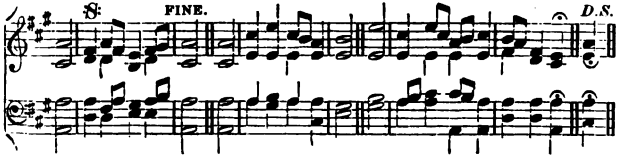
AND is there, Lord, a rest
For weary souls designed,
Where not a care shall stir the breast,
Or sorrow entrance find?

2 Is there a blissful home,
Where kindred minds shall meet,
And live, and love, nor ever roam
From that serene retreat?

3 Are there bright, happy fields,
Where naught that blooms shall die;
Where each new scene fresh pleasure yields,
And healthful breezes sigh?

4 Forever blesséd they,
Whose joyful feet shall stand,
While endless ages waste away,
Amid that glorious land!

VESPER. S. M. A. CHAPIN.



582. *"So shall we ever be with the Lord."* MONTGOMERY.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word!
'T is immortality!

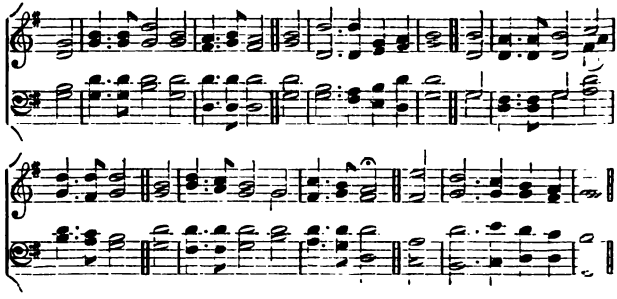
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul! how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

3 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 't is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious word
Ev'n here to me fulfill.

4 Be thou at my right hand;
So shall I never fail:
Uphold thou me and I shall stand;
Help, and I shall prevail.

5 So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain:
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

WOODLAND. C. M. N. D. GOULD.



583. Rev. 21: 1—4. TAPPAN.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a tear for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast:
'T is found above—in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,—
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven!

584. *"The holy city, New Jerusalem."* Rev. 21 : 2.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
‖: When shall my labors have an end, :‖
In joy, and peace, and thee?

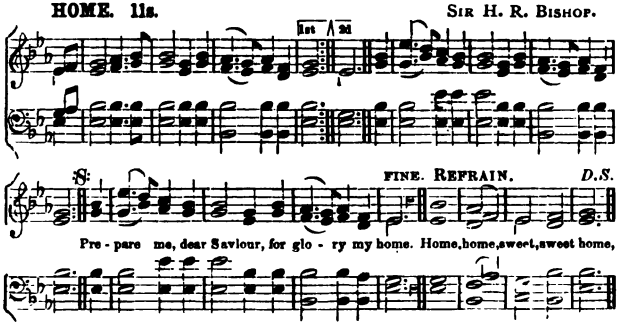
2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,

‖: Where evermore the angels sing, :‖
Where Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
‖: Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes:‖
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
‖: I've Canaan's goodly land in view, :‖
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem, my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
‖: Then shall my labors have an end, :‖
When I thy joys shall see.



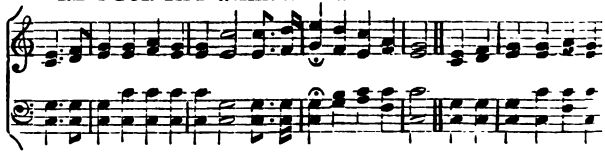
585. *"They desire a better country."* Heb. 11 : 15. DENHAM.

MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints:
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission and strength as my day,
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

3 I long, dearest Lord! in thy beauty to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s. WM. MCDONALD.



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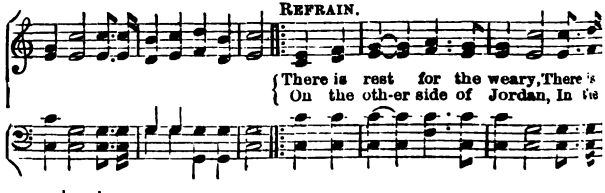
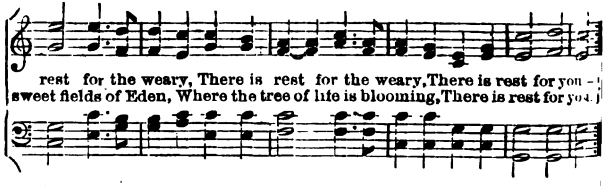




586. *"I go to prepare a place for you."* John 14. S. Y. HARMER.

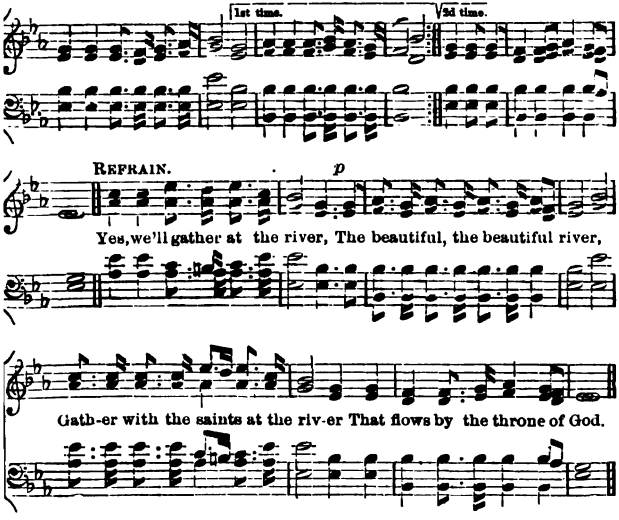
IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, oh, sing ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

SHALL WE GATHER? R. LOWRY.



587. *"A pure river of water of life."* Rev. 22 : 1. R. LOWRY.

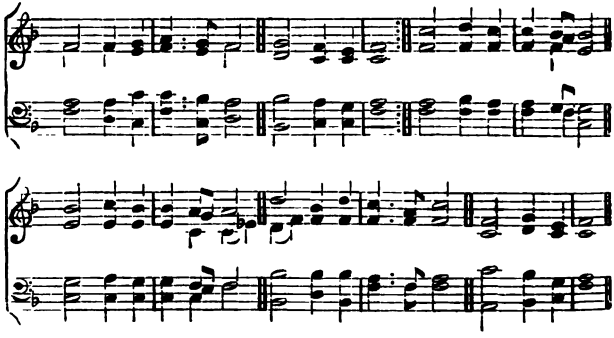
SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

OAK. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.



588.

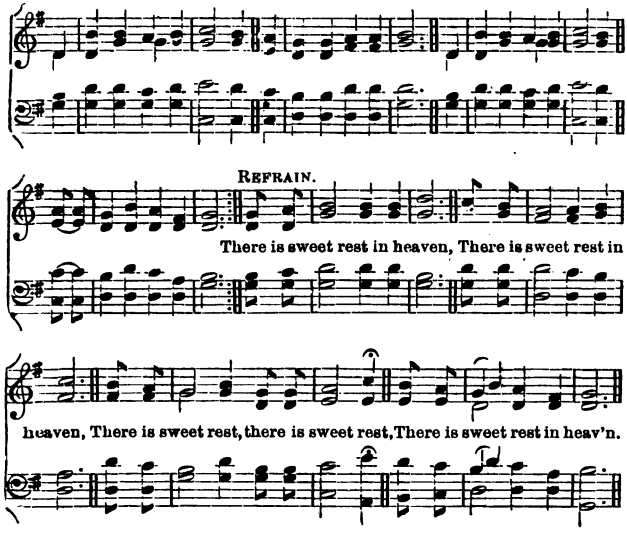
"Strangers and pilgrims." Heb. 11 : 13. T. R. TAYLOR.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
Time's cold and win'try blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified—
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I, too, shall rest;—
Heaven is my home!

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN. W. B. BRADBURY.

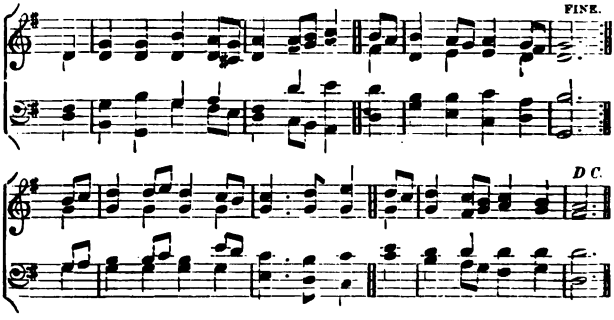


589. *"There remaineth a rest."* Heb. 4 : 9.

THOUGH often here we're weary,
There is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love:
Oh, let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain.

2 Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend;
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request;
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.

JORDAN. C. M. 8 lines. Arr. from WILLIAM BILLINGS.



590. *"Thou shalt see the land."* Deut. 32: 52. WATTS.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

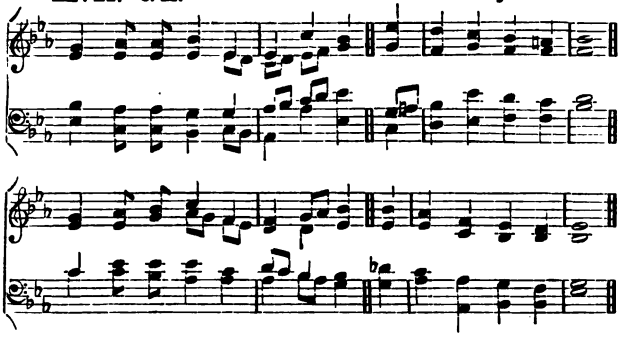
3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

ELVET. C. M. J. B. DYKES.



591. *"Ye shall pass over this Jordan."* Josh. 1 : 11. STENNETT.

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

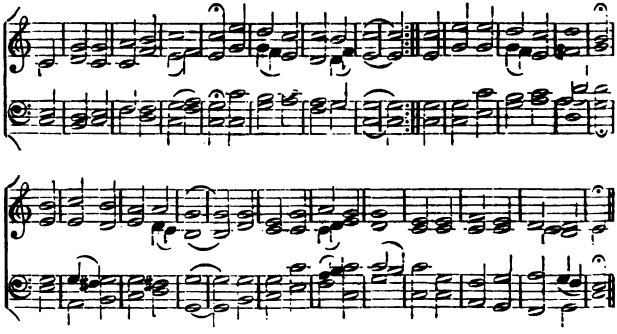
3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

JOY. 7s & 6s. M. TESCHNER.

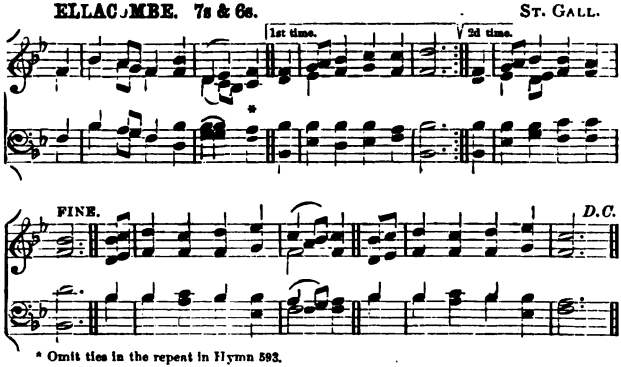


592. "*Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.* LAURENTIUS LAURENTI.
Miss BORTHWICK. *Tr.*

REJOICE, rejoice, believers,
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near:
The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon he will draw nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle,
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning,
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil:
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet him as he cometh,
With hallelujahs clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere:
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.



* Omit ties in the repeat in Hymn 593.

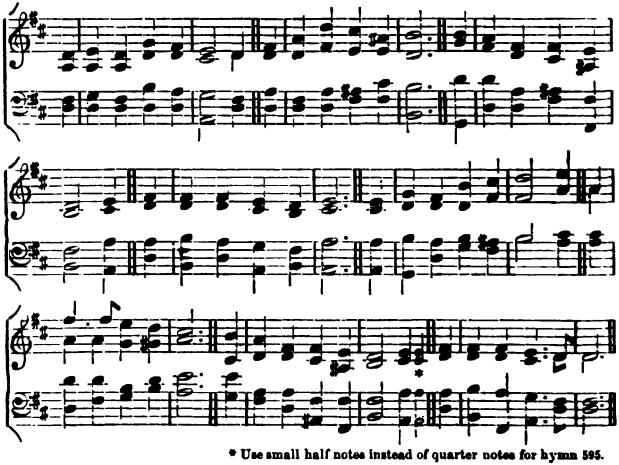
593. *"A great multitude."* Rev. 7 : 9. ALFORD.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light;
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in!

2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all it's tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late:
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

EWING. 7s & 6s. D. ALEXANDER EWING.



* Use small half notes instead of quarter notes for hymn 595.

594. *"That great city, the holy Jerusalem"* BERNARD OF CLUNY. J. M. NEALE, *Tr.*

JERUSALEM, the golden!
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song;
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blesséd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever,
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blesséd country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blesséd country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

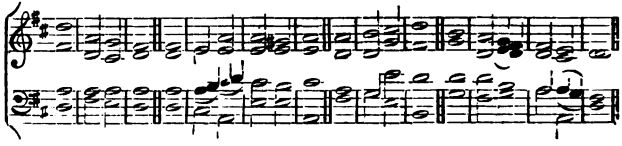
595. "*The glory of God did lighten it.*" Rev. 21 : 23. A. R. Cousin.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heavén breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace—
Not at the crown he giveth,
But on his piercéd hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMINO. WILLIAM BOYCE.



596.

Psalm 95 : 1—6.

1 OH, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord : || Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of | our sal- — | vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving, || And make a joyful | noise unto | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God, || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4 In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth ; || The strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is his | and he | made it : || And his hands | formed | the dry | land.
6 O COME, let us worship and | bow — | down : || Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
8 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever · shall | be, || World | without | end. A- | MEN.

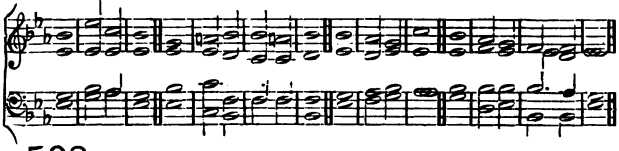
597.

Psalm 96 : 1—3, 6—9, 11—13.

1 OH, sing, unto the Lord a | new— | song : || Sing unto the | Lord,— | all the | earth.
2 Sing unto the Lord, | bless his | name ; || Shew forth his sal- | vation · from | day to | day.
3 Declare his glory a- | mong the | heathen, || His wonders a- | mong— | all— | people.
4 Honor and majesty | are be-fore | him : || Strength and beauty are | in his | sanctu- | ary.
5 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds | of the | people, || Give unto the Lord | glory | and— | strength.
6 Give unto the Lord the glory due | unto · his | name : || Bring an offering, and | come · into | his— | courts.
O worship the Lord in the | beauty · of | holiness : || Fear be- | fore him, | all the | earth.
Let the heavens rejoice, and let the | earth be | glad ; || Let the sea roar, and the | fullness | there- — | of.

9 Let the field be joyful, and all that | is there- | in : ||
Then shall all the trees of the wood re- | joice be- |
fore the | Lord :
10 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth : ||
He shall judge the world with righteousness, and the |
people | with his | truth.

JUBILATE DEO. JOHN ROBINSON.



598.

Psalm 100.

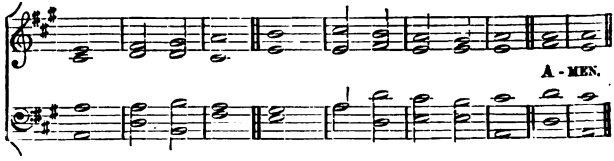
1 MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, | all ye | lands! ||
Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his |
presence | with— | singing.
2 Know ye that the Lord | he is | God : || It is he that hath
made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, |
and the | sheep • of his | pasture.
3 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his |
courts with | praise: || Be thankful unto him, and |
bless— | his— | name.
4 For the Lord is good; his mercy is | ever- | lasting; ||
And his truth endureth to | all— | gener- | ations.
5 Glory be to the Father, &c.

599.

Psalm 121.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes | unto the | hills, || From |
whence— | cometh • my | help.
2 My help cometh | from the | Lord, || Which | made— |
heaven • and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy | foot • to be | moved; || He that |
keepeth • thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth | Isra- | el || Shall neither |
slumber | nor— | sleep.
5 The Lord | is thy | keeper: || The Lord is thy shade up- |
on thy | right— | hand.
6 The sun shall not | smite thee • by | day, || Nor the |
moon— | by— | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from | all— | evil; || He
shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy | coming
in || From this time forth, and | even • for | ever- | more.

DOMINI EST TERRA.



600.

Psalm 24.

1 THE earth is the Lord's, and the | fullness there-|of: | The world, and | they that | dwell there-|in.

2 For he hath founded it up- | on the | seas, || And established | it up-|on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the | hill of the | Lord? || Or who shall stand | in his | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a | pure—|heart; || Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, | nor—|sworn de-|ceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing | from the | Lord, || And righteousness from the | God of | his sal-|vation.

6 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye ever-|lasting | doors; || And the King of | glory |shall come | in.

7 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord, strong and mighty, the | Lord—|mighty · in | battle.

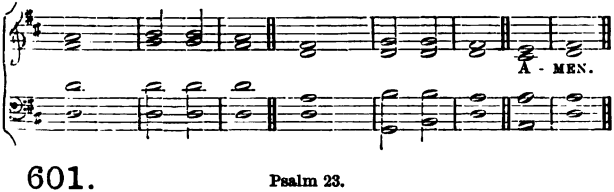
8 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye ever-|lasting | doors; || And the King of | glory|shall come | in.

9 Who is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts, | he is the | King of | glory.

11 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And—| to the | Holy | Ghost;

2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, || World— | without | end. A-|MEN.

DOMINUS REGIT ME



601.

Psalm 23.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I | shall not | want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the | still— | waters.

3 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for | his name's | sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup • runneth | over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. || A- | MEN.

602.

Psalm 67.

1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us; || And cause his face to | shine up-on | us.

2 That thy way may be | known upon | earth, || Thy saving health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || Let all the | people | praise thee.

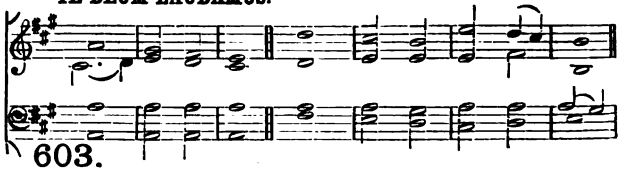
4 Oh, let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy: || For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the | nations • upon | earth.

5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God; || Let all the | people | praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase: || And God, even our own | God, shall | bless us.

7 God— | shall— | bless us; || And all the ends of the earth shall | fear— | him. || A- | MEN.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.



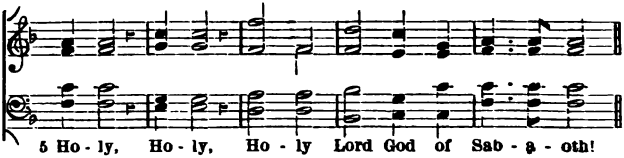
603.

1 We praise | thee, O | God! || we acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

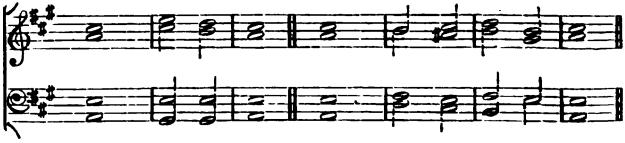
3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud; || the heavens, and | all the | powers · there- | in.

6 The glorious company of the apostles | praise— | thee: || the goodly fellowship of the | prophets | praise— | thee;

8 The Father of an | infi-nite | majesty; || thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son;



MALE VOICES. (**Duett or Quartette.**)



10 Thou art the King of | glory, · O | Christ! || thou art the ever- | lasting | Son · of the | Father.

12 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of death. || thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven · to | all be- | lievers.

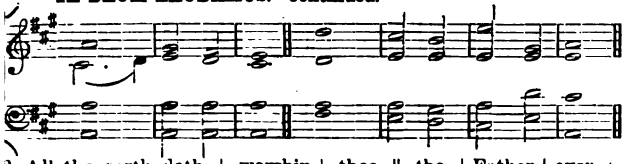
14 We believe that | thou shalt | come, || to | be | our | Judge.

16 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints, || in | glory, ev-er- | lasting.

18 Day by day we | magni-fy | thee; || and we worship thy name ever, | world with- | out— | end.

20 O Lord! have | mercy · up- | on us, || have | mercy | upon | us.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS. Continued.

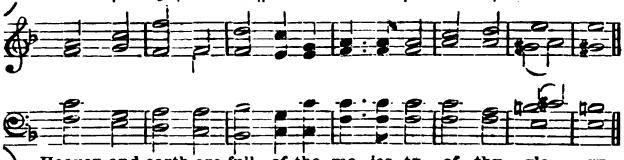


2 All the earth doth | worship | thee, || the | Father | ever- | lasting.

4 To thee, cherubim and | sera- | phim || con- | tinual- | ly do | cry,—

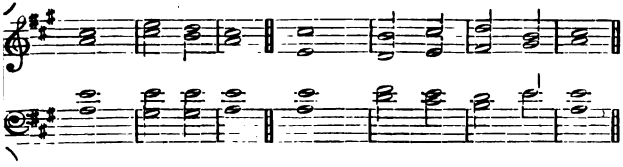
7 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee ; || the holy church throughout all the world | oth ac- | knowledge | thee.

9 Also the | Holy | Ghost, || the—Com- — | fort- — | er.



Heaven and earth are full of the ma-jes-ty of thy glo - ry.

FEMALE VOICES. (Duett or Quartette.)



11 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver | man, || thou didst humble thyself to be | born— | of a | virgin.

13 Thou sittest at the right | hand of | God, || in the | glory | of the | Father.

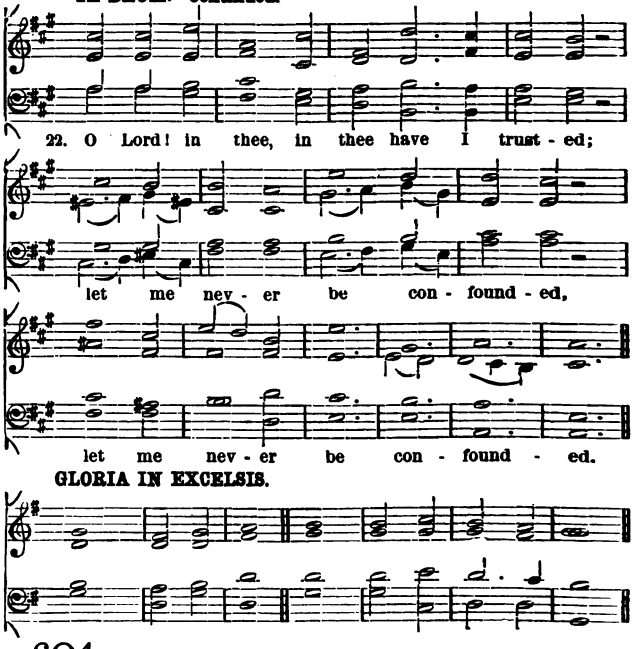
15 We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants, || whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | precious | blood.

17 O Lord! save thy people, and | bless thy | heritage ; || govern them, and | lift them | up for | ever.

19 Vouch- | safe, O | Lord! || to keep us this | day— | without sin.

21 O Lord! let thy mercy | be up- | on us, || as our | trust— | is in | thee,

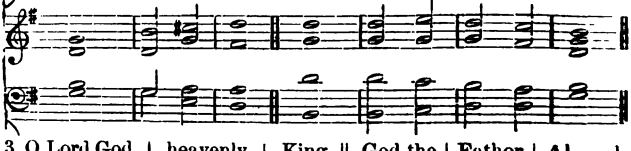
TE DEUM. Continued.



604.

1 Glory be to | God on | high, || and on earth | peace, good- | will · towards | men.

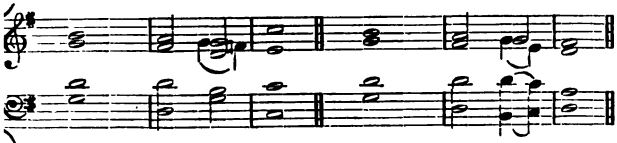
2 We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we | worship | Thee, || we glorify Thee, we give thanks to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



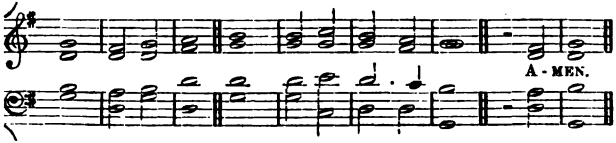
3 O Lord God, | heavenly | King, || God the | Father | Al- — | mighty.

O Lord, the only begotten Son, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God Lamb of | God, Son | of the | Father.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. Continued.

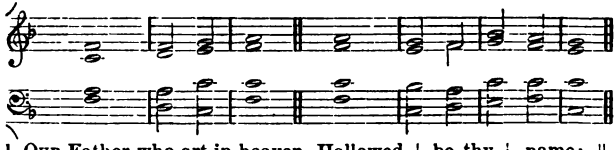


5 Thou that takest away the | sins • of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest away the | sins • of the | world, || have mercy | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest away the | sins • of the | world, || re- | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right hand of | God the | Father, || have mercy | upon | us.

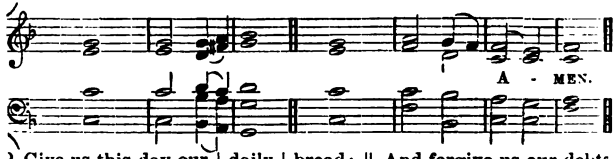


9 For Thou | only • art | holy: || Thou | only | art the | Lord:
10 Thou only, O Christ, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most high in the | glory • of | God the | Father. || A- | MEN.

605. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

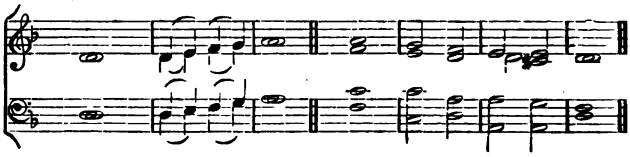


1 OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed | be thy | name; || Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, • as it | is in | heaven:
3 And lead us not | into tempt- | ation, || but de- | liver | us from | evil:



2 Give us this day our | daily | bread: || And forgive us our debts as | we for- | give our | debtors.
4 For Thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and the | glory, | For- | ever | A — | MEN.

DOMINE REFUGIUM.



606.

Psalm 90.

1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place in | all— gener- | ations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to ever- | lasting, | thou art | God,

3 Thou turnest man to de-struction; And sayest, Re-turn, ye | children • of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a | watch— | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood: they are as a sleep: In the morning they are like grass which | groweth | up;

6 In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut | down and | wither- | eth.

7 For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy | wrath— are we | troubled.

8 Thou hast set our iniquities be-fore thee, Our secret sins in the | light of | thy— | countenance.

9 For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a | tale—that is | told.

10 The days of our years are threescore years and ten; And if by reason of | strength • they be | fourscore | years,

11 Yet is their strength labor and sorrow; For it is soon cut off, and we | fly a- | way.

12 Who knoweth the power of thine anger? Even according to thy | fear, so | is thy | wrath.

13 So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our | hearts • unto | wisdom.

14 O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be | glad— | all our | days.

15 Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory | unto • their | children.

16 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be up-on us: And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our | hands es- | tablish • thou | it.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise him, all creatures here below!
Praise him above, ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

2. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven!

3. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

4. S. M.

THE Father and the Son
And Spirit we adore;
We praise, we bless, we worship thee,
Both now and evermore!

5. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Your highest honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, Eternal King!
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

6. 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

7. 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

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[Where, as in many instances, there are two tunes that may be used with the same hymn, that tune is named to which the hymn is best adapted.]

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